Oct. 4, 1969

THE NEW YORKER

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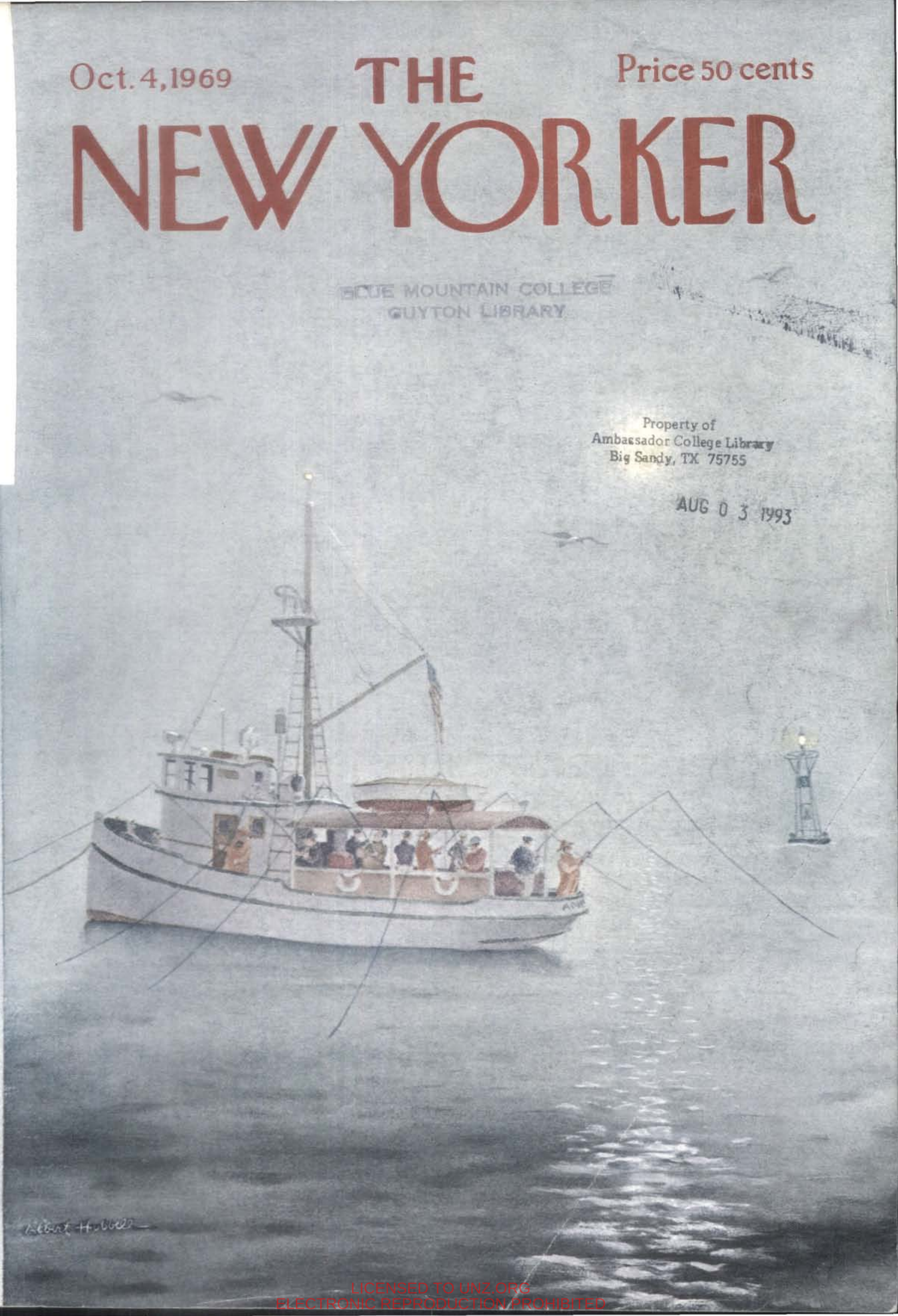

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ADAPTATION and **NEXT**—Two one-acters (the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May) that together make the funniest evening imaginable. R. G. Brown and Dick Van Patten are the respective stars. Highly recommended. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

AMERICAN CONSERVATORY THEATRE—A four-week repertory of three plays by this company from San Francisco. Edward Albee's **TINY ALICE:** Wednesday, Oct. 1, at 2 and 8:30, and Thursday, Oct. 2, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Georges Feydeau's **A FLEA IN HER EAR:** Friday, Oct. 3, at 7; Saturday, Oct. 4, at 2:30 and 8:30; Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 6-7, at 8:30; and Wednesday, Oct. 8, at 2 and 8:30. . . . ¶ Anton Chekhov's **THE THREE SISTERS:** Thursday, Oct. 9, at 7; Friday, Oct. 10, at 8:30; and Saturday, Oct. 11, at 2:30 and 8:30. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Closes Saturday, Oct. 25.)

A BLACK QUARTET—One-acters by Ed Bullins, LeRoi Jones, Ben Caldwell, and Ronald Milner. Three out of four of the plays are militant, fierce, and rife with symbols; the fourth, and most interesting and touching, is Mr. Milner's "*The Warning—A Theme for Linda*," which is about people. With L. Errol Jaye, Minnie Gentry, and Vikki Summers. (Gate, Second Ave. at 10th St. 982-3255. Moves on Tuesday, Oct. 7, to the Frances Adler, 211 W. 71st St., 877-0566. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

CEREMONIES IN DARK OLD MEN—An extraordinary play—funny and tragic—about a Negro family in Harlem who decide to bypass the white community and go it on their own by tying up with a local racketeer. Edmund Cambridge has directed a new cast, with Richard Mason. The dramatist is Lonne Elder III. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE CONCEPT—A moving and utterly convincing drama about the rehabilitation of heroin addicts at a community called Daytop, on Staten Island. Originally an improvisation but now a set piece, it is acted by a cast of eight ex-addicts from Daytop. (Gramercy Arts, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. No performances Friday and Saturday, Oct. 3-4.)

GEESE—A twin bill by Gus Weill. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

HADRIAN VII—A play by Peter Luke, based largely on Frederick Rolfe's novel of the same name. Barry Morse plays the paranoid hero. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

HELLO AND GOODBYE—Colleen Dewhurst and Martin Sheen appear as a brother and sister, who meet after fifteen years and spend most of the evening acting out their miserable lives—past and present—and their resentment of each other. The play, by Athol Fugard, is depressing and somewhat clumsy, but it is not dull. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

LITTLE MURDERS—A revival of Jules Feiffer's black farce about violence—indoors and out—in New York. Alan Arkin, its director, has made a hit out of this Broadway flop of a couple of years ago. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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NO PLACE TO BE SOMEBODY—Charles Gordone's rich, complex, and altogether fascinating play, set in a West Village saloon owned by a Negro. The actors, who come in a variety of colors, are all good; Nathan George (prop.), Ron O'Neal, Henry Baker, Nick Lewis, and Marge Eliot are especially good. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

THE OFAY WATCHER—A comic satire, by Frank Cucci, about a young white chemist who perfects a powder that turns dark skin light, and who gets his comeuppance (to say the least) from the sharp-witted black bum he takes on as guinea pig. The performances—by Terry Kiser as the chemist, Billie Allen as his girl, and Cleavon Little as the cagey bum—are just fine. Jerry Adler directed. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Moves on Tuesday, Oct. 7, to the New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St., PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A PATRIOT FOR ME—Maximilian Schell, Dennis King, and Salome Jens in a play by John Osborne. Peter Glenville is the director. Previews through Saturday, Oct. 4. Opens officially on Sunday, Oct. 5. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Oct. 1, and Saturdays at 2:40.)

PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM—Woody Allen playing a sort of young Jewish Lear, or maybe Othello—anyhow, not Romeo. Mr. Allen wrote this confused comedy and has had the sense to fill it with pretty girls. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE RECKONING—This one-act melodrama by Douglas Turner Ward boils down to a savage, verbal sparring match between the bigot-

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ed governor of a Southern state and a blackmailing Negro pimp. The play almost drowns in words, but Lester Rawlins gives a splendid performance as the governor. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—**THE BOYS IN THE BAND:** A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FORTY CARATS:** Julie Harris and several other nice people in a comedy adapted from the French by Jay Allen and directed by Abe Burrows. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **THE GREAT WHITE HOPE:** A huge cast, headed by Yaphet Kotto, is required to tell this sad tale of the betrayal of a good black prizefighter by many white villains. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **PLAZA SUITE:** Three conjoined one-act comedies by Neil Simon. Maureen Stapleton and Don Porter have the leading roles. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **TO BE YOUNG, GIFTED AND BLACK:** A selection from the letters and diaries and a sprinkling of scenes from the plays of the late Lorraine Hansberry, as recited and performed by a cast of eight. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

MUSICALS

THE HOOFERS—The exhilarating art of the tap dance, as displayed by about ten of its proponents. With, among others, Raymond Kaalund, Sandman Sims, Rhythm Red, and Chuck Green. Go and see for yourself. (Mercury, 134 E. 13th St. 228-2080. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

NEW MUSIC HALL OF ISRAEL—A revue with a cast of fifty, including Geula Gill and the Karmon Dancers. Previews Wednesday, Oct. 1. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 2, at 7:30. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

OH! CALCUTTA!—A sleazy collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. There is some pleasant dancing and some loud music, and the performers are exceptionally comely, though what they do isn't. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

PROMENADE—A musical caper with an enchanting, witty, brimming score by Al Carmines, charming costumes and scenery by Willa Kim and Rouben Ter-Arutunian, respectively, and words—absurd and sometimes funny—by Maria Irene Fornes. The antics and mockery, which comprise the action, are entertaining, and the singing is very good. Lawrence Kornfeld directed the stylish production. (Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

SALVATION—A rock musical that is cast—but very loosely—in the form of a revivalist meeting. This revivalist theme gets a bit trying at times, but every other aspect of the show—the songs, the singing, the dancing, the performance, the staging—is a delight, and most delightful of all is the spirit of the company. Words and music by Peter Link and C. C. Courtney, who also appear in it. (Jan Hus, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

1776—A simpleminded misreading of American history, executed with schoolboy high spirits. Starring William Daniels and Howard Da Silva as John Adams and Ben Franklin. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Oct. 5.)

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LONG RUNS—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **CURLEY MCDIMPLE:** A lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **DAMES AT SEA:** Another takeoff on musical movies of the thirties, this one about a dancer named Ruby who loves a boy named Dick and is befriended by a chorine named Joan. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** After all, this is a family magazine. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Harry Goz in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HAIR:** A host of hirsute young folk hell-bent on knocking you for a psychedelic loop, and they do, they do. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** With an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAME:** Ann Miller plays Auntie in the musical version of Patrick Dennis's novel. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Moves on Tuesday, Oct. 7, to the Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St., 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, and Monday, Oct. 6, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Dale Wasserman's adaptation of "Don Quixote," with music by Mitch Leigh. Claudio Brook plays the title role; David Holliday substitutes for him at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **PROMISES, PROMISES:** Jerry Orbach, Jill O'Hara, and many others in a musical with book by Neil Simon and music and lyrics by Burt Bacharach and Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** "Peanuts" turned into a musical. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **YOUR OWN THING:** As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET

CITY CENTER JOFFREY BALLET—Wednesday, Oct. 1, at 8:30: "Olympics," "Konservatoriet," and "The Green Table."... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 2, at 8:30: "Moves," "The Three-Cornered Hat," and "Astarte."... ¶ Friday, Oct. 3, at 8:30: "Viva Vivaldi!," "The Lesson," and "The Clowns."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 4, at 2:30: "Cello Concerto," "Sea Shadow," and "The Green Table."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 4, at 8:30: "Konservatoriet," "The Three-Cornered Hat," and "Astarte."... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 5, at 2:30: "Cello Concerto," "Secret Places," and "The Clowns."... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 5, at 8: "Moves," "The Lesson," "Sea Shadow," and "Viva Vivaldi!"... ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 7, at 8:30: "Moves," "The Lesson," and "The Three-Cornered Hat."... ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 8, at 8:30: "Moves," "The Lesson," and "Astarte."... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 9, at 8:30: "Konservatoriet," "The Poppet" (première), and "Viva Vivaldi!"... ¶ Friday, Oct. 10, at 8:30: "Moves," "The Poppet," and "Façade." ... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 11, at 2:30: "Konservatoriet," "Secret Places," and "The Green Table."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 11, at 8:30: "Cello Concerto," "The Three-Cornered Hat," and "Astarte." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Through Sunday, Nov. 2.)

MISCELLANY

NATIONAL MEXICAN FESTIVAL AND RODEO—Marches, drills, and riding events set to the music of a mariachi band. Tony Aguilar, Flor Silvestre, and their eight-year-old son, Tonito, head the troupe. Why isn't Tonito in school? Because his horse has a tutor, that's why. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesday through Thursday, Oct. 7-9, at 8; Saturday, Oct. 11, at 2:30 and 8:30; Sunday, Oct. 12, at 2:30 and 6:30; and Monday, Oct. 13, at 3:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Coffee and tea and ice cream and so forth. John Sebastian, formerly of the ill-fated Lovin' Spoonful, and the Fifth Avenue Band, a rock group, are on the bill. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven on Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, and at nine, ten-thirty, and midnight on Fridays and Saturdays. On Tuesdays, the regulars take the night off, and assorted visitors come bearing instruments.

LA BOHÈME, 2019 Broadway, at 69th St. (TR 4-9801)—A misnamed box whose mainspring is its music (the rest is *comme ci, comme ça*). Elvin Jones can drum the night away. He does so—with Joe Farrell on reeds and Wilbur Little on bass—in alternation with the Booker Ervin quintet. Dancing. Dining. Closed Mondays.

CASEY'S, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Candlelight and brick walls, and dining amid mirrors. Some fairly advanced jazz sounds from eleven until one, generally on piano and bass. No music Sundays.

HALF NOTE, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Not the standing-room-only club it once was, but still a good place to hear a sturdy kind of jazz. Kai Winding's trombone is the central instrument in a smoothly run quartet. On Tuesday, Oct. 7, other musicians will take the stand. Some light Italian dishes are available. Closed Mondays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Dixieland, rather depleted by the attrition of the years, still manages to flourish here. There's nothing extraordinary about the bar, but the music—usually played by Max Kaminsky, Bobby Pratt, Marshall Brown, Zutty Singleton, and Joe Muranyi—is forthright. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

RED GARTER, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—A pair of polar bears (stuffed), an ancient fire engine, and ricky-tick banjo music accompany the drinks, which are mostly fermented. One can

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News from 'Ultima' II:

Translucent Wrinkle Creme

If this under-30 thing is denting your ego, you should try this cream.

This astonishing new facecream is the very first of its kind. *Translucent.* So clear it leaves nothing on your skin but a clean, young shine. And because it's *concentrated,* the littlest bit goes a *very* long way.
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The first collection of 'Couture Cosmetics'
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Plum colors this luscious
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pulls out a plum!
For a certain
kind of woman.

buy a boater and put it on one's head, if one enjoys putting on boaters. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Two banjos and a piano every night from nine to three or four. Also peanuts, boaters (again), garters, and prefabricated nostalgia. A fine how-do-you-do.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—It's dim, shadowy, and nondescript, and so are its environs. Jazz most nights from nine until closing by Yusef Lateef's quartet. On Tuesday, Oct. 7, things will be handed over to Pharoah Sanders' quintet and singer Leon Thomas. Closed Mondays.

Tony Parenti's Club, 227 W. 52nd St. (JU 2-8370): A bar like the ones that used to front on 52nd St. in proliferation during the Jazz Era, with—in a sort of window box—a band dedicated with conviction to Dixie. Mr. Parenti, Jimmy McPartland, Dill Jones, Graham Stewart, and even venerable Freddie Moore are concerned. The cast may change now and then, but the sound will not. Nine-thirty until three, except Sundays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—The best all-around entertainment spot in the Village. Upstairs, the Bill Evans trio plays some intricate, if unstartling jazz, for drinking and dining. On Mondays, when the regular performers are off, new talent is auditioned. . . . ¶ Downstairs, on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 3-4, the Art Blakey quintet and Gloria Lynne can be heard. On Friday and Saturday, Oct. 10-11, singer Morgana King will share the stage with the Eddie Harris quintet.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—A wedge-shaped room where jazz has a tendency to thrive. The Pharoah Sanders quintet and singer Leon Thomas are on the stage. Beginning Tuesday, Oct. 7, the Stanley Turrentine-Shirley Scott trio will move in. Mondays are reserved for the big and often original sounds of the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Boondock is right; it's practically in the North River, in a pretty desolate part of town. Sawdust-covered floors, conviviality, and substantial amounts of what is known as soul food. Quiet jazz on piano and bass from eight-thirty to two by Nat Jones and Herman Wright (Monday through Wednesday) and by Lance Hayward and Bill Lee (Thursday through Sunday).

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

Aux Puces, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—An ornate *boîte.* Fake palms cast shadows on upholstered balustrades, and the furnishings, many of which are for sale, provide a kind of Louis XV-Riemenschneider-Chippendale-rococo effect. The records are occasionally arcane, and the clientele look satisfied. Dancing from ten to three or four, and dining of a delicate sort.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—A reasonably successful attempt to summon up the years IV to VIII, when Carnot and his associates were trying to govern France. The décor is on the elegant side, and dinner and supper are served. Dancing, on a tiny dance floor, to an idiosyncratic assortment of records, from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—Patrons mill and mingle while a mammoth light show flashes, splashes, and dribbles on a wall. Joy plays for dancing until Tuesday, Oct. 7, when the Rig takes over. On Saturday, Oct. 4, the Voices of Harlem will also be here. Dancing starts at eight on Fridays and Saturdays, and at nine on Sundays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays. Closed Mondays. No alcohol.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—One of the oldest discothèques in existence, with an air that suits its age. The restrained recorded music runs from nine to three or four. Dim lights disclose well-dressed people dancing and dining. On weekends, reservations are recommended for tables (none needed at the bar). Closed Sundays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Oh! Cairo! Beneath, through, and around the extravagant architectural devices, the recorded music swells. Between record sets, Ken Hamilton and Terri Malone sing and the Oliver Jones quartet plays. The dining is substantial. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—A pseudo-street where you can patronize a couple of bars, a cheese shop, a fishmonger's, and several other real establishments. You can also dance to records, from six until three Sunday through Friday and from eight until three on Saturday. The music is solid discothèque stuff.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Dancing is preëminent here, despite the rotary devices (Harley-Davidson, Schwinn, La Salle—you name it) on the walls. The crowd knows how to swing, and the records reverb. When the records don't, Nite Train does. Closed Sundays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—It's in the vaults—below a crêpe-and-shish-kebab establishment of the same name—and it's generally considered to be a cool place. The records rarely fall below the tempo of "Polk Salad Annie," and the dance floor is alive from nine-thirty to three-thirty. Reservations—for whatever they're worth—are suggested on weekends. The drinks are big. The walls are Paisley.

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): This season, the old desert stronghold is staffed by a new set of Arabian knights, among them Skitch Henderson, once again at his pastime of leading a dance band. The music starts at eight-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **Delmonico's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The household words here, such as "peace" and "comfort," are still spoken in the restaurant, where the household guards are the cheery musicians under the command of Ernie Warren. No music Sundays and Mondays, though. . . . **The Riverboat,** Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (759-2444): Welcomes, occasionally rather royal, from the trombone of Urbie Green, who has four agile buckaroos behind him. The music runs from six to two Mondays through Saturdays and from one to eight on Sundays; the dining is by no means the main event. . . . **Roseland Dance City,** 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): No great shakes, such as rocking, rolling, and strangleholding, are permitted by the management, which prefers such old-fashioned virtues as the two-step. The nourishment is elemental; the dance is the thing, and to that end the music is perpetual and live. Seven-thirty until around one during most of the week; Sundays, starting time is three-thirty, and Thursdays it is two. Closed Mondays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Joan Rivers, a lecturer opposed to practically everything, from matrimony on up to, but definitely not including, matriarchy. She devotes Sundays and Mondays to resting up.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—A Near East fraternity house, where Greek meets Greek, Armenian meets Greek, and like that. George Mgrdichian is chief oudist; Itamar is the folkloricist; Yakov Uriel serves as Gabriel's trumpet; a solemn female turns the *danse du ventre* into a form of ceremony; Angelo Saridis, graduated from "Zorba," is on guitar. The dining is a meeting of East and West. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—A revised edition of "Free Fall," whose modus operandi was thought up by Ronny Graham, is often in his jocular, jugular, Dracula vein. Aside from Sundays, the operation is done twice a night, beginning at nine-thirty.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Practiced runs for an early and total Halloween are held twice a night in the Royal Box by Phyllis Diller. Between her celebrated tantrums, there is music by the orchestra of Lee Evans, a guaranteed satisfaction. Closed Sundays.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Pat

Cooper, a public-address system whose best jokes are regional (Little Italy, at a guess), retires on Wednesday, Oct. 1, and next evening Gladys Knight and the Pips, a long-playing, loud-playing, light-hearted-playing record, will be placed on the turntable. No silent nights, ever. . . . ¶ In the street-level lounge, where the floating population of Nevada feels quite at home, the foursome known as the Pacesetters begins, at ten, its odes to the gods of chance.

Downbeat, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—The fighting-mad horn of Wild Bill Davison leads his Jazz Giants into action in support of tradition; the trio of Junior Mance considers the present with equal *élan*. Six-thirty until two, every night but Sunday. No dancing, it is sad to report.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—On Wednesday, Oct. 1, at ten, contemporary French will be set to music in the Persian Room by Sacha Distel, an import thoroughly familiar with both mediums of cultural exchange. Thereafter, except on Sundays, he will be both a dinner and a supper specialty of the house. The bands of Burt Farber and Mark Monte will offer up a generous helping of glee. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In **PLAZA 9—AND ALL THAT JAZZ**, the listeners' hour is headed up by Ahmad Jamal's trio, which on Tuesday, Oct. 7, will be replaced by Les McCann's threesome. Marty Napoleon's trio chips in with music for further listening and music for prancing. Dinner *si*, supper *no*. Proceedings commence at eight. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ There is music (alive, alive-o) from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, and again from seven to ten-thirty (except Sundays) in the Edwardian Room; this is mainly the fiddle plied by Sandu Marcu. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court becomes the right spot to begin the Grand Tour of Europe, for then Gunnar Hansen's violin sets off upon the prescribed route. No action Sundays, and Monday nights belong to Mr. Marcu.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—High in the catbird seat. These nights, a not always civil war breaks out during dinner and supper as Jack E. Leonard, self-taught misanthrope, bandies words with his old acquaintances. The wounds, though, are superficial, and the ending is always a happy one. Dance music as early as seven, and curfew as late as two. Closed Sundays.

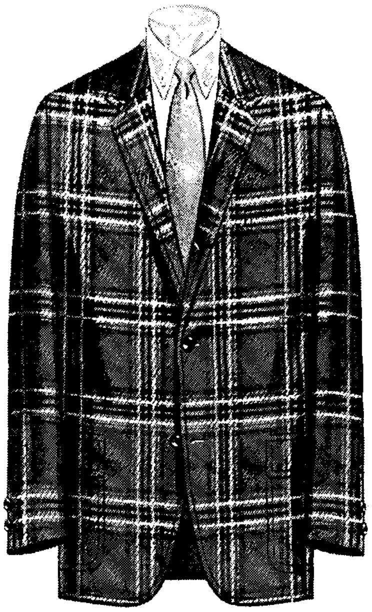
St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Grand manner, grand manor—that's the Maisonette. Quintero's Latinos and a new band (Hal Turner's) are on a non-stop flight except during dinner and again during supper, when Monique Van Vooren deals lightly, firmly, deftly with lyrics and conversation. She withdraws on Wednesday, Oct. 8, and one night later Yaffa Yarkoni, an emphatic Israeli dervish, begins whirling and skirling. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Next door, in the serenity of La Boite, two Viennese cronies (Ernest Schoen on violin, Jules Kuti on piano) engage in reminiscences. No dancing, naturally. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the new Empire Room (*né* Sert Room), Tony Bennett, the perfect exemplar of down-to-earth beatitude, is singing his sunny songs during dinner and supper. Dance music the rest of the time. On Monday, Oct. 6, the busy B. will be succeeded by Anthony Newley, who has turned night-life amuser. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

Goldie's New York, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Land of the free-and-easy, home of the Gold Coasters. For these worldlings, there is piano by old friends, Wayne Sanders and Goldie Hawkins. Eight, or not long after, until quite well along. Closed Sundays. . . . **Café Carlyle,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Eat, drink, and be merry, for not until morning does Bobby Short cease and desist from his labor of songs of love (requited, benighted, delighted). Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan are, as always, his devoted sidemen. Closed Sundays. . . . **Chucks' Composite,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Night after night you can see the stagecoach coming through Generation Gap on its way to Young City. A clutch of musicians greets it at the gateway to the old corral. No music Sundays. . . . **Jamaica Arms,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): West Indian customshouse. Among the customs honored in the observance are the



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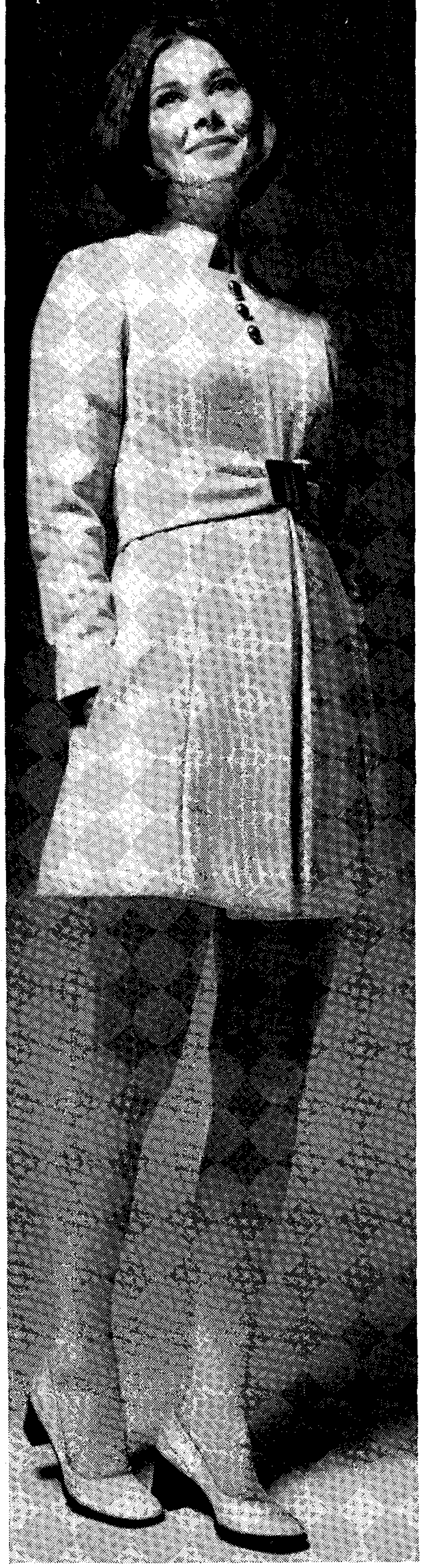


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

uttering of calypso and the downing of rum. The troubadour begins at dinner time and stays on into the morning; he is off duty Sundays and Mondays.... **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Members of the immediate family gather every night but Sunday and Monday to dine a bit, dance a bit, sup a bit, and listen to the head of the household, Rita Dimitri, who sings soprano and soubrette at nine-thirty during the week, at nine-thirty and midnight Fridays and Saturdays.... **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Anyone who wishes to see a vacuum abhorred should study the Hungarian gypsies bending to their perpetual work. Song and dance (this last by the diners) are added now and then. Closed Mondays.... **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Of I Pagliacci, by I Pagliacci, and for I Pagliacci—waiters and (not infrequently) guests alike. Closed Mondays.... **GRENADIER,** 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (753-2960): The piano in the bar is the property of Lynn Richards, a girl whose lyrics indicate that she knows her way around New York. Nine to two is her stint, and she has Sundays to herself.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

CHÂTEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Castles and kings, bishops and knights, but never a pawn. The principal knight-errant is Norbert Faconi, dean of the faculty of after-dark violinists, who makes his weapon serve the noble cause of Cupid. His week runs Tuesday through Saturday. Piano a cappella on Mondays, nothing at all on Sundays.... **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): A country house in the Alpi Marittime. Lynn Mullinax has taken over the piano in the bar and added several notes of cheer. He's there from six to midnight, except for Sundays.... **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): The attic of the Sign of the Dove. A lot of odd furniture and knickknackery stored there make it quite unlike its downstairs neighbor. Part of the furniture is a mild piano, in service from six until one. Closed Sundays.... **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Nothing but the best. The *piano of Dick Hankinson is audible most of* the time between six and one every evening but Sunday.... **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Pomp and circumstantial evidence thereof—these are the characteristics of the bar-restaurant, in which there is a piano from five until a bit after midnight, but not Sundays or Mondays.... **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Royal maze, sumptuously appointed, especially by Rogelio Reguera, whose Spanish guitar is well versed, well voiced, in the classics. From around eight to around one is the range of his evening's tour, and he gets Sundays off.... **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): An evening's leisurely journey from Vienna to Schönbrunn, conducted by George Feyer's piano. The run takes from eight-thirty until one. No music Sundays.... **LA RONDE,** in the Americana Hotel, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000): Ray Hartley, whose arrangements for solo piano derive from original sources, is on a schedule that lasts from cocktails until midnight and that does not include Sundays.... **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A wayside tavern halfway along the road to Rome. A troupe of peripatetic musicians calls it home. Closed Sundays.... **POLO BAR,** in the Westbury Hotel, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Joe Miles has the run of the piano in the far corner of this stately mansion, and he stays put from nine to twelve-thirty. He is absent Sundays and Mondays.... **UMBERTO,** 13 E. 53rd St. (688-3344): The *cantina* of a vineyard that must be somewhere in Umbria. The voice and guitar that occur from seven until midnight, except Saturdays and Sundays, are of the same parentage.... **HOUSE OF HUNGARY,** 320 E. 79th St. (TR 9-6220): Hungarian rhapsody pours from a band, Elemer Horvath's, that seems born and bred in Budapest; Tokay and the comestibles that go with it heap the tables. Every night, seven-thirty until three.... **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): This year's venue for Bob Kail's piano is the Bombay Bicycle Bar, where, except on Sundays, he is in play from five-thirty until twelve-thirty.... **GOTHAM RESTAURANT,** in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): The Talbot Brothers, once upon a time the entire population of Bermuda, are making just-plain-folks music and commentary for their off-island constituency during the Sunday and Monday dinner hours—six to ten.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Otmar Alt—Abstractions of fantastic subjects by a young German painter; through Oct. 18. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Frank Auerbach—Portraits and landscapes built up in thick paint by a British artist born in Germany; through Oct. 18. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Stanley Boxer—Luminous abstractions by a painter who is also a sculptor; starting Saturday, Oct. 4. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St.)

Alexander Calder—Eighteen bronzes done in 1944; starting Tuesday, Oct. 7. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

José de Rivera—Four recent sculptures; starting Saturday, Oct. 4. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Barry Flanagan—The first exhibition in New York by a British sculptor who makes "organic" compositions using rope, sand, fabric, and projected light; through Oct. 16. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Tibor Freund and Astronel Gruber—Paintings that seem to move by the former and clear and colored plastic sculptures that *do* move by the latter; through Wednesday, Oct. 8. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Peter Gourfain—Five large Abstract drawings done on the gallery walls, plus other drawings; through Oct. 15. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Frances Gray—Sculptures of the past fifteen years, in different mediums, and graphics by the widow of Archipenko; starting Tuesday, Oct. 7. (Gordon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Lee Hall—Expressionist abstractions; through Oct. 18. (White, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Marsden Hartley (1877-1943)—A retrospective covering works done from 1910 to 1941 by this pioneer American Expressionist; through Saturday, Oct. 4. (Danenberg, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Harry Jackson—A retrospective of sculptures, paintings, and drawings by an artist of Western subjects, who lives in Italy and was once an Abstract Expressionist; through Oct. 25. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lee Krasner—Thirty small Abstract Expressionist gouaches by a painter known for her large oils; through Oct. 18. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Karl-Heinz Krause—Bronze figures; through Oct. 18. (Selected Artists, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Sol LeWitt—Abstract line drawings executed on the wall and on metal boxes; starting Saturday, Oct. 4. (Dwan, 29 W. 57th St.)

Alexander Liberman—New Abstract pieces by a sculptor who is also a painter; starting Saturday, Oct. 4. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Anthony Martin—Eight related works using reflecting light and wave projections; through Oct. 25. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

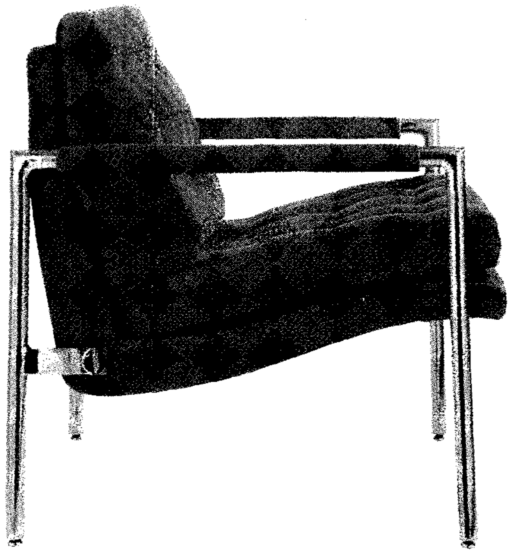
Maryan—"Personages" in violent colors; starting Saturday, Oct. 4. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Roberto Matta—Graphics by the well-known Chilean Surrealist who works in Paris; starting Tuesday, Oct. 7. (Cisneros, 1316 Madison Ave., at 93rd St.)

Aiko Miyawaki—A Japanese woman artist presents polished brass sculptures which create the effect of fluid light; through Saturday, Oct. 11. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Giorgio Morandi (1890-1964)—Etchings; through Friday, Oct. 10. (Odyssia, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jack Nelson—Sculptural constructions requiring spectator participation to switch lights and buzzers on and off; through Oct. 18.



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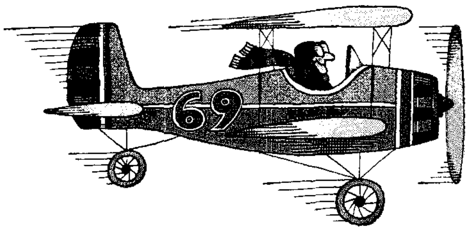

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

YUTAKA OHASHI—Rice-paper collages inspired by "The Tale of Genji;" starting Saturday, Oct. 4. (Nordness, 236 E. 75th St.)

PICASSO—Forty-five fantastic and autobiographical engravings from the series done in 1968; through Saturday, Oct. 4. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

SAM RICHARDSON—The first one-man show in New York by a California sculptor of plastic landscapes with tricky titles; starting Saturday, Oct. 4. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

CHARLES SALERNO—Craftsmanlike sculptures in marble and limestone; through Saturday, Oct. 11. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Saturdays.)

MARTIN SCHREIBER—Shaped canvases in gradations of color; through Saturday, Oct. 11. (Spectrum, 1043 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

THERESE SCHWARTZ—Six paintings of torsos; through Saturday, Oct. 11. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

NORMA-JEAN SQUIRES—Painted columns that move (or are moved by the spectator), some with mirrors and lights; through Friday, Oct. 10. (East Hampton Gallery, 22 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

WALASSE TING—Paintings by this Chinese Abstract Expressionist who often accompanies his work with his own poetry; through Oct. 18. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

VICTOR VASARELY—Paintings, sculptures, and tapestries by the leading Op artist; starting Monday, Oct. 6. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ACA**, 25 E. 73rd St.: Early-twentieth-century American paintings by such artists as Prendergast, Hassam, Benton, Kuhn, Hopper, Marsh, Shahn, and Moses and Raphael Soyer; through Saturday, Oct. 11. . . . **CASTELLI**, 4 E. 77th St.: Gallery artists, for instance Flavin, Johns, Judd, Stella, and Warhol; through Saturday, Oct. 11. (Closed Mondays.). . . **DE NAGY**, 29 W. 57th St.: Works by three younger artists dedicated to "Abstract Illusionism;" through Thursday, Oct. 9. (Closed Mondays.). . . **ELKON**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Newly acquired works by Dubuffet, Tanguy, Picasso, Pollock, Magritte, Matisse, and others; through Oct. 29. (Closed Mondays.). . . **GOLDSCHMIDT**, 1117 Madison Ave., at 83rd St.: More than a hundred and fifty engravings by sixteenth-century Dutch, Flemish, French, and German masters; starting Thursday, Oct. 2. . . . **GRAHAM**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: A loan exhibition sponsored by the Institute of International Education; it includes such artists as Nicolas Carone, Louis Finkelstein, Angelo Ippolito, Wolf Kahn, Jack Levine, Lee Bontecou, and Jason Seley. Through Wednesday, Oct. 8. (Closed Mondays.). . . **IBM GALLERY**, 16 E. 57th St.: A hundred pieces of American pottery done in Pennsylvania, New England, and other regions during the past two hundred and fifty years; through Oct. 25. . . . **LEVER HOUSE**, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St.: Paintings, by artists from many countries, that will be reproduced on greeting cards and calendars in behalf of UNICEF; through Oct. 13. (Closed Saturday mornings; open Sundays, 1 to 5.). . . **LEWISON**, 30 E. 60th St.: Nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century Americans, including Bierstadt, Kensett, Hart, and Eilshemius; through Nov. 22. (Closed Mondays.). . . **LOEB & KRUGIER**, 119 E. 57th St.: Seventy-five works by the nineteenth-century group known as "The Nabis," among them Bonnard, Gauguin, Maillol, and Vuillard; through Saturday, Oct. 11. (Closed Mondays.). . . **LOEB STUDENT CENTER**, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.: A show of paintings and sculptures, organized by the Studio Museum in Harlem, by artists who have been associated with Harlem; through Wednesday, Oct. 8. (Mondays through Thursdays, 8 A.M. to 11 P.M.; Fridays and Saturdays, 8 A.M. to 1 A.M.). . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Watercolors by five veteran painters—Thon, Moller, Betts, Schoener, and Magafan; starting Tuesday, Oct. 7. (Closed Mondays.). . . **PHOENIX**, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.: An exhibit on behalf of peace by some thirty artists, several well known;

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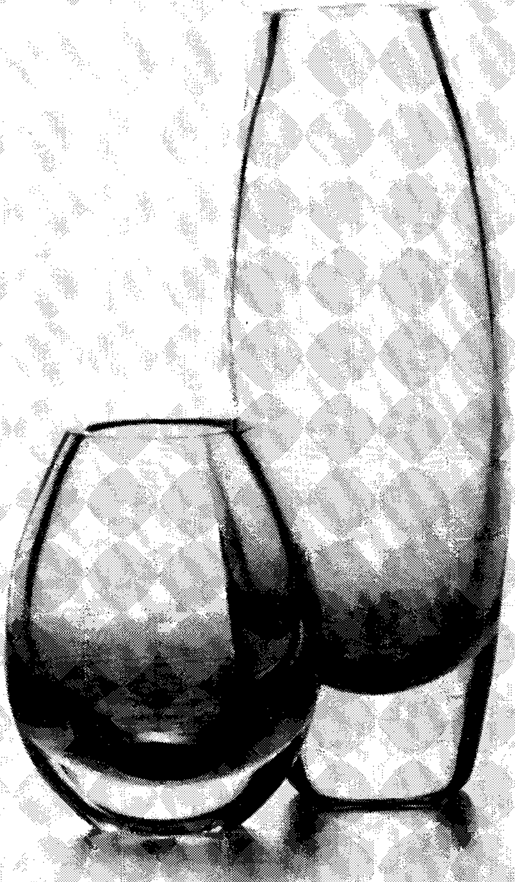

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Saturday, Oct. 11. (Closed Mondays.)... ZIERLER, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Twentieth-century American and European paintings and sculptures by Arp, Beckmann, Burchfield, Hopper, Hofmann, Marin, and others; through Dec. 31. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—American oils, drawings, and watercolors from the Museum's collections; through Dec. 7. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—About a hundred and fifty paintings and sculptures by the "first generation" of Abstract Expressionist and Action painters, who became prominent in the nineteen-forties and the early nineteen-fifties, selected from the Museum's collection, augmented by recent acquisitions and promised gifts; through Sunday, Oct. 5.... ¶ A retrospective of ten years of work in many mediums by Claes Oldenburg; through Nov. 23.... ¶ Recent prints by thirty Yugoslav artists; through Nov. 30.... ¶ More than fifty drawings and watercolors by George Grosz, executed in different phases of his career as artist and illustrator—it includes well-known satiric drawings of the twenties; starting Thursday, Oct. 2. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Over a hundred paintings, sculptures, and ceramics by Roy Lichtenstein, known for his "comic strip" paintings; through Nov. 16. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A hundred and eleven works by "naïve" painters of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, from the celebrated Garbisch collection; through Nov. 2.... ¶ American paintings and sculptures of the first half of the century; through Nov. 4. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Thirty paintings and nineteen sculptures by twelve younger black artists; starting Tuesday, Oct. 7. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Hall of Earth History offers a variety of displays that examine the mysteries of our planet's history and evolution. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—First editions, manuscripts, letters, prints, and drawings ranging from the fifteenth century to the twentieth, all pertaining to the theatre; through Nov. 15.... ¶ Costume prints of the court of Louis XIV, of added interest in being cut out and faced with fabric from the reverse side; through Nov. 15.... ¶ A selection of books printed during the first three decades after the introduction of typographic art into Venice in 1469; through Nov. 22. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Paintings and carvings, most of them early nineteenth century, gleaned from public and private collections; through Nov. 9. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Three hundred and fifty objects of pre-Columbian art, from Mexico south through Peru, from 1200 B.C. to the fifteenth century A.D.; through Nov. 9. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Five artists have organized "situations" that dispense with fixed art objects and include invisible and "impossible" art. Starts Sunday, Oct. 5. (Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424 and for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

New York City Opera—Wednesday, Oct. 1, at 8:15: "Manon," with Beverly Sills, Marlena

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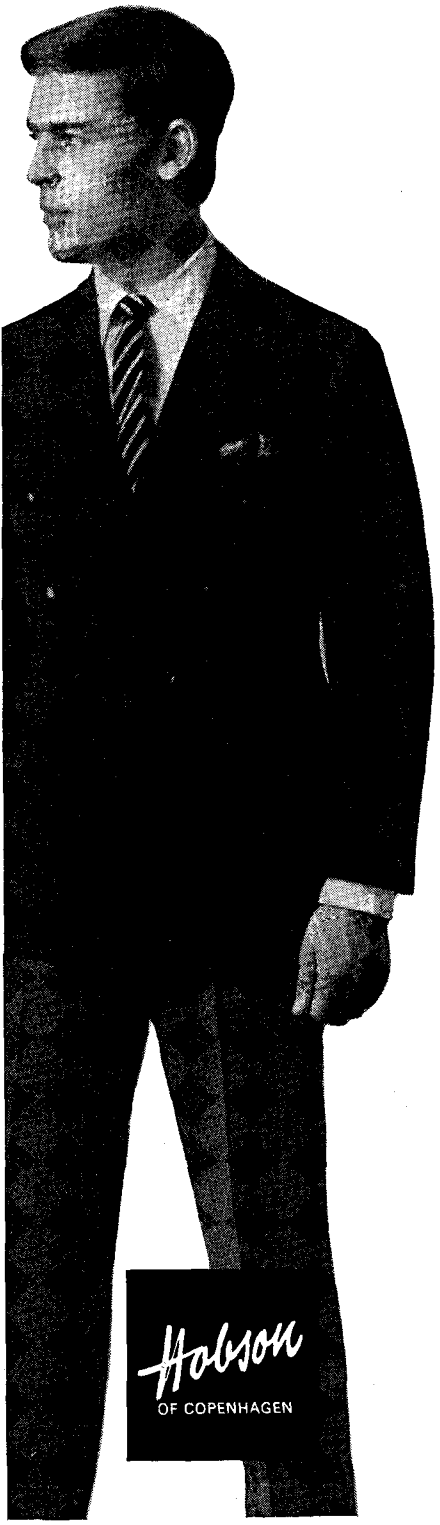

Kleinman, Kay Creed, Michele Molese, Malcolm Smith, and Richard Fredricks.... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 2, at 8:15: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Joy Clements, Beverly Evans, Robert Hale, and Will Roy. ... ¶ Friday, Oct. 3, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Francesca Roberto, Janet Winburn, Michele Molese, Dominic Cossa, and David Clements.... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 4, at 2:15: "Capriccio" (in English), with Helen Vanni, Kay Creed, Ellen Faull, Enrico DiGiuseppe, William Metcalf, and Spiro Malas. ... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 4, at 8:15: "The Ballad of Baby Doe," with Anne Elgar, Frances Bible, Muriel Greenspon, William Chapman, and Malcolm Smith.... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 5, at 1:15: "Mefistofele," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Norman Treigle, Arturo Sergi, and David Clements.... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 5, at 7:15: "Prince Igor" (in English), with Maralin Niska, Edward Pierson, James McCray, and William Chapman.... ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 8, at 8:15: "Prince Igor" (in English), with Carol Neblett, Mary Cross Lueders, John Darrenkamp, Frank Porretta, and William Chapman.... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 9, at 7:45: The company's première of Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Beverly Sills, Michele Molese, Dominic Cossa, and Robert Hale. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call TR 7-4700, Ext. 256.)... ¶ Friday, Oct. 10, at 8:15: "La Traviata," with Patricia Brooks, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Richard Fredricks.... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 11, at 2:15: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Joy Clements, Maralin Niska, Frances Bible, Spiro Malas, and David Clatworthy.... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 11, at 8:15: "La Bohème," with Anna Ottaviano, Carol Neblett, Jerome LoMonaco, Thomas Jamerson, and Michael Devlin. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 16.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Seiji Ozawa conducting—Thursday, Oct. 2, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 3, at 2; Saturday, Oct. 4, at 8:30; and Monday, Oct. 6, at 7:30 (all with Patricia Brooks, soprano; Anastasios Vrenios, tenor; John Reardon, baritone; the Schola Cantorum of New York; and the Boys' Choir from the Little Church Around the Corner); and Thursday, Oct. 9, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 10, at 2; Saturday, Oct. 11, at 8:30; and Monday, Oct. 13, at 7:30 (all with the Corky Siegel Blues Band).

Santa Cecilia Orchestra of Rome—Fernando Previtali conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 7-8, at 8:30.)

Mozart Festival Orchestra—Baird Hastings conducting. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, Oct. 4, at 5:30.)

Osipov Balalaika Orchestra—Victor Dubrovsky conducting this orchestra from Moscow in its first appearances here. With Valentina Levko, mezzo-soprano; Ivan Petrov, bass; and Russian dancers. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 4, at 8:30, and Sunday, Oct. 5, at 3 and 8:30.)

American Symphony—Leopold Stokowski conducting, with Jerome Hines, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Oct. 6, at 8:30, and Sunday, Oct. 12, at 3.)

Romanian Madrigal Chorale—Marin Constantin directing. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 7, at 8:30.... ¶ Medieval Sculpture Court, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. 879-5512. Friday, Oct. 10, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Benefit Concert—Joseph Alfidi conducting an orchestra and acting as piano soloist. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Oct. 5, at 3.)

RECITALS

Eleanor Steber and Blanche Thebom—Soprano and mezzo-soprano. (New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. LT 1-2311. Wednesday, Oct. 1, at 8:30.)

Alicia de Larrocha—Piano, in the first in a series of three recitals of Spanish music. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Oct. 3, at 8:40.)

Abbey Simon—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 4, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1301.)

Nadia Koutzen—Violin. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Sunday, Oct. 5, at 2:30.)

Per Brevig—Trombone. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Oct. 5, at 8:30.)

Ruggiero Ricci—Violin, with Lee Venora, so-

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prano; Gloria Agostini, harp; and David Nadien, violin. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 8, at 8:30.)

Paul Sperry—Tenor. (Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center. 362-1911. Wednesday, Oct. 8, at 8:30.)

Rosalyn Tureck—The first in a series of three keyboard lecture-recitals on "The Interpretation of Bach," this one entitled "History and Development." (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. 879-5512. Thursday, Oct. 9, at 8:30.)

Beaux Arts Trio—The first in a series of three all-Beethoven programs, this one with Walter Trampler, viola. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Oct. 10, at 8:40.)

Vladimir Ashkenazy—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Oct. 11, at 8:30.)

Michael May—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Oct. 11, at 8:30.)

Guarneri String Quartet—An all-Beethoven program. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 11, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Chuck Berry, John Mayall, and Elvin Bishop Group—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 3-4, at 8 and 11:30.

Nehama Lifschitz—The first in a series of three recitals of Yiddish, Hebrew, English, and Russian songs. A benefit performance. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Oct. 5, at 8:30. For tickets, call 751-2700, Ext. 58.)

Dr. John, the Night Tripper, and the Vanilla Fudge—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 10-11, at 8 and 11:30.

Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass—With O. C. Smith. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, Oct. 10, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Baseball—At YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Cleveland, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 1-2, at 8. . . . NATIONAL LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP SERIES: Starts Saturday, Oct. 4, in the Western Division city. The first two games will be played there and the third and, if necessary, the fourth and fifth games at Shea Stadium. Local games will start at 1. . . . WORLD SERIES: Starts Saturday, Oct. 11, in the home park of the American League champion. (The New York Telephone Company will furnish running scores for both series along with its time reports; call ME 7-1212.)

Professional Basketball—Exhibition game: Knicks vs. Milwaukee. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Oct. 4, at 8.)

Boxing—Donato Paduano vs. Pablo Lopez, middleweights; Jeff Merritt vs. Eddie Vick, heavyweights; and Bobby Lee vs. Benny Huertas, lightweights. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Monday, Oct. 6, at 8:30.)

Dog Show—Devon Dog Show Association. (Devon, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 4.)

College Football—SATURDAY, OCT. 4: Army vs. Texas A. & M., at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Princeton, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Holy Cross, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. St. John's, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Brown, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Cornell, at New Brunswick, at 2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Colgate, at New Haven, at 2. . . . SATURDAY, OCT. 11: Army vs. Notre Dame, at Yankee Stadium, at 2. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Yale, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Princeton, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Pennsylvania, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Adelphi, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Columbia, at Cambridge, at 2. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Lehigh, at New Brunswick, at 2.

Professional Football—Giants vs. Chicago Bears. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Oct. 5, at 1:30.)

Golf—Metropolitan Golf Association Open Championship. (Fenway Golf Club, White Plains. Through Thursday, Oct. 2.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Exhibition games: Rangers vs. Toronto, Friday, Oct. 3, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Detroit, Sunday, Oct. 5, at 7:05.

Hunt Racing—Rolling Rock Hunt Racing Association. (Ligonier, Pa. Wednesday, Oct. 1, and Saturday, Oct. 4.). . . ¶ Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Wellsville, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 11.)

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At BELMONT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 18. The Cowdin, Wednesday, Oct. 1; the Frizette, Saturday, Oct. 4; the Manhattan Handicap, Wednesday, Oct. 8; and the Champagne, Saturday, Oct. 11. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1:45, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:45.). . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Monday, Oct. 13. The Matchmaker, Saturday, Oct. 4.

Sports-Car Racing—At WATKINS GLEN: Sunday, Oct. 5, at 2. . . . THOMPSON SPEEDWAY, Thompson, Conn.: Saturday, Oct. 4, at noon, and Sunday, Oct. 5, at 1.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Friday, Oct. 17. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 6:43.)

Yachting—A schooner race, sponsored by the South Street Seaport Museum, starting off the Battery and finishing off Bay Ridge, for the Mayor's Cup. The starting gun goes off at 10, Saturday, Oct. 4. A spectator boat will sail from the Battery at 9:30; for information about tickets, call 349-4310.

FOR CHILDREN

Clann Gael—Twenty singers, dancers, and musicians, in a program reflecting the common Celtic heritage of Ireland and the Scottish highlands. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Sunday, Oct. 5, at 3.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition, "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques," demonstrating the techniques employed in pictorial art and including examples of various mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The Planetarium will reopen on Friday, Oct. 3, with a show called "Adventure of a Light Beam." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Lecture—"Daily Life of the Aztecs," by Jacques Soustelle. (New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. LT 1-2311. Thursday, Oct. 2, at 2.)

New York Film Festival—The final programs in a series of international films at Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (362-1911)—Wednesday, Oct. 1, at 6:30: "One Fine Day" (Italy, 1969). . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 1, at 9:30: "Pigpen" (Italy, 1969). . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 2, at 6:30 and 9:30: "Oh! What a Lovely War" (Great Britain, 1969).

Israel in Photographs—An exhibition of three hundred black-and-white pictures, tracing the

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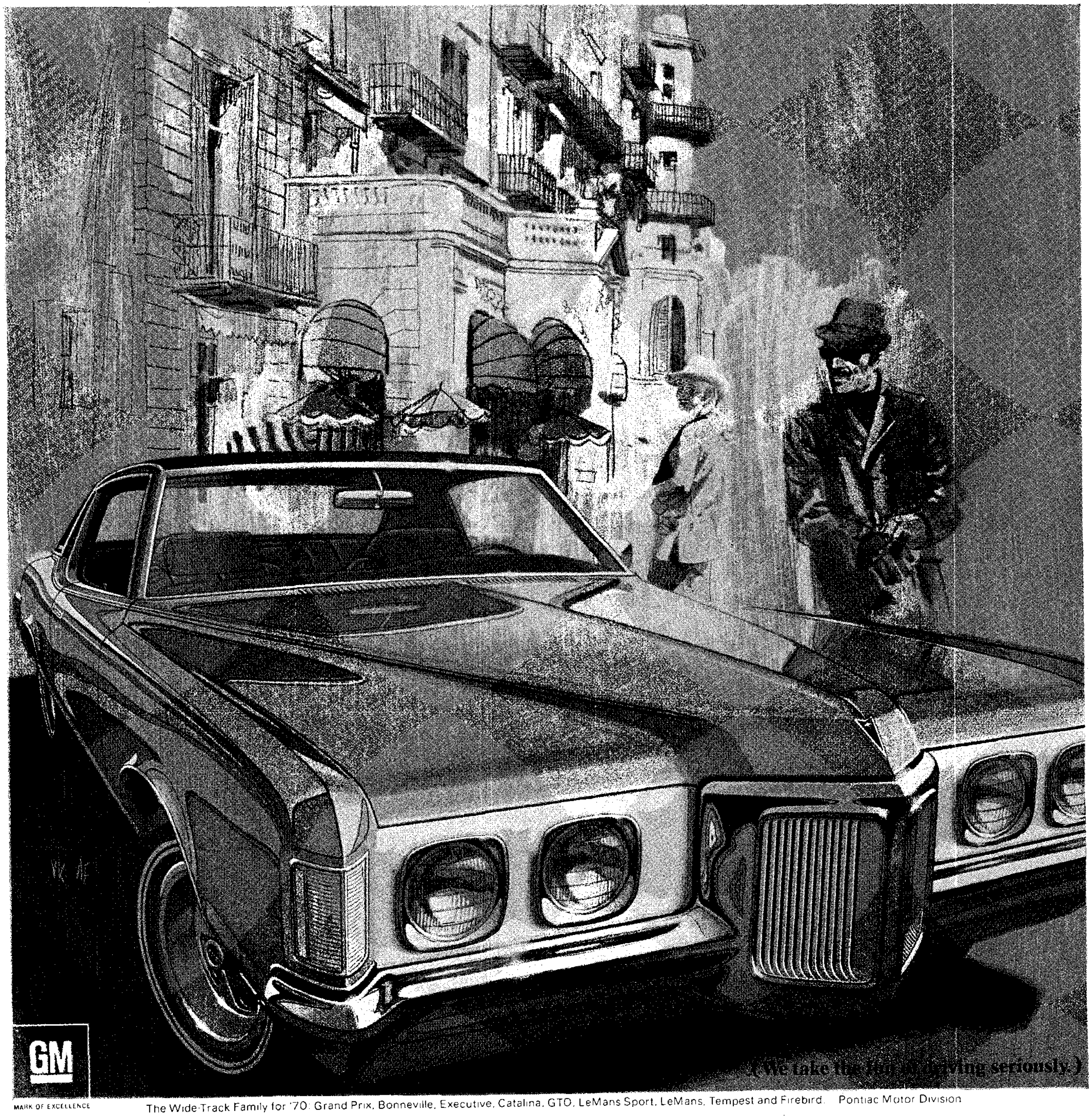
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

history of the State of Israel; through Nov. 10. (Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Bryant Park Flower Show—Among the exhibits will be an arrangement of tropical plants by the New York Botanical Garden, a showing of chrysanthemums and other fall flowers, and a display of lettuce and tomato plants. (Sixth Ave. at 42nd St. Thursday through Tuesday, Oct. 2-7, from 10:30 to 6:30.)

Walking Tours—"Upper Fifth Avenue—The Town House and the Private Palace," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will take place on Sunday, Oct. 5. Meets at 1046 Fifth Ave., at 86th St., at 2:30. For reservations, call LE 4-1672.

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Oct. 2, at 8: A benefit auction of paintings by such artists as Arthur B. Davies, Henry Varnum Poor, and Morris Kantor. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 4, at 10:15: Oceanic art, belonging to J. C. Leff and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 4, at 1:45: Eighteenth-century French and other Continental furniture and decorations, belonging to Herbert Meyer and others. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 7, at 1:45: Rare books and maps, from several collectors. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 8, at 1:45: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures, from many sources. Exhibition starts Friday, Oct. 3. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 9, at 1:45: Modern prints by American and European artists, from a number of collectors. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 4.

Election Registration—The registration dates for the Nov. 4 elections are Thursday and Friday, Oct. 2-3, from 5:30 P.M. to 10:30 P.M., and Saturday, Oct. 4, from 7 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.

Film Libraries—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Six programs in a series of Russian films, many without English titles: Oct. 2 at 2, 5:30, and 8, "The Fall of the Romanov Dynasty" (1927); Oct. 3 at 2 and 5:30, "Bed and Sofa" (1927); Oct. 4 at 3 and 5:30, "Storm Over Asia" (1928); Oct. 5 at 2 and 5:30, "Moscow in October" (1927) and "Salt for Svanetta" (1930); Oct. 6 at 2 and 5:30, "Arsenal" (1929); Oct. 7 at 2, "By the Law" (1926). . . . ¶ Oct. 1 at 2 and 5:30: "Little Lord Fauntleroy" (1936), with Freddie Bartholomew. . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 11:30: "Quo Vadis" (1912), directed by Enrico Guazzoni; no English titles. . . . ¶ Oct. 7 at 5:30: "Shame, Everybody Knows Her Name" (1969), directed by Joseph Jacoby. . . . ¶ Oct. 8 at 2 and 5:30: "Gigi" (1958), with Leslie Caron and Maurice Chevalier. . . . ¶ Oct. 9 at 2: "My Fair Lady" (1964), with Audrey Hepburn and Rex Harrison. . . . ¶ Oct. 9 at 8: A program of musical sequences from the films of Alan Jay Lerner. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is Sunday, after noon.). . . NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—The final five programs in a series called "The Musicals of Busby Berkeley." Oct. 1: "The Garden of the Moon" (1938), with Margaret Lindsay and Pat O'Brien. Oct. 2: "Hollywood Hotel" (1937), with Dick Powell and Hugh Herbert. Oct. 3: "The Singing Marine" (1937), with Dick Powell. Oct. 4: "Gold Diggers of 1937" (1936), with Joan Blondell and Victor Moore. Oct. 5: "The Great Gabbo" (1929), with Erich von Stroheim. . . . ¶ Oct. 8-9: The first two programs in a series called "The Art of Charlie Chaplin." (Showings at 4 and 6.)

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden: Oct. 14, 18, 21, 23, 25, 28, and 30, and Nov. 1, 13, and 15.

Professional Football—At YANKEE STADIUM: Giants vs. Pittsburgh Steelers, Oct. 12. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles, Nov. 2. . . . SHEA STADIUM: Jets vs. Houston Oilers, Oct. 19. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Boston Patriots, Oct. 26. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Miami Dolphins, Nov. 2. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Buffalo Bills, Nov 9.

Hockey—Professional games at Madison Square Garden on Oct. 15, 19, 22, and 26, and Nov. 2 and 12.

Horse Shows—Pennsylvania National Horse Show. (Harrisburg. Oct. 17-25.). . . ¶ Washington International Horse Show. (Washington, D.C. Oct. 27-Nov. 2.). . . ¶ National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. Nov. 4-11.)

Hunt Racing—Monmouth County Racing Association. (Red Bank, N.J. Oct. 18.). . . ¶ Essex Fox Hounds Race Meeting Association. (Far Hills, N.J. Oct. 25.). . . ¶ Montpelier Hunt Race Meeting. (Montpelier Station, Va. Nov. 1.). . . ¶ Virginia Fall Race Meeting. (Middleburg, Va. Nov. 8.)

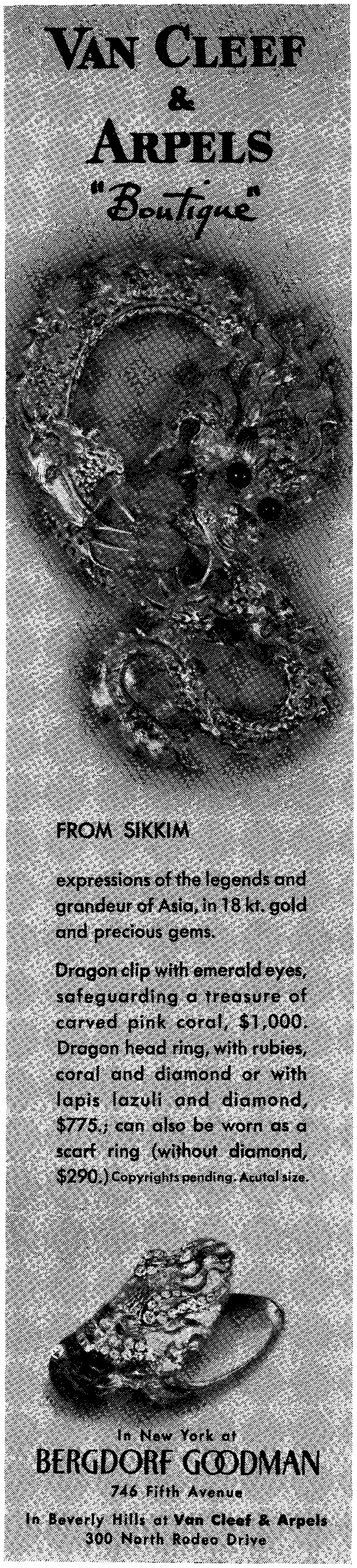
Racing—At GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Oct. 15-Nov. 18. . . . NATIONAL STEEPLECHASE DAYS AT BELMONT: Oct. 16-17. . . . AQUEDUCT: Oct. 20-Dec. 15. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Oct. 25-Dec. 31.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Oct. 18-Dec. 15.

Music—PHILHARMONIC HALL (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 23. . . . ¶ Roberta Peters, soprano, and the New York Chamber Soloists, Oct. 12. . . . ¶ Little Orchestra Society, Oct. 14. . . . ¶ Symphony of the New World, Oct. 19. . . . ¶ Virgil Fox, organ, Oct. 21. . . . ¶ Opening performances here of the Boston Symphony, William Steinberg conducting, Oct. 22 and 24. . . . ¶ Washington National Symphony, Oct. 26. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Oct. 28. . . . ¶ Prague Symphony, Nov. 1. . . . ¶ Gérard Souzay, baritone, Nov. 5. . . . CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7459): Renata Scotto, soprano, Oct. 12. . . . ¶ NDR Symphony Orchestra of Hamburg, Oct. 20. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, Oct. 25. . . . ¶ American Symphony, Oct. 26-27 and Nov. 9-10. . . . ¶ Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Oct. 29-30. . . . ¶ Detroit Symphony Orchestra, Oct. 31. . . . ¶ American Opera Society, Nov. 5. . . . ¶ Royal Choral Society, Nov. 8. . . . ALICE TULLY HALL, Lincoln Center (362-1911): Jerome Rose, piano, Oct. 14 and Nov. 9. . . . ¶ Ralph Kirkpatrick, harpsichord, Oct. 15 and 29. . . . ¶ Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Oct. 17-18 and Oct. 31-Nov. 1. . . . ¶ Evelyn Lear, soprano, Oct. 19. . . . ¶ Jaime Laredo, violin, Oct. 21. . . . ¶ Albert Fuller, harpsichord, Oct. 23. . . . ¶ Music from Marlboro, Nov. 3. . . . ¶ Clarion Concert, Nov. 4. . . . TOWN HALL (JU 2-4536): Leonid Hambro, piano, Oct. 26. . . . GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum (879-5512): Rosalyn Tureck, keyboard lecture-recitals, Oct. 16 and 23. . . . ¶ Gold and Fizdale, duo piano, Oct. 24. . . . ¶ Melos Ensemble and Maureen Forrester, contralto, Oct. 28. . . . ¶ New York Chamber Soloists, Oct. 31. . . . ¶ Musica Aeterna Orchestra, Nov. 1-2 and 8-9. . . . ¶ Berlin Philharmonic Octet, Nov. 7. . . . HUNTER COLLEGE (535-5350): Festival Winds, Oct. 17 and Nov. 7. . . . ¶ Peter Pears, tenor, and Benjamin Britten, piano, Oct. 23 and 25. . . . ¶ Isaac Stern, violin, Oct. 25.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: Arthur Kopit's play, "Indians," imported from London and with Stacy Keach. . . . ¶ "The Penny Wars," a play adapted by Elliott Baker from his novel of the same name, starring George Voskovec and Kim Hunter. . . . ¶ Sam Levene, Jack Gilford, Dorothy Loudon, and Paul Ford in a revival of the comedy "Three Men on a Horse" by John Cecil Holm and George Abbott. . . . ¶ A comedy, "Butterflies Are Free," by Leonard Gershe; Keir Dullea and Eileen Heckart have the leading roles. . . . ¶ "Jimmy," a musical with a book by Melville Shavelson (based on Gene Fowler's novel "Beau James"), music and lyrics by Bill and Patti Jacob, and a cast that includes Frank Gorshin, Anita Gillette, and Julie Wilson. . . . ¶ Geraldine Page, Simon Oakland, and Rob Anthony head the cast of Sumner Arthur Long's new comedy called "Angela.". . . ¶ A revival of William Saroyan's "The Time of Your Life" will be the first in this season's series of four productions by the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center.

Other Dates—Columbus Day is Sunday, Oct. 12; Monday, Oct. 13, will be a holiday. . . . ¶ Park Avenue Antiques Fair, at the 71st Regiment Armory, Oct. 13-19. . . . ¶ Vienna Eisrevue, at Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Oct. 22-Nov. 2. . . . ¶ National Arts and Antiques Festival, at the 7th Regiment Armory, Oct. 25-Nov. 2. . . . ¶ Daylight-saving time ends Sunday, Oct. 26. . . . ¶ Election Day is Tuesday, Nov. 4. . . . ¶ Veterans Day is Tuesday, Nov. 11.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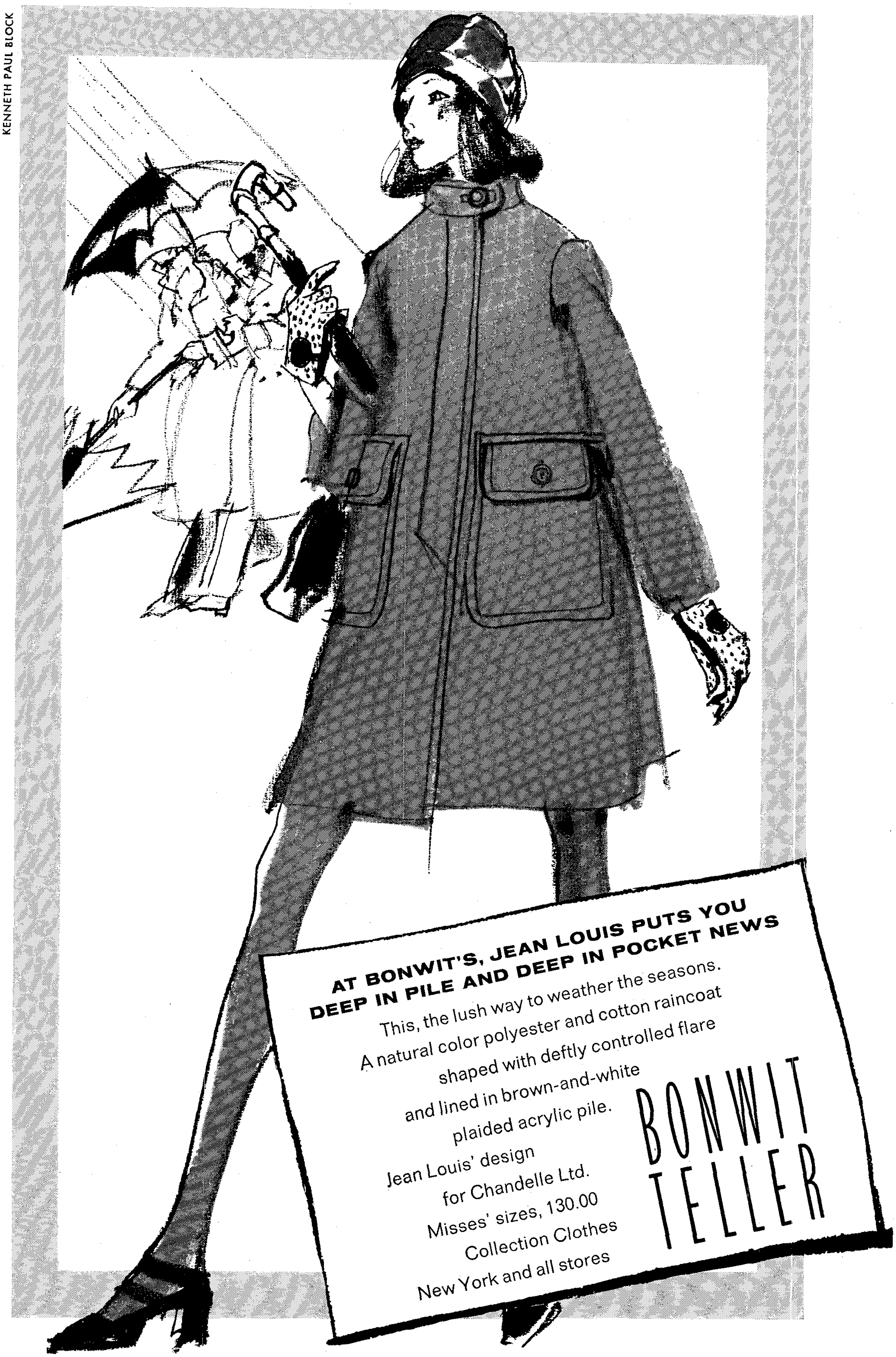

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

Alice's Restaurant—Arlo Guthrie's talking-blues record, extended by Arthur Penn into a sweet-natured film about Arlo's friendship with Alice and his brush with the police over the garbage he ditches for her one Thanksgiving Day when the dumps are closed. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, 685-7652; and Festival, 6 W. 57th, 581-2323.)

Belle de Jour (1967)—Buñuel's color film of a well-bred girl's rapt fantasies of sadomasochism. Catherine Deneuve as the heroine. In French. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Oct. 8.)

Blow-Up (1966)—An account of the Mod, mad world of London, 1966, as seen by Michelangelo Antonioni. With Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings. (Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th, TR 4-8445; and Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through Oct. 7.)

Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice—A very commercial but also very funny American comedy on modern sexual mores. Robert Culp, Natalie Wood, Elliott Gould, and Dyan Cannon form the two couples (it's the latter one that will interest you). (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022; starting Oct. 8.)

The Bride Wore Black (1968)—François Truffaut's film in homage to Hitchcock, with Jeanne Moreau as the racked and elegant widow of a bridegroom shot on the steps of the church. In French. (Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700; through Oct. 7. . . . ¶ Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 3-6. . . . ¶ Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Oct. 8.)

Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid—It's a poor excuse for an American Western legend, but there are some pleasant people (Paul Newman, Robert Redford, Katharine Ross). Directed by George Roy Hill from an original screenplay by William Goldman. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Charlie Bubbles (1968)—Albert Finney as a famous English writer who feels alienated. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Oct. 7. . . . ¶ Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 1.)

La Chinoise (1967)—Godard's political comedy about the terrorist thinking of a group of young French Maoists. In French. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Oct. 8.)

Doctor Zhivago (1965)—A version of the Pasternak novel. With Julie Christie, Omar Sharif, Tom Courtenay, and many others; directed by David Lean. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Oct. 7.)

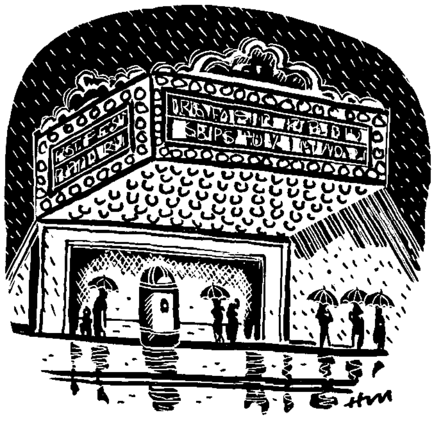
Easy Rider—Two motorcycle riders, played by Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper, travel east across America in a frontier myth run backward. They start from the West Coast primitivism that is the easy part, and they end up in the sophistication of the civilized South, which punishes them and their boozing middle-aged pickup (a radical Southern lawyer brilliantly played by Jack Nicholson). Dennis Hopper's first piece of direction, terse and rhythmic. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Faces (1968)—Apathy and desperation in an American marriage, as visualized by John Cassavetes in semidocumentary style. With John Marley, Gena Rowlands, Lynn Carlin, and Seymour Cassel. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 7-9.)

Funny Girl—Audiences in movie musicals always cheer; at this one, the audience in the theatre cheers, too. It's been a long time since the movies have had a big new star like Barbra Streisand. Directed by William Wyler. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Gold Rush (1925)—Charlie Chaplin's classic, stepped up with narrative and music. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, 924-3363; through Oct. 9, tentative.)

Justine—To see this George Cukor film of Lawrence Durrell's "Alexandria Quartet" is a bit like watching trailers of the real thing. The script is head-on and all for story, and no technical equivalents are found for Durrell's experiment with time and focus. Anouk Aimée, Anna Karina, Dirk Bogarde, and Severn Darden. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663; through Oct. 4.)



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The Lady Vanishes (1938)—Hitchcock's express train, with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, and Paul Lukas aboard. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Oct. 8.)

The Lion in Winter—Imitation wit and imitation poetry at the court of the Plantagenets. Anthony Harvey directed James Goldman's adaptation of his own play. Peter O'Toole is in great voice and good spirits as Henry II; Katharine Hepburn is Eleanor of Aquitaine. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Lolita (1962)—A comedy about a middle-aged professor and a sexy adolescent. James Mason, Peter Sellers, Shelley Winters, and Sue Lyon. (Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th, TR 4-8445; and Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through Oct. 7.)

The Loves of Isadora—Or "Isadora," as it was more sensibly titled before the scared meddlers of the industry got near it. Karel Reisz directs this study of the life and character of the great Isadora Duncan, danced spectacularly by Vanessa Redgrave and acted by her with an observant mixture of High Romanticism and the astringent sense that often lies hidden in the Romantic's phenomenal drive. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700; through Oct. 7.)

A Man and a Woman (1966)—Love between a beautiful widow and a handsome widower who drives racing cars. Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Oct. 8.)

Marry Me! Marry Me!—A slight but truly done film by Claude Berri, about a Jewish boy who gets shoved gently into rather the wrong marriage. The film is kindly and acute about compromise. In French. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

Midnight Cowboy—A condescending version of the James Leo Herlihy novel, with Jon Voight and Dustin Hoffman under the heavy thumb of director John Schlesinger. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

Lola Montès—Max Ophuls' masterpiece, shown for the first time in its full form. His command of baroque style and comic detail transforms the real-life story of a courtesan's decline into a circus-trapeze artist—a story in itself fairly trite—into a work of amazing and moving density. With Martine Carol, Anton Walbrook, Peter Ustinov. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Oct. 1.)

Morgan! (1966)—David Warner and Vanessa Redgrave in a black comedy about present-day London, directed by Karel Reisz. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Oct. 7.)

The Odd Couple (1968)—A film version by Gene Saks of Neil Simon's Broadway comedy about two men struggling through alimony. With Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Oct. 8.)

The Old-Fashioned Way (1934)—W. C. Fields and (Lord preserve us) Baby Le Roy. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Oct. 9.)

Oliver!—What might have been just another big musical is transformed by love and skill. Carol Reed, his set designer (John Box) and cinematographer (Oswald Morris), and a fine cast of singing actors give a superb demonstration of intelligent craftsmanship. (State I, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Pickpocket (1958)—Directed by Robert Bresson. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Oct. 2-8.)

Popi—Alan Arkin in a rich part that includes a scene as a Puerto Rican busboy at a Cuba Libre banquet who is mistaken for a heroic veteran of the Bay of Pigs. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Oct. 7.)

Pretty Poison (1968)—A psychological thriller, with Anthony Perkins and Tuesday Weld. Directed by Noel Black. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 7-9.)

Putney Swope—Robert Downey's goonish and obstreperous film, rude and pretty funny, about a weary black who gets heaved willy-nilly into the chairman's seat of an advertising agency. Swope's way of revolutionizing the social system is to throw the existing mess only a little further out of kilter. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

Rachel, Rachel (1968)—A film about the first affair of a thirty-five-year-old schoolteacher, played by Joanne Woodward. Directed by Paul Newman. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Oct. 7.)

Romeo and Juliet—Franco Zeffirelli's version features teen-agers and sword fights and extravagant grand passions. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013; through Oct. 2.)

La Ronde—The sex chestnut of the art houses of the fifties—censored then, now restored. Max Ophuls directed this graceful star-filled version of Schnitzler's play about a human chain of affairs. The ringmaster is Anton Walbrook. The ten pairs of couples include Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, Simone Signoret, Jean-Louis Barrault, Daniel Gélin, Simone Simon, Isa Miranda. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting Oct. 7.)

Rosemary's Baby (1968)—Mia Farrow, John Cassavetes, and Ruth Gordon in a Gothic-gynecological horror film. Directed by Roman Polanski. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Oct. 8.)

Shoot the Piano Player (1962)—François Truffaut directed this movie about a pianist in a Paris café. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting Oct. 7.)

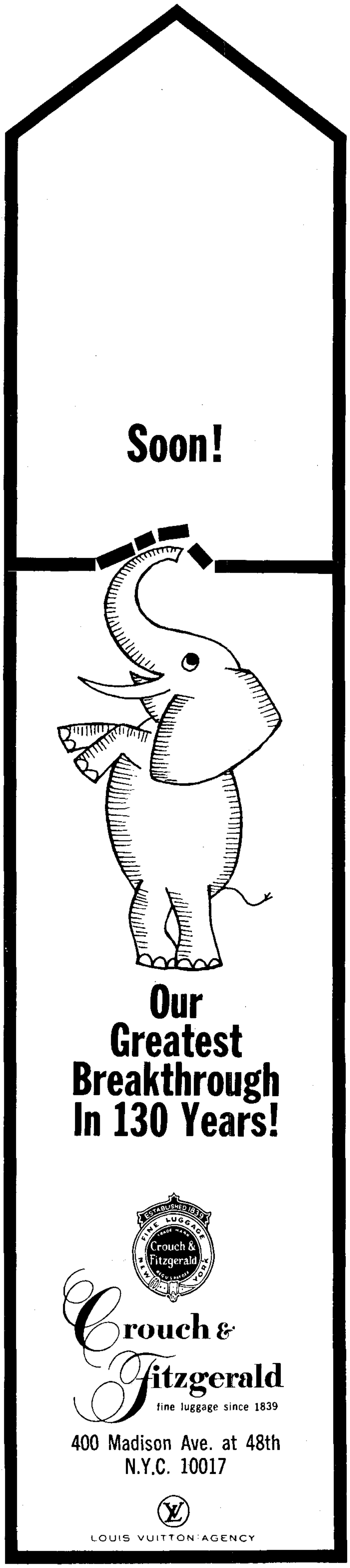
Stolen Kisses—A modern comedy-romance in an improvised style, by François Truffaut. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Claude Jade, Delphine Seyrig, and Michel Lonsdale. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 3-6.)

Take the Money and Run—Done like a solemn TV spectacular tracing the career of a great man, Woody Allen's film is about himself as a failed criminal. Very funny, proceeding by fits and starts, like a silent-comedy car. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

Tillie and Gus (1933)—W. C. Fields and Alison Skipworth. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Oct. 9.)

Weekend (1968)—Jean-Luc Godard's satire on modern depravity. With Mireille Darc. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131; starting Oct. 7.)

Yellow Submarine (1968)—The Beatles' Pop Art animation feature, with hippie heroes fighting the Blue Meanies with love and music. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, 924-3363; through Oct. 9, tentative.)



THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)

Through Oct. 7: **POPI**; and "Buona Sera, Mrs. Campbell," Gina Lollobrigida.

From Oct. 8: **A MAN AND A WOMAN** and **BELLE DE JOUR** (both in French).

EVERGREEN, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)

"I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Oct. 9 (tentative): **YELLOW SUBMARINE**; and **THE GOLD RUSH**.

CHARLES, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)

Through Oct. 7: **THE LOVES OF ISADORA**; and **CHARLIE BUBBLES**.

From Oct. 8: **LA CHINOISE** and **THE BRIDE WORE BLACK** (both in French).

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)

Through Oct. 7: **THE LOVES OF ISADORA**.

From Oct. 8: **A MAN AND A WOMAN** and **BELLE DE JOUR** (both in French).

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)

Through Oct. 7: **BLOW-UP**; and **LOLITA**.

From Oct. 8: To be announced.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)

ALICE'S RESTAURANT.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

Oct. 1: "Number One," Charlton Heston, Jessica Walter.

From Oct. 2: "The File of the Golden Goose," Yul Brynner, Charles Gray.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)

BUTCH CASSIDY AND THE SUNDANCE KID.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)

"The Rain People," James Caan, Shirley Knight.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)

Through Oct. 5: "Me, Natalie," Patty Duke, James Farentino.

From Oct. 6: "The Royal Hunt of the Sun," Robert Shaw, Christopher Plummer.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)

"More," Mimsy Farmer.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Through Oct. 4: **JUSTINE.**

From Oct. 5: "A Walk with Love and Death," Anjelica Huston, Assaf Dayan.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

MIDNIGHT COWBOY

PACIFIC EAST, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)

"De Sade," Keir Dullea, Senta Berger.

AVCO EMBASSY EAST, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)

"A Nice Girl Like Me," Barbara Ferris, Harry Andrews.

CINÉ MALIBU, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)

"Spirits of the Dead," Brigitte Bardot, Alain Delon.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)

Through Oct. 7: "Last Summer," Barbara Hershey.

From Oct. 8: **BOB & CAROL & TED & ALICE.**

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)

PUTNEY SWOPE.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)

EASY RIDER.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)

TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)

"Medium Cool," Robert Forster.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)

MARRY ME! MARRY ME! (in French).

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)

Through Oct. 7: **DOCTOR ZHIVAGO**; and "The Impossible Years" (1968), David Niven, Lola Albright.

From Oct. 8: "Last Summer," Barbara Hershey.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)

"Change of Mind," Raymond St. Jacques, Leslie Nielsen.

LOEW'S CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)

Oct. 1: "Two Gentlemen Sharing," Robin Phillips, Judy Geeson.

From Oct. 2: "The File of the Golden Goose," Yul Brynner, Charles Gray.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Through Oct. 7: "Some Kind of a Nut," Dick Van Dyke, Angie Dickinson.

From Oct. 8: To be announced.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)

Oct. 1: **LOLA MONTÈS** (in French); and "Sansho the Bailiff" (1954; in Japanese).

Oct. 2-8: **PICKPOCKET** and "Le Socrate" (both in French).

From Oct. 9: "Paris Belongs to Us" (1962; in French), Betty Schneider; and "The Third Man" (1950), Joseph Cotten, Alida Valli.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)

Through Oct. 7: **THE LOVES OF ISADORA**; and **MORGAN!**

From Oct. 8: To be announced.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)

Through Oct. 7: "Thank You All Very Much," Sandy Dennis.

From Oct. 8: "The Italian Job," Michael Caine, Noël Coward; and "Ace High," Eli Wallach.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)

Through Oct. 5: "The Peach Thief" (in Bulgarian).

From Oct. 6: To be announced.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Through Oct. 2: "The Oldest Profession" (1968; in French), a film composed of six episodes; and "The Female" (1960), Brigitte Bardot.

From Oct. 3: "The Best House in London," David Hemmings, George Sanders.

ELGIN, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)

Through Oct. 6: "Way Out West" (1937), Laurel and Hardy; and five Laurel and Hardy shorts.

From Oct. 7: **LA RONDE** and **SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER** (both in French).

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)

Through Oct. 7: "Change of Mind," Raymond St. Jacques, Leslie Nielsen.

From Oct. 8: "Sweet Charity," Shirley MacLaine.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)

FUNNY GIRL.

STATE I, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5060)

OLIVER!

CINERAMA, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)

"Krakatoa, East of Java," Maximilian Schell, Diane Baker.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)

"The April Fools," Jack Lemmon, Catherine Deneuve; and "Twisted Nerve," Hayley Mills.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)

"The Christmas Tree," William Holden, Virna Lisi.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)

ALICE'S RESTAURANT.

CINEMA 57 RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)

"I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)

"The Bed Sitting Room," Rita Tushingham, Ralph Richardson.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)

Through Oct. 6: "Who's That Knocking at My Door?," Zina Bethune.

From Oct. 7: **WEEKEND** (in French); and "Titicut Follies" (1967), a documentary film made at a state prison for the criminally insane.

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)

THE LION IN WINTER.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

Through Oct. 2: **ROMEO AND JULIET.**

From Oct. 3: "Oh! What a Lovely War," Dirk Bogarde, Jean-Pierre Cassel.

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)

Through Oct. 7: **BLOW-UP**; and **LOLITA.**

From Oct. 8: To be announced.

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through Oct. 7: **THE LOVES OF ISADORA**; and **THE BRIDE WORE BLACK** (in French).

From Oct. 8: To be announced.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)

Through Oct. 8: **THE LADY VANISHES**; and "King Kong" (1932), Fay Wray.

From Oct. 9: **TILLIE AND GUS**; and **THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY.**

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)

Through Oct. 7: **RACHEL, RACHEL**; and "The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter" (1968), Alan Arkin.

From Oct. 8: **THE ODD COUPLE**; and **ROSEMARY'S BABY.**

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)

Oct. 1: **CHARLIE BUBBLES**; and "A Countess from Hong Kong" (1967), Marlon Brando, Sophia Loren.

Oct. 2: "The Birds, the Bees and the Italians" (1967; in Italian), Virna Lisi; and "The Anatomy of Love" (1959; in Italian), Vittorio De Sica, Sophia Loren.

Oct. 3-6: **STOLEN KISSES** and **THE BRIDE WORE BLACK** (both in French).

Oct. 7-9: **FACES**; and **PRETTY POISON.**

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)

Through Oct. 2: "Thank You All Very Much," Sandy Dennis.

From Oct. 3: "The Best House in London," David Hemmings, George Sanders.

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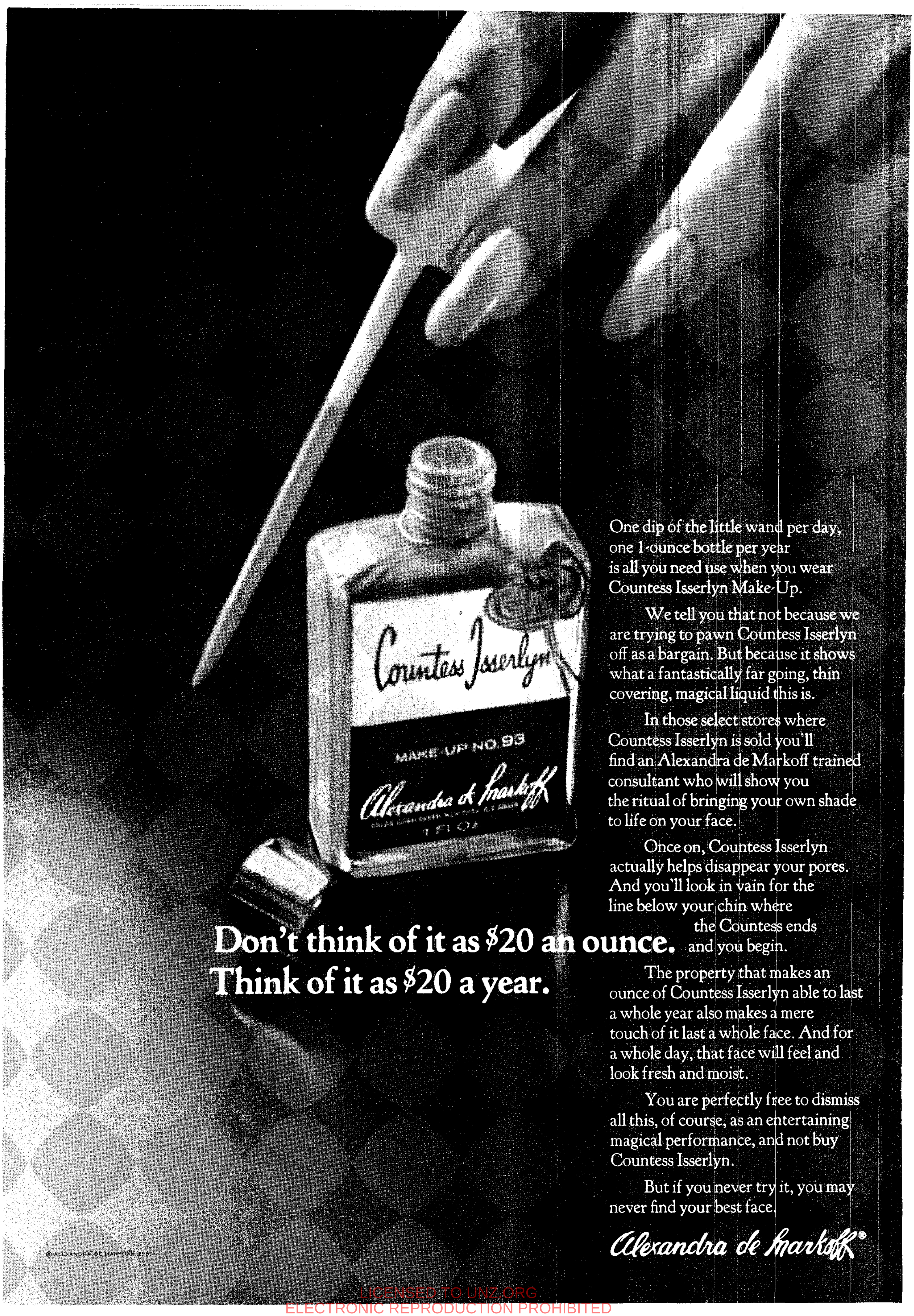

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Hoffman Estates ...... Omega Sport Shop
Joliet .... Bob Mussers Sport Shop
McHenry .. McHenry Favorite Sports Shop
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Saginaw .... Morley Brothers
Traverse City .... Bilmar's Sports

MINNESOTA

Minneapolis .... Hoigarrd's Ski Shop
St. Paul .... Sitzmark Ski Shop

MISSOURI

Creve Coeur .. Peck's Sport & Marine Sales

MONTANA

Billings .... King's Mountain Shop
Great Falls .... Great Falls Sporting Goods
Livingston .... The Pack Sack
Missoula .... Bob Ward & Sons, Inc.

NEVADA

Reno .... Codding & Wetzel Ski

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Manchester .... The Ski Shop

NEW JERSEY

East Rutherford .... Paul's Hobby & Sport
Maplewood .... Crelin's Sport Shop
Paramus .... Herman's
Princeton .... Varsity Sport Center
Ridgewood .... Perdue's Sports Shop
Somerville .... Muller & Cashin Sport Shop
Sparta .... Sparta Sports Shop
Summit .... Ken Johnstons Ski Shop
Trenton .... Capitol Sporting Goods

NEW MEXICO

Albuquerque .... H. Cook
Santa Fe .... Tiano Sporting Goods

NEW YORK

Albany .... Johnny Evers Sport Shop
Albany .... Macy's-Colonie
Buffalo .... Al Dekdebrun's Ski Shop
Canandaigua .... Cole & Raes, Inc.
Delmar .... Gallagher's Ski Shop
East Aurora .... Fairplay Ski Shop
Endwell .... Keith's Unlimited
Forest Hills .... Emilio's Ski Shop
Jamestown .... Collin's Sport Shop
Kings Park ... Ski-Heil Kings Park Ski Shop
Levittown .... Emilio's Ski Shop
Liberty .... Poley's Ski Shop
Manhasset .... Manhasset Sport Shop
New York City .... Alpine Ski Shop
New York City .... Herman's
New York City .... Macy's
New York City .... Post Ski Shop
Northville .... The Coach House
Olean .... Adam's Sport Shop
Rochester .... Sibley, Lindsey & Curr
Rockville Center .... Wolf's Sport Shop

NEW YORK - Cont.

Roosevelt Field .... Macy's
Rye .... Sport Loft Ski Shop
Saratoga .... Alpine Sport Shop
Schenectady ...... Fox & Murphy Ski Shop
Syracuse .... Sibley, Lindsey & Curr
Utica .... Klein's Sport Shop
Valley Stream .... Post Ski Shop
Walden .... Thruway Sports Unlimited
White Plains .... Macy's
Williston Park ...... Alpine Haus Ski Shop

NORTH CAROLINA

Charlotte .... Faul & Crymes
Winston-Salem .... Bocock-Stroud

OHIO

Akron .... M. O'Neil's
Bellbrook .... Adam's Ski Shop
Bellfontaine .... Adam's Ski Shop
Bowling Green
Reddish Bros. Sporting Goods
Cincinnati .... Brendamour Sporting Goods
Cleveland .... Halle Brothers
Columbus .... Skiba, Inc.
Dayton .... Rike's
Mansfield .... Skiba of Snow Trails
Toledo ...... Reddish Bros. Sporting Goods
Youngstown .... Pallay's Ski Shop

OKLAHOMA

Oklahoma City .... Andy Anderson's
Tulsa .... Sportsman's Sporting Goods

OREGON

Beaverton .... The Mountain Shop
Eugene .... Meier & Frank
Lloyd Center .... Meier & Frank
Portland .. Howell's Uptown Sports Center
Portland .... Meier & Frank
Portland .... Osborn & Ulland
Salem .... Meier & Frank

PENNSYLVANIA

Allentown .... Witwer — Jones Co.
Harrisburg .... Shenk & Tittle
Lancaster .... Shenk Bros. Sport Shop
Philadelphia .... Brooks Sporting Goods
Philadelphia ... Polly Bros. Sporting Goods
Pittsburgh .... Ideal Sport Shop
Pittsburgh .. Kaufmann's Department Store
Scranton .... Harry Sugerman Ski Shop

RHODE ISLAND

Providence .... Alpine Ski Shop

TEXAS

Dallas .... Athletic House
Houston .... Jay Rich Sports Limited
Lubbock .... T & D Sporting Goods

UTAH

Ogden .. Wolfe's Sportsman's Headquarters
Provo .... Intermountain Sports
Salt Lake City
Wolfe's Sportsman's Headquarters

VERMONT

Brattleboro .... Burrows Sport Shop

VIRGINIA

Lexington .... Pres. Brown's Inc.
Roanoke . . Graves – Humphries Sport Shop

WASHINGTON

Bellevue .... Alpine House
Bremerton .... Toni's Ski Shop
Burien .... Burien Sports Center
Everett .... Granstrom Sporting Goods
Seattle .... Athletic Supply Co.
Seattle ... Don's Sporting Goods, Northgate
Seattle .... Fiorini's Skihaus
Seattle .... Osborn & Ulland
Spokane ... Kimmel Hatch Sporting Goods
Tacoma .... Parkland Sports Center
Wenatchee .... Arlberg Ski Shop
Yakima .... Washington Sports

WISCONSIN

East Troy .... Alpine Valley Ski Lodge
Kenosha .... Nehlson's Sport Shop
Lake Forrest .... The Outdoorsman
Lake Geneva ...... Playboy Club Ski Shop
Madison .... Perg Pearson Sports
Madison .... Petrie's Sporting Goods
Milwaukee .... Les Moise Sport Shop
Oshkosh .... Joe's Sport Shop
Wausau .... Shops International

WYOMING

Cheyenne
People's Sporting Goods Ski Shalet

If you ever wanted to learn to ski, here is the week to do it!

Now you've got an irresistible incentive to really do something about learning to ski. Spalding (big in sports as long as anybody can remember) has it all arranged.
A gala week of lessons and good times at America's most glamorous ski resorts.

Stunningly beautiful worlds in themselves. Brimming with every pleasure in the book.

Here where winter is all squeaky-clean snow, thick purring pines and hot blue skies, you'll learn your skiing ABC's from the best instructors there are. (All ski instruction under the technical advisement of the Professional Ski Instructors of America.) In their skilled hands, you'll find out what you should have a long time ago: that skiing is as easy as walking. Only ten times more fun! In just a few days your progress will amaze you. By the end of the week, you'll be skimming away on your own. Free as a bird. And feeling more alive than you've ever felt in your life!

But easy now! You've got a lot more coming on your blast of a Learn-to-Ski Week. Spalding has lined up so many great things for you to do, you'll be on the go every second.
At fondue and cocktail parties. Dances, special movies and thrilling races.
Every day will be excitingly different!

This is how to learn to ski! And learn all about the exhilarating life your ski friends don't exaggerate! Only thing is, because registration *is* limited, you'd be wise to sign up right away for the Learn-To-Ski Week you prefer. So beat it over to the Spalding Learn-To-Ski headquarters closest to where you live. Today is the day to do it!

Pick the time and place here for your Spalding Learn-To-Ski Week:

Killington, Vermont	Dec. 7-14
Jackson Hole, Wyoming	Dec. 13-20
Sugarbush Valley, Vermont	Dec. 14-21
Madonna Mt., Vermont	Jan. 4-11
Aspen Highlands, Colorado	Jan. 4-11
Squaw Valley, California	Jan. 11-18
Sun Valley, Idaho	Jan. 18-25
Mt. Snow, Vermont	Jan. 18-25
Heavenly Valley, California	Jan. 24-31
Timberline Lodge, Mt. Hood, Ore.	Jan. 31-Feb. 7
Playboy Club, Lake Geneva, Wisc.	Feb. 6-13

Specially created fun filled weeks to teach you how to ski and let you discover the fun of winter. Registration limited.

SPALDING'S NATIONAL LEARN-TO-SKI WEEKS

Spalding gives you the professional edge.

A. G. Spalding & Brothers, Inc., A Questor Company.

SEE THE LIST OF SPALDING LEARN-TO-SKI WEEK HEADQUARTER STORES FOR THE ONE NEAREST YOU.

A title on the door rates a Bigelow wool carpet on the floor.

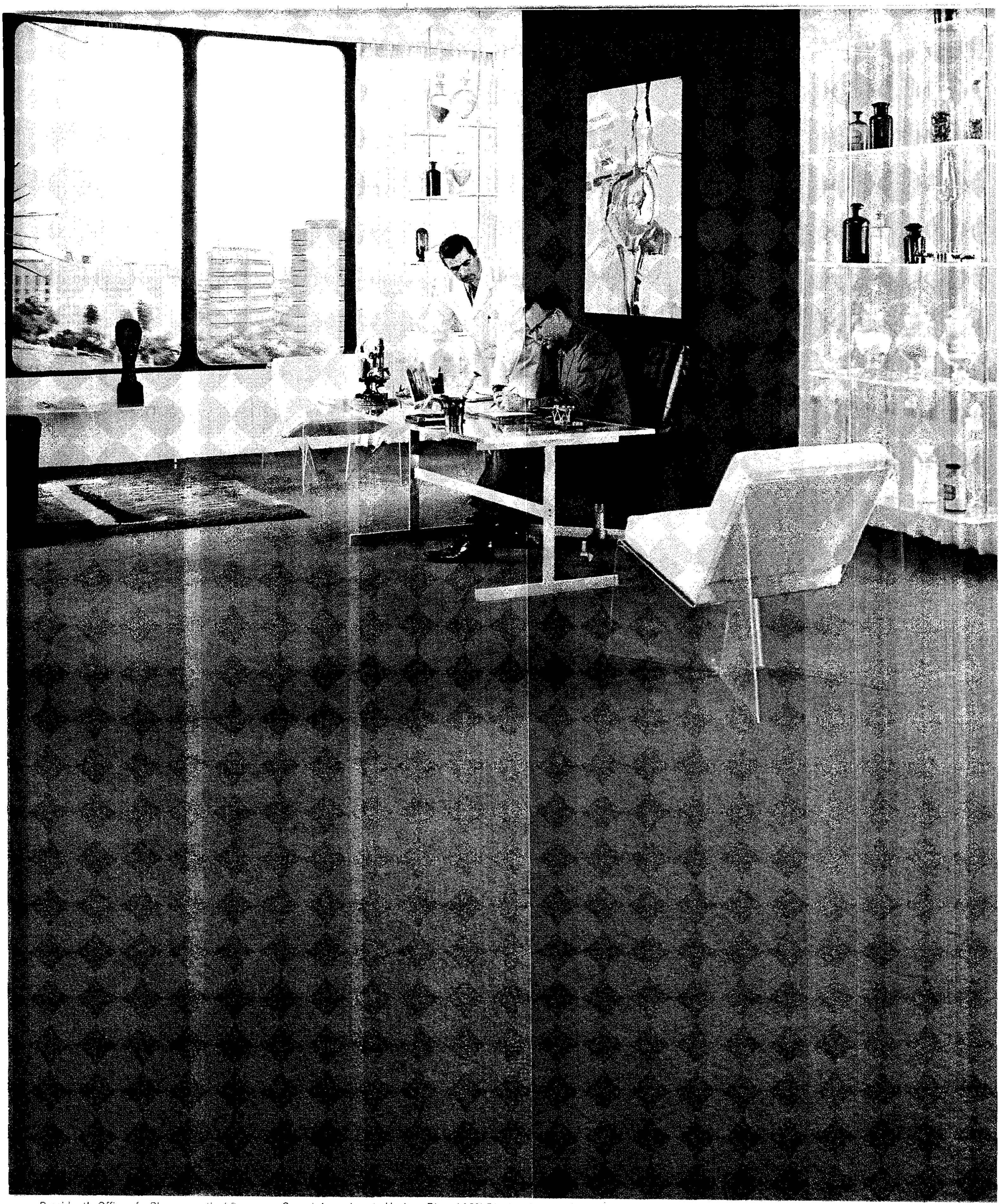
PURE WOOL PILE

The woolmark is
your assurance of quality
tested carpet made of
pure wool pile.

For every place of business, every public building,
every home, Bigelow has the perfect carpet made of wool.
We've been creating wool carpets since 1825.

Pure wool is naturally resilient, luxurious, long wearing—
Adaptable for every requirement. So to be assured of time-tested,
quality-tested, pure wool pile Bigelow carpets—
look for the woolmark on our label.
Mark of the world's finest wool.

Bigelow RUGS AND CARPETS SINCE 1825



President's Office of a Pharmaceutical Company. Carpet: Luxurious in Horizon Blue, 100% Bigelow Approved Wool Face. Accent Rug: "Escalier" from our Custom Carpet Collection.

A title on the door rates a Bigelow on the floor.

PURE WOOL PILE

B AND B LIQUEUR
D.O.M.
B AND B
Made by BENEDICTINE S.A.
Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC. NEW YORK
86 PROOF

Smartest thing on the rocks

B & B is the drier liqueur. Eloquent. Magnificent. The only proper blend of B & B is made and bottled in the abbey at Fecamp, France. That's where exquisite Benedictine is blended with superb cognac to produce the perfect B & B. Benedictine's own B & B. Always uniform. Always delicious. After coffee…enjoy B & B. Straight or on-the-rocks.

DOM

The drier liqueur

Remember when components used to be only for the wealthy?

Remember back when people who had shiny new component stereos had shiny new mansions to put them in?

Well forget it.

General Electric has fixed it so anyone can enjoy rich, beautiful stereo . . . without paying a too handsome price.

With this. A three-piece component job done up brown in cabinetry that has an expensive custom look.

It gives you a stereo phonograph. An FM/AM radio. Two 6-inch speakers that separate up to 16 feet for true stereo effect. A deluxe changer. A special component-style tone arm that treats your fine recordings gently. Plus a custom-styled dust cover.

The price? Get ready. $129.95*. (Model P572.) Isn't that rich?

For the sound that's different, see all our different phonographs. And radios. And tape recorders.

At GE, we see sound differently. Which makes all the difference in the world in what you hear.

We see sound differently.

General Electric Company, Audio Products Department, Decatur, Illinois

*Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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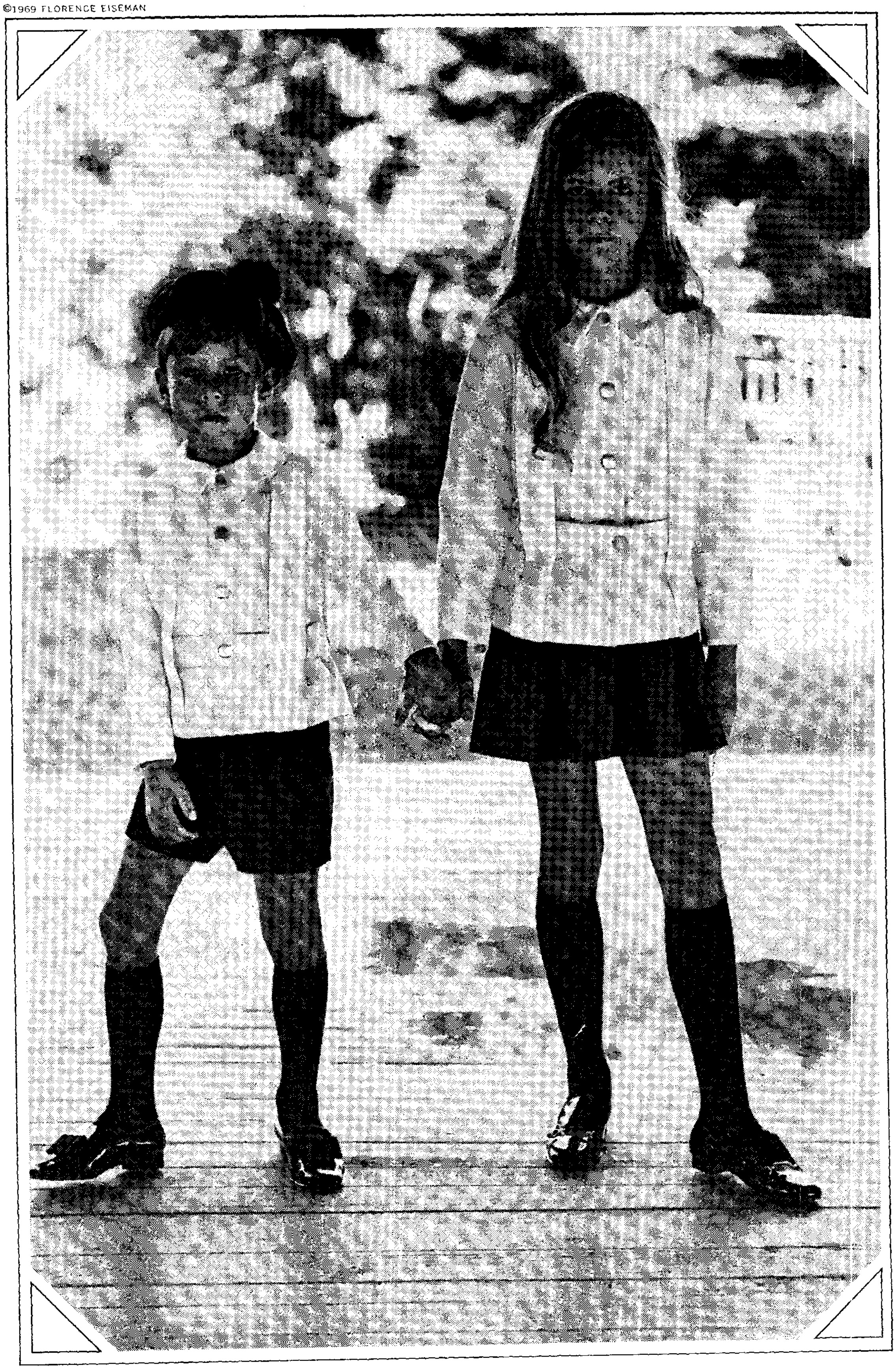


Are Florence Eiseman children nicer than other children, or do they just look that way?

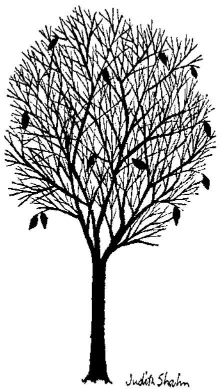
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

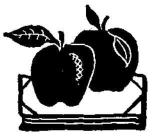
MANY people here have commented that events in Vietnam have an unreal, dreamlike quality. This may be partly because Vietnam is the first war to be shown on television, but we believe that there are more important reasons. A man dreaming is caught up in a reality that is entirely his own creation. Although he is in fact the author of everything that occurs, he may feel shock and surprise, just as though events were part of a reality outside him and beyond his control, as in his waking hours. We believe that the confusion engendered by our government and our military in Vietnam has been like the confusion of a dreamer. In some matters they have mistaken their own actions and the results of their actions for external events and conditions beyond their control, and in other matters they have suffered from the delusion that they were able to control circumstances that were given in the situation and actually were beyond their control. Although the United States is in fact, of course, only one actor among many powerful actors in Vietnam, we have often behaved as though we believed we were the omnipotent author of the situation, with the power to decide what parts all the actors were to play, and to determine how the plot—or "scenario," to use the current Defense Department jargon—was to develop. The tendency to think in this way has been shown most clearly at the times when other actors have deviated most dramatically from the roles we thought we had assigned them, as they did during the Tet offensive. Our military officers reacted then with a stunned, amazed anger that seemed more like the reaction of the director of a play whose actors have suddenly gone berserk on the stage and started speaking the wrong lines than like the response of Army officers to an attack by the enemy. It was perhaps some such feeling that prompted General Westmoreland to characterize the offensive to newsmen as "deception" and "treachery"—as though he had expected the enemy to submit a proposal for their attack before they carried it out.

The definitions of the war which our government has sought to impose upon the world have changed over the years. In the early years—up until about 1965—officials used terminology from the scenario of economic development to describe bloody military campaigns. It was then that defoliation was named "natural-resource control" and that the forced evacuation and bombing of villages was named "population control." Some economists visiting Vietnam for the government referred to the flight of the peasants from the villages we were bombing as the "war-induced generation of an urban labor force," as though it were one step in a plan we had for the industrial development of South Vietnam. Using terms devised by economic, social, and military theorists as the names of our projects and campaigns has played an important part in the complex process of our self-deception. These terms have tended to take on a life of their own. By seeing everything we do as part of a grand socio-economic-cultural-military plan—which may or may not actually be working—we have fallen into the habit of judging events that involve the Vietnamese as well as ourselves only in the light of our own intentions. Also, by the enormous weight of our technology and military strength we have been able to change the appearance of certain things enough so that they at least superficially resemble our scenarios. This procedure can be seen as falling into three stages. In the first stage, Army decision-makers may decide, for example, to call someone they have deported from his village "a V.C. suspect." They tie his hands behind his back and put a meal sack over his head, and he comes to resemble an imprisoned enemy soldier. Or they may decide that an area is hostile, and bomb it, so to the next pilot who flies over the area it *looks* hostile *because* it has been bombed. Thus, in the second stage they come to judge a person by something they have done to him. "If the man isn't an enemy, then why are his hands tied?" they ask themselves. Using the results of their own actions as evidence, they convince themselves that they made a correct judgment in the first place. In the third stage, the man, because he has been abused, comes to hate the United States, and joins the enemy. And even though he then fires unmistakably real bullets at our troops, we are still boxing with one of our own shadows.



But if in some cases arbitrarily treating people according to our preconception of them causes them eventually to fulfill our expectations, in other cases the opposite occurs. If we decide to fight the war as though it were a campaign against the Japanese during the Second World War, the enemy doesn't oblige us by fighting like the Japanese. (False analogies with the Second World War have bedevilled the Vietnam war at all levels, from the analogy between the Munich conference of 1938 and "making a stand" in Vietnam down to the details of battle strategy. No matter how many times the military has repeated the slogans "This is not a war for territory" and "There is no front line in this war," once it is on the battlefield it is unable to resist measuring its progress in terms of hilltops taken, and the like.) And our habit of deciding the nature of the situation we face by taking notice only of our own intentions and our own actions has led us into a habit that is still odder and still more frightening. We have started to take actions—even to wage battles—*not* to gain concrete objectives, whether they are noble or ignoble, well advised or ill advised, but to vindicate our past misjudgments by trying to force reality to conform to them. Usually, one thinks of propaganda as a technique by which men in back rooms try to mold public opinion through giving out false information about things that have already happened. But in Vietnam the propagandists have got themselves into the planning stage of things, and it is not the reports of the events but the events themselves that are, in a sense, false. One tragic example of this is the siege of Khe San.

A striking fact about the siege of Khe San is that the position held there by the Marines had no strategic importance. That was demonstrated in the clearest possible way by the Marines' quitting the position as soon as the siege was over. During the siege, two main explanations were made of why the base wasn't evacuated. The first was that the base blocked an important enemy infiltration route, but even at the time it was clear that it did nothing of the sort, since the enemy had already found it possible not merely to infiltrate men through the valley leading to Khe San but to encircle the base. The second was that the encirclement of the base gave our planes a wonderful opportunity to bomb enemy troops. But this argument assumed that the Marines at Khe San were being used as bait to lure the enemy into a trap, and that the whole siege, including the extreme vulnerability of the base to enemy shelling, had been planned by the Marines in the first place—an extremely unlikely assumption. The question remains: Why did we fight at Khe San rather than withdraw the men? Part of the answer probably is that, for all their eager study of Mao Tse-tung on guerrilla warfare, our military men found that his advice about "withdrawing when the enemy attacks" went against their proud instinct to hold on to a position in the face of heavy odds. But a stranger rationale also seems to have been at work. As the siege—or "battle," to use the term the military preferred—continued, the government, the military, and a good part of the press began to attach greater and greater importance to it, until some people were saying that it was an American Dien Bien Phu, and that the whole outcome of the war depended on it. The fact is that the evacuation of Khe San would have had almost no strategic effect and that someone had decided to invest it with an imaginary importance. But although an army can determine what the outcome of a battle will be, it is beyond the power of any army to determine the *importance* of the outcome. At Khe San, it was as though, having failed for years to make progress toward our initial objectives in Vietnam—toward "winning the hearts and minds of the people," building a strong government, and breaking the power of the enemy—the Army had set up a new and perhaps attainable surrogate objective of holding on to an unimportant base, and now pursued this objective as though it had been the real objective all along. Perhaps because of the painful confusion of fighting a war and trying to win the hearts and minds of the people at the same time, many officers had been muttering for years that this was not a "real" war, and perhaps it was almost a relief to them to find in Khe San an unambiguously military conflict—one that they felt they could fully understand. But Khe San was far from being more understandable than other battles; instead, it seemed as though in Khe San the Marines had superimposed an irrelevant drama upon a real war, and that even as they battled a real enemy they were fighting in a dream world. This unreal crisis received unexpected support when President Johnson, taking a step that was unprecedented in American military history, had the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff sign a statement on behalf of the Joint Chiefs saying that "Khe San could and should be" defended. For a moment, it seemed as though the entire government, from top to bottom, were in headlong flight from reality. And even this flight was made to seem somewhat unreal by the fact that nobody appeared to have cynical intentions. The evidence seemed to be that the government was deceiving itself at least as much as it was deceiving the public—and probably more. But then, again and again, the story of Vietnam has been a story of good intentions with hideous consequences. In fact, there is a direct parallel between the escalation of a false sense of urgency around the siege of Khe San and the escalation of the whole war. In both cases, once blood had been shed, perhaps for a mistaken objective, more and more blood was shed to justify it, until the issue of self-justification and national prestige—or "face," as it is sometimes called—completely overshadowed the initial objectives of the campaign.

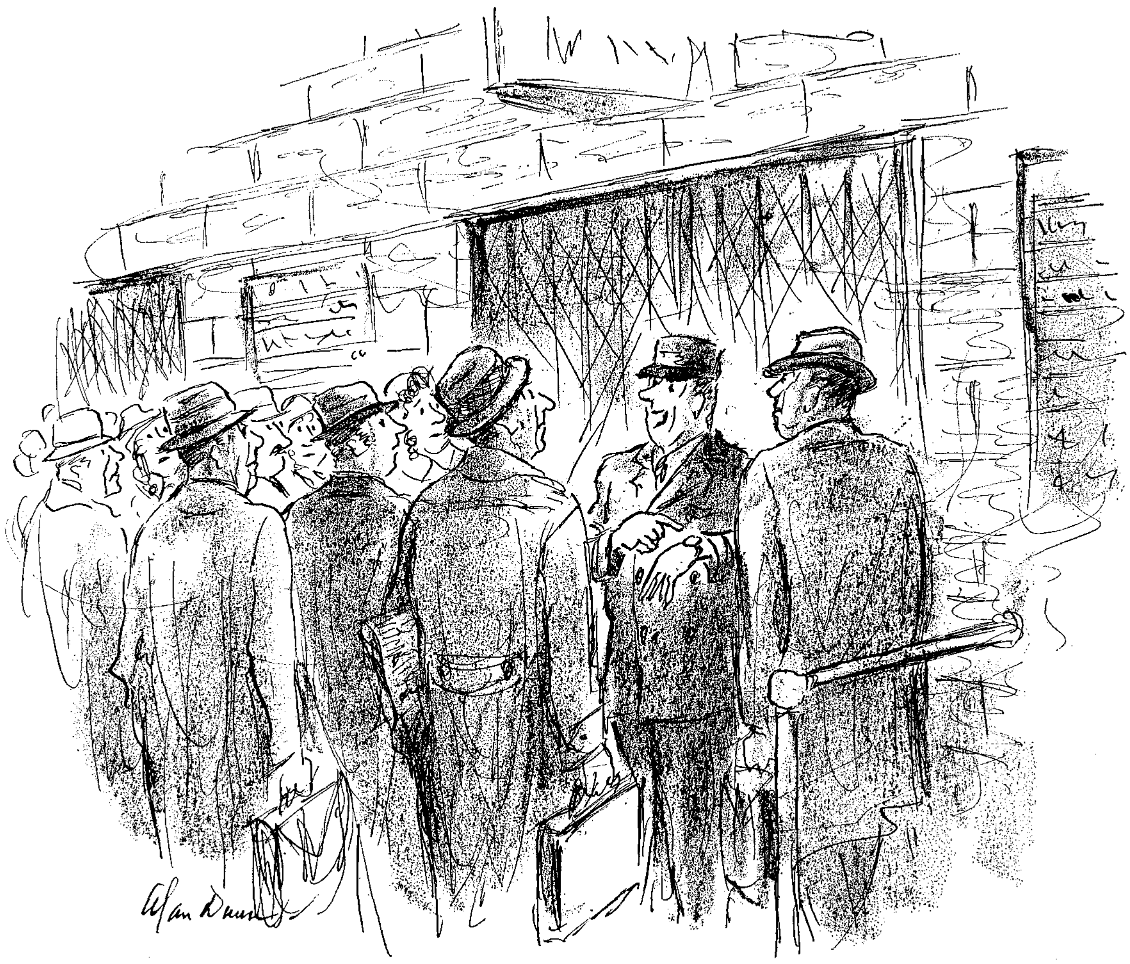


Whatever our intentions may have been, it is a measure of how deeply we are enmeshed in our illusions that now, as we attempt to disengage ourselves from the war, we do so in the name of new illusions. President Nixon refers to our troop withdrawals as "troop replacements," as though a South Vietnamese soldier were going to materialize for every one of ours who is pulled out. But it is hard to believe that a government that couldn't win with our help is going to win, or even survive, without it. Of course, behind all the shadows and fantasies of our policies in Vietnam there are realities. They are the death of our men and their men and the gradual destruction of South Vietnamese society. These realities are the reason America must awaken from her terrible dream.

Incoming Tenant

NO doubt about it, great oaks from little acorns grow. The Cooper-Hewitt Museum of Decorative Arts and Design—started in 1897, as the Cooper Union Museum, in one room of the Cooper Union, by two of Peter Cooper's granddaughters, the Misses Sarah Cooper and Eleanor Garnier Hewitt, and transferred in 1967 to the custody of the Smithsonian Institution—is now slated to move into a sixty-four-room home: the old Andrew Carnegie house, at Ninety-first Street and Fifth Avenue. We went there the other morning to witness the ceremonial signing of the lease by Dillon Ripley, the lessee's secretary, and Alan Pifer, president of the landlord, the Carnegie Corporation of New York. Having arrived a few minutes early, while the Museum's Advisory Board and a few Smithsonian bigwigs were still in a meeting, we ambled out to the garden, where a score of mothers with about as many small children were sunning themselves on comfortable chairs or benches, amid chestnut and crab-apple trees, wisteria vines, and azalea and rhododendron bushes. The house is still occupied by Columbia University's School of Social Work (the successor lease will go into effect next July), and a mother told us that the garden is the province of an association of a hundred and sixty-one neighborhood families who contribute fifty dollars or more a year to Columbia for the privilege.

Returning to the house as the meeting broke up, we learned that this



"In a matter of hours this will be the finest railroad in the world—if you don't mind waiting."

• •

money is being conscientiously spent. "It isn't often that you can attend a board meeting in New York and hear the sound of a lawnmower outside the window," Charles Blitzer, a Smithsonian assistant secretary, told us. "It's a nice sound."

Trays of sherry and Dubonnet-on-the-rocks were passed by waiters from George J. Coker & Son, the caterers, and we had a drink with Frederick Sheffield, the board chairman of the Carnegie Corporation. We asked him how much the rent was.

"Nothing," he said. "Same arrangement as with Columbia."

The day's guests, including a flock of museum directors, Mrs. Lindsay, Commissioner of Parks August Heckscher, and Harmon Goldstone, the head of the Landmarks Commission (Cooper Union is a certified Landmark), soon filed into the boardroom, where they were welcomed by Mr. Ripley.

"This is an epoch-making occasion for us," Mr. Ripley said. "It will provide a new lease on life for the Cooper-Hewitt Museum. It's a great moment for us to join the Fifth Avenue complex of sister institutions. It's an occasion for us to pay tribute to what my mother always used to call the Hewitt girls." Mr. Ripley went on to say that the Museum, which will open in its new quarters late in 1971, after building alterations and renovation, is the only American national museum of its kind, and contains more than eighty-five thousand samples of textiles, fifteen thousand books on the decorative arts, and large numbers of wallpapers, drawings and prints, furnishings, and so on. (It has an unrivalled collection of birdcages.) "I think there is a lesson in all of this for the United States," Mr. Ripley said in conclusion.

Mr. Pifer rose and said that the School of Social Work will have a new home on the Columbia campus, and then he and Mr. Ripley sat down at a table and signed copies of the lease, dipping their pens in an inkwell that had belonged to Mr. Carnegie.

The Museum's new director, Mrs. Lisa Suter Taylor, was thereupon introduced by Mrs. Alice M. Kaplan, chairman of the Advisory Board, whose husband, Jacob M. Kaplan, a retired molasses-and-grape-juice magnate, fell in with us as we moved on to a buffet lunch. "I think the *carpets* here ought to be improved," he said, and then, seated at one of a dozen tables, we had a conversation with Miss Mary A. Noon, the Museum's most seasoned employee.

"I applied for a job in November, 1921, and was interviewed by Miss Eleanor Hewitt," Miss Noon told us. "She asked me where I was born, and I said Bordentown. She was familiar with it. Her father, Abram S. Hewitt, ran the Cooper-Hewitt ironworks in nearby Trenton. She asked some questions about Bordentown, and I answered them. 'You'll do,' she said. She came to the Museum almost every day until her death, in 1924. She'd bring in a toolbox, hang and repair pictures, make out labels and tack them on objects, and arrange the books. I mounted design illustrations for the scrapbooks—they were called 'Encyclopaedic Scrap Books,' and there were over a thousand of them—and did a lot of cataloguing. Miss Eleanor and Miss Sarah went abroad every summer to buy for the Museum. Before installing their purchases, they'd exhibit them to friends in the ballroom of their house, at 9 Lexington Avenue—the old Peter Cooper house, which they inherited. Look." Miss Noon rolled up one of her sleeves and exhibited an elbow that was marked with reddish patches. "I broke out with this in June, 1963, when the director of Cooper Union came in and told us that the Museum was going to close the next week," she said. "There was a rumor that the Metropolitan was going to take it over and break it up. I went to my doctor, who asked me whether I had had a shock recently. He said I was lucky to be so healthy. He said the shock might have given me a heart attack. Thank goodness, the Museum was saved!"

Lindsay Campaigning

THE campaigning of John Vliet Lindsay as the Independent and Liberal Parties' candidate for mayor takes place mainly after City Hall hours and between his duties as mayor. Late one evening last week, we caught up with him as he arrived to make a speech at a meeting in the Shaare Torah synagogue community center at the corner of Albemarle Road and East Twenty-first Street, in Flatbush. (We reported on the campaigning of State Senator Marchi and Comptroller Procaccino in earlier issues.) Mayor Lindsay's speech at the center came at the end of a day that contained a press conference at City Hall, a series of meetings with city officials, no lunch, a ground-breaking ceremony for Public School 22 in Flushing, and dinner and a speech at a Waldorf celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Reverend Doctor Donald Harrington's ministry at the Community Church. The scene in front of the center when we got there was a quiet one. The street, lined with trees, two-family red brick houses, small red brick apartment buildings without doormen, and parked cars, had no strollers. Several policemen stood in front of the center, along with an elderly man, who told us he had arrived too late to get in. Mayor Lindsay was just going through the door, in that special, fast-moving manner developed by public figures who have to carry an entourage. In this case, the entourage included half a dozen youthful assistants to the Mayor and half a dozen reporters from the daily newspapers.

"The place is packed," one of the policemen said to a mayoral assistant. "Five hundred sitting and four hundred standing."

"But there's no room for a Marine," the elderly man said. "I am a veteran of the United States Marine Corps. But I don't get in, because Lindsay was in the *Navy!*"

"Give us a rest," the policeman said to him.

"Let me ask you a question," the elderly man said. "Which would you rather be—a colonel with an eagle on your shoulder or a private with a chicken on your knee?"

"For the love of God, I can't listen to this," the policeman said, ushering the man inside. "One more in there won't matter."

We went inside, too, and stood against the back wall with some of the Mayor's assistants. The audience was a quiet one—middle-aged, unglamorous, attentive, and respectful. No miniskirts, no pants suits, no Edwardian jackets, no wide neckties. The faces were those of people besieged by specific personal problems: making a living, getting a new car, taking care of a senile relative, meeting a suitable mate. Rush-hour-subway faces. The jam in the meeting room was as tight as a subway jam, too. The Mayor sat on a small stage, on a folding chair, flanked by a few round-shouldered, serious-looking officials of the synagogue. He wore a dark suit and dark necktie. His legs were crossed. His back was straight, and his posture was terrific. He was giving his attention to the rabbi, Benjamin Z. Kreitman, who was saying that they had come to listen to the city's Chief Magistrate but that first Mr. Murray Nekris, the program chairman, wanted to make some announcements. Mr. Nekris announced that they were going to have a meeting October 29th with Procaccino and Marchi, and on November 19th they were going to present a speaker from the National Aeronautics and Space Administration on the subject of manned space efforts and the flight to the moon. Then Mr. Nekris said that John Lindsay had been a commander in the Navy in the Second World War, serving in the Pacific and the Mediterranean; that he had been elected to Congress in 1958; and that he was the hundred-and-third Mayor of the City of New York.

The applause for the Mayor as he got up to speak was reasonable and polite. A heckler standing near us in the back started a commotion by yelling "No! No! No!" Everybody in the back part of the room got into the act, with loud shushings, and dismayed mutterings of "Not nice" and "Not polite," and calls to have the heckler removed. A policeman started toward the heckler, but an official of the meeting restrained *him*, shook a warning finger at the heckler, and told him that if he wanted to stay he would have to be quiet. The heckler became quiet. The audience turned to face the Mayor again. The whole room became quiet.

The Mayor, his voice unusually low, slow, and subdued, started to speak. He began by saying that Rabbi Kreitman had agreed to serve on the Commission on Inflation. "I regard Rabbi Kreitman as one of New York's most thoughtful citizens," the Mayor said. "And I want to thank him, and to take this *particular* opportunity to thank him, because I might not have *another* opportunity to thank him for some time." The Mayor gave a small, low-key smile.

The audience stirred slightly and laughed a bit. The heckler near us kept his face stony.

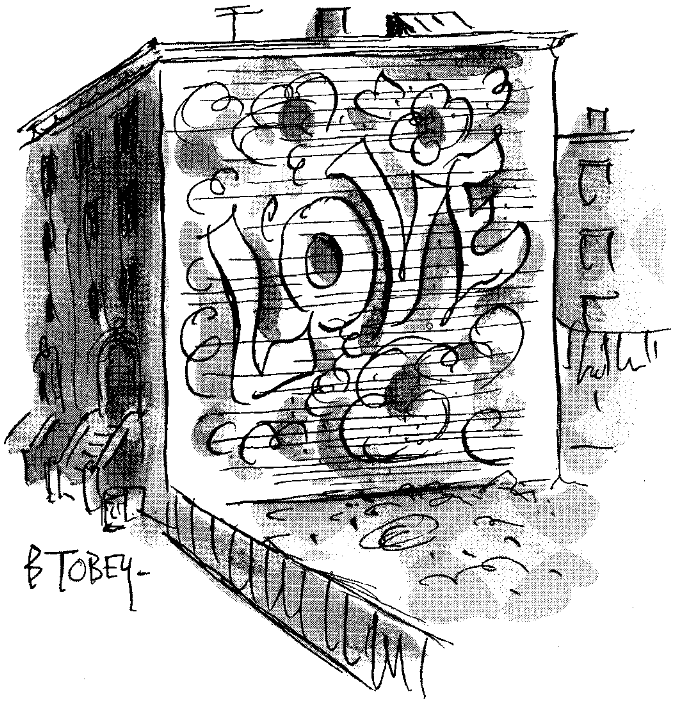
"There are some principles that must be reaffirmed in a campaign, some beliefs that must be restated," Mayor Lindsay went on, not raising his voice, and trying, we thought, to sound very matter-of-fact. "Because, after the campaign is over, the city—with all of its difficulties and all of its hopes—remains. And a city led without principles is a city that cannot survive."

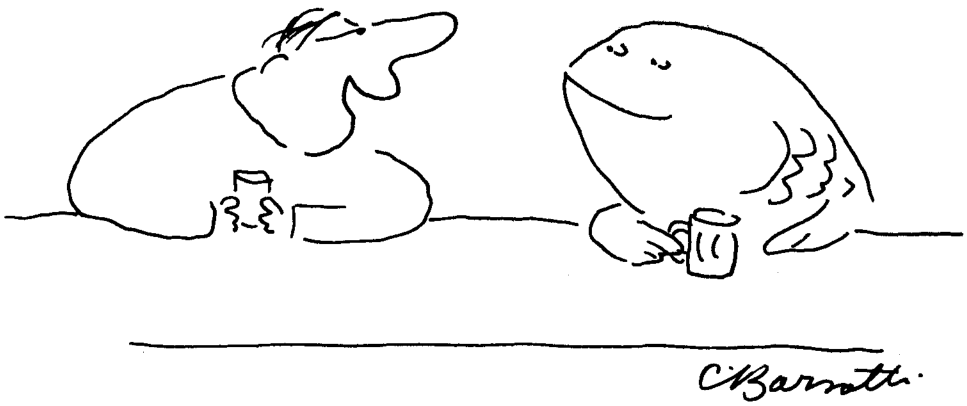
The people in the audience seemed to be making a special effort to keep their attention riveted on the Mayor.

"The first principle is that this is one city, and it must remain one city. This means something far different from the image of the melting pot we were all taught in school. The fact is that New York's disparate minorities never really melted, and this is a good thing for New York. The cultures, the heritages, the traditions that have been kept alive in New York are part of its greatness."

No applause. No reaction at all. All the Mayor got was attention—attention very much like that given by a group of university people to a lecture.

"In this synagogue," the





"You one of those walking catfish or something?"

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Mayor went on, "your life spans the century that saw hundreds of thousands of immigrants flock to this city, plant their roots, live and die, triumph and fail, and ultimately become a permanent part of this city. That same process is happening today—in a far more difficult time, under far more difficult circumstances. But the basic drive that sends a man and his family out of starvation in Mississippi or destitution in San Juan is the same drive that brought the immigrants—your ancestors and mine—out of Europe into America: the drive to make a better life. Whatever else is true—and no one knows the difficulties of this effort more than I do—that drive for a better life is just. That effort to find a job, a home, a school, a society that lets a man stand on his own is part of the free human spirit. And the day New York City turns its back on that spark of humanity—the day it tears up its heritage and repudiates its soul—is the day I no longer want to be a New Yorker."

A few people started to applaud. The applause grew a little louder, then subsided.

"And if you want a mayor who will deny that heritage—if you want a mayor who speaks the language of fear and repression—I'm not the man you want. I have said before and I say now: I would rather lose than win by betraying the things I believe in. Because I would betray this city as well."

The applause came on a mite stronger.

The Mayor went on speaking almost immediately. "The mayor of New York must recognize what programs are working, what policies must be changed, and what efforts have to be expanded. There have been plenty of mistakes in my first four years in office—mistakes of judgment and execution, and mistakes that have to be corrected. I probably know them better than my critics: an event like last year's school strike was a tragedy for this city—and I bear my share of the responsibility for it. But I also know that many of our efforts have begun to turn this city around. . . ."

The face of the heckler near us was still stony, but the faces of the audience were beginning to take on an expression that we read as sympathetic. The Mayor listed items he wanted to fight for in the next four years: free tuition at the City University; battles against rate rises by Con Ed, the Telephone Company, and Blue Cross; reducing crime with more police, better police, faster justice in the courts, and treatment centers for narcotic addicts; and cleaner air. Then he got to Vietnam, and said he wanted a city that keeps its own money here at home instead of sending nine billion dollars of it every year to a war in Asia.

Big applause, and sustained, but Mayor Lindsay stayed in his low key.

"I think it's outrageous that America sends more money every hour of every day to fight the war in Vietnam than it costs to run a New York City high school for a *year*," he said. "I'm fighting against this war. I'm fighting to keep this money here, in *our* homes, in *our* schools, in *our* neighborhoods and hospitals—not in massive new weaponry we do not need and a war we should never have fought. And we shall keep that fight going as long as I am around."

More applause.

"I want to be mayor of a united city, a progressive city, a city that works for everyone in it. I think that's being true to our heritage—and, win or lose, I'll stand up for that heritage and stand up for New York."

Very nice applause.

There was a brief question-and-answer period after the speech. A lady got up and asked the Mayor if he would elaborate on his mistakes in the school situation. The Mayor said that the answer would take too long. The audience gave its first big laugh. It seemed to us that the Mayor looked a little surprised at the laughter. He smiled briefly.

We went outside, and one of the Mayor's assistants invited us to ride back to Manhattan in the Mayor's car. "Get in now, and sit way over on the far side, because they'll all come out fast," he said.

We did as we were told.

The Mayor and his assistants came out fast and piled into the car, and we headed toward Manhattan. Nobody spoke for a minute. The Mayor put his head back and closed his eyes.

"Good speech, Boss, very good," one of the Mayor's assistants, a young man sitting on a jump seat, said.

"Good, quiet audience—very nice," the Mayor said, opening his eyes.

"How many meetings of this kind do you have to speak at in this campaign?" we asked him.

The Mayor shrugged. "I'm getting tougher about saying no to some of the things now," he said. "It can go on all night long if you do everything the campaign people ask you to do. In 1965, I worked much harder. I worked at it for six months. After it was over, it took me three months to recover. I was so exhausted it took me three months to find out what it had done to me."

"Is this mayoral campaign different from your first?" we asked.

"This one will last longer. It will last *seven* months. But we're much better organized. And this time I've learned how to say no."

"Well, how do things look?" we asked.

The Mayor shrugged again. "Last time, on election night we thought we were finished," he said. "But I won. By a hundred thousand votes. Abe Beame might have asked for a recount, but he didn't." The Mayor gave *his* first laugh of the evening. "He knew what he was doing."

"You think this election will be rougher on you than that one?" we asked.

"No," the Mayor said. "But the worst one was my first—when I first ran for Congress, in 1958. That was really rough."

"Why?" we asked.

"Because I hadn't known what it was like," he said. "Everything was something I had to learn to get used to. I've learned."

TO ERR IS HUMAN, TO FORGIVE SUPINE

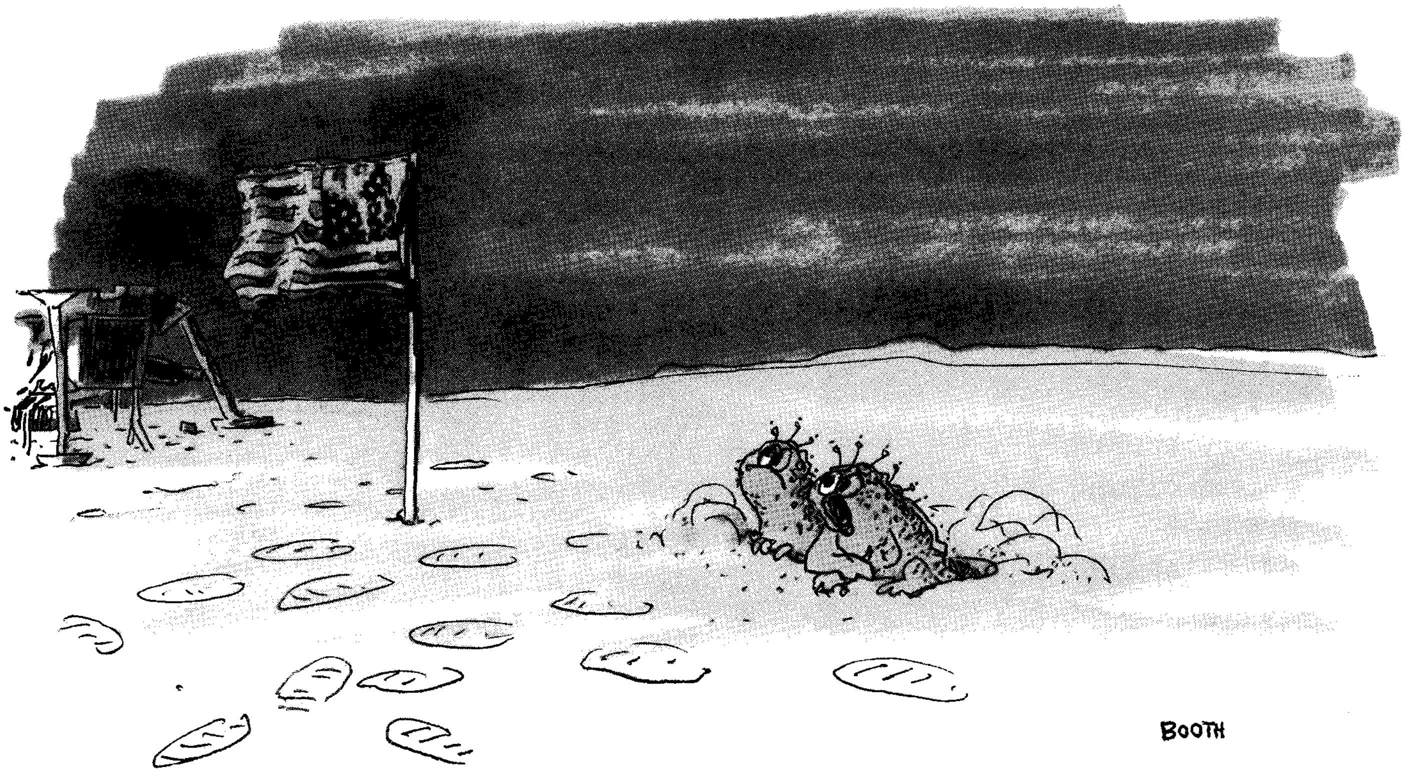
WHENEVER I see hordes of women clawing their way into a midseason clearance sale, the veins pulsating in their necks and their eyes protuberant with greed, I always wonder why so few novelists, apart from Zola in his scarifying "Au Bonheur des Dames," have chosen the department store as a theme. Is it because the purgatorial atmosphere in these places is better suited to the imagination of a Hieronymus Bosch, capable of portraying the cannibalistic fury of the customers, the crucifying boredom and malignancy of the staff? Anyone who has ever worked in a department store, surely, must have quailed under the hauteur of petty satraps like buyers and section managers; their medieval harassment of inferiors, the constant espionage, and the penalties exacted for any infraction of the rules, reflected in the lickspittle servility of underlings, are enough to sicken a goat. I speak from intimate knowledge—at a formative period of my life and for nearly six months, I was a teen-age vassal, the lowliest, in a department store. Only one endowed with a Sicilian capacity for vengeance, as I was, could have emerged from the experience unscathed. I did so by clinging to the same resolve that sustained Edmond Dantès—someday, I swore, I would repay. Fifty years elapsed before I squared accounts, a few months ago, and let's eschew all pious cant to the effect that it turned to ashes in my mouth. Not on your tintype—it was nectar.

Back in 1899, a couple of Transylvanians named Schwimpf and Grosbart, from Bistrița, the native heath of Count Dracula, founded an emporium in Providence on a shoestring (which they proposed to use as a tourniquet) and a proverb revised to read, "You can *too* get blood out of a stone." At the end of two decades, when I entered its employ, the Beehive was a grim, six-story bastion occupying a full block on the city's principal thoroughfare. Trade there on a weekend was so tumultuous that the store had to send out a press gang to shanghai part-time help, and inevitably the crimps reached my high school. I happened to be at loose ends, the lady for whom I had beaten carpets at fifteen cents an hour having made improper advances, and when I was offered a whole dollar for a Saturday job at the Beehive I jumped at it.

Initially a stockroom boy in the men's footwear section, I submitted to the usual pranks visited on a novice. The shoe salesmen, then as now a dismal lot of human beings, were wasp-waisted sharpies akin to Ferdie and Gus, the Hallroom Boys in the comic strip of that era. It convulsed them to send me on errands like fetching a pail of steam and a left-handed monkey wrench, and their guffaws at my naïveté reduced me to jelly. To my overwhelming relief, I was reprieved after a fortnight and dispatched to the rug department, where I imagined that my proficiency with carpets might give me a certain cachet. Even an elephant, however—one of those trained to work teak logs in the forests of northern Siam—would have recoiled from the task assigned me. I and my co-worker, a derelict with a wet brain recruited from a waterfront flophouse, were required to tote giant rolls of Axminster and Brussels to an entrepôt two blocks distant and then haul them back again. What commercial purpose this served—whether it aged or mellowed the rugs in some mysterious way—we were never told. Nor was our portion eased by the floorwalker, a bull of a man like the tyrant Gessler, who continually denounced us as loafers and lashed us on with imprecations. After several weekends, fatigue and dust took their toll, and I fainted dead away one morning in algebra class. The teacher, apprehensive lest his own brand of sadism had laid me low, investigated. A note went forth to the personnel manager of the Beehive, and the next Saturday I was transferred to the men's clothing division to fold boxes.

"Princeton, did you say? How interesting. I'm a Yale man myself."

Irksome as my earlier posts had been, they at least provided the companionship of fellow-mortals; now I was as remote as a prisoner in the dungeons of the Cheka. From seven-thirty until six, I toiled in a windowless basement lit by a naked electric bulb, kneading the boxes into shape and passing them upward through a trapdoor to the parcel desk. Since the half hour allotted for lunch made it impractical to leave the premises, I usually gulped a homemade sandwich and read one of the Haldeman-Julius five-cent blue books, preferably the diatribes of Brann the Iconoclast or Colonel Robert Ingersoll. To add to my tribulations, the departmental head, a sallow fiend imbued with more spit and polish than a British sergeant-major, demanded the strictest *esprit de corps* of his subordinates. I was obliged to wear a blue serge suit with knickerbockers at all times, presumably because the Messrs. Schwimpf and



"Smmneff smmneff Bot nak il ttidi wonn gllnett oy oy pwwrin walll gges nup uuop smmneff bot oyoy reaa sop!"

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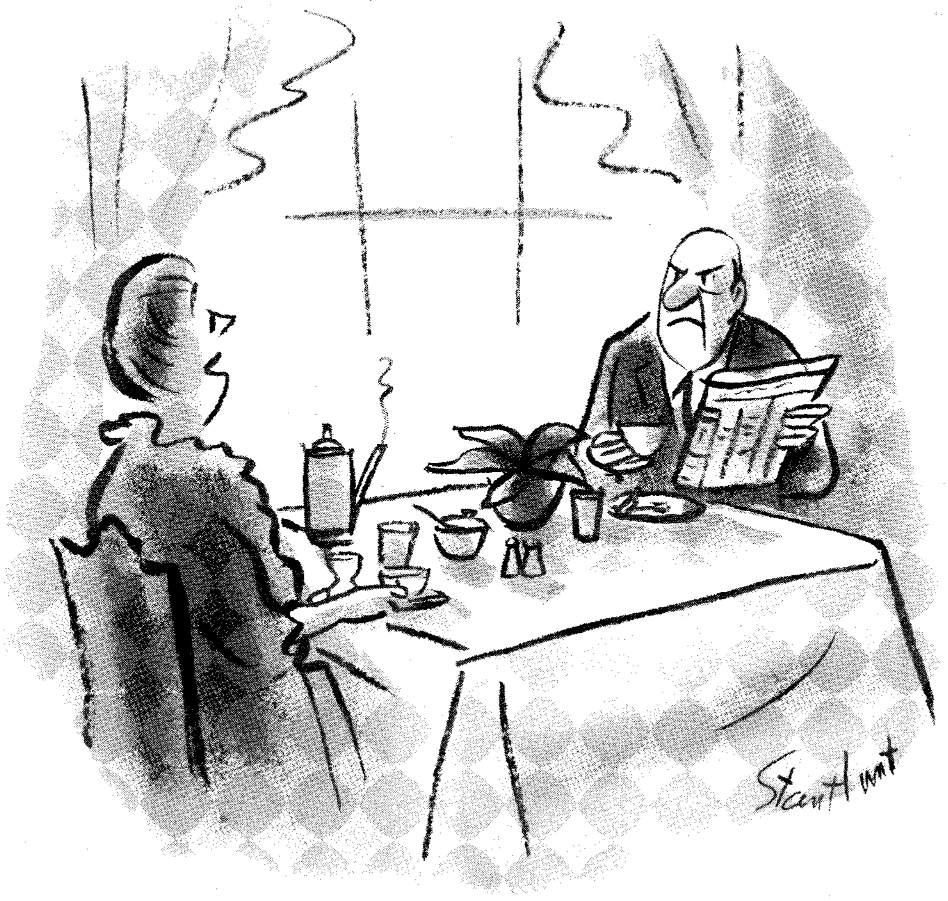
Grosbart might pop in on a tour of inspection. Both the suit and my long black stockings, the latter rendered greenish by repeated washing, tended to magnetize the lint that sifted down from above, so that I appeared to have rolled in swansdown, but once the boss caught me in shirtsleeves I numbly obeyed regulations. To anyone seeing me in my lazaret—a virtual impossibility, what with the forty-watt bulb—it may have seemed that I bore my lot with stoicism. Inwardly, I seethed with fury, clenching my teeth as I worked and composing bitter tirades, patterned after Brann and Ingersoll, against retail merchandising. One day, in an apocalyptic revelation, it dawned on me that I had been exploited: a dollar for ten hours' work was less than I had earned as a free lance. That night, I tore my pay envelope to shreds, chalked a gargoyle likeness of the section manager on the trapdoor, and walked out of the Beehive—as I thought—forever.

THE heaven-sent opportunity to revenge myself came this past June, when, attending a class reunion and quahog roast in the area, I was invited to participate in a morning TV show sponsored by the Beehive. The program, I was overjoyed to learn, emanated from the store itself, and, *mirabile dictu,* no less a personage than Schwimpf's grandson, the present head of the company, was to interview me. A bulbous, self-satisfied princeling in a Pierre Cardin suit, Schwimpf was all greasy affability as he presented me to the audience. What nostalgia this return to my early haunts must evoke, he speculated, crinkling up his eyes and twirling his sideburns. Quite, I admitted—the more so since I had worked at the Beehive in my youth. His nostrils dilated pridefully at the scent of an unsolicited testimonial. No doubt the experience had ripened me, afforded many psychological insights one was privileged to glean in a great department store. Would I care to recount my memories of that period? I dimpled suitably and began.

To give the viewers a frame of reference, as it were, I sketched in several vignettes out of the past—Dickens' boyhood in the blacking factory, the occupational hazards to adolescent females at Bryant & May's matchworks, and the inhumanities prevalent in the naval hulks at Portsmouth. Nevertheless, I continued, let nobody take refuge in sanctimony and pretend that such oppression was confined to Victorian England. I myself had undergone as much in this very building, I announced, and went on to particularize. I had to talk swiftly, for a glance at Schwimpf, whose face had gone the sickly color of pork fat, told me that the moment he rallied his faculties I was off the air. I therefore gave only highlights, restricting myself to details that I felt would rivet the listeners. I did emphasize one point, though—viz., that nothing seemed to have changed at the Beehive across the years. The same pallid employees were visible in the same abject state of peonage, cringing under the whiplash of overseers. Unfortunately, before I could urge the wretched creatures to seize the premises and set up a commune, Schwimpf got to the engineer. My exit might have been more effective had I not tripped over a cable, but at any rate the cameras had stopped grinding by then.

ALTOGETHER, I felt so rejuvenated by my little talk, so filled with a religious sense of purification, that, a week later in New York, a show-business colleague of mine, one Arthur Balthasar, commented on how radiant I looked. On learning the cause, he agreed that sweeter than honey is the catharsis that springs from belated vengeance, and proceeded to narrate a similar instance out of his own past. Soon after the First World War, he and his brother Irving, both of them fledgling playwrights, shared a decrepit studio near Washington Square in the Village, where they eked out a submarginal existence writing verses for greeting cards. Their pad was little more than a hovel; arctic blasts



"You might at least pretend to be lighthearted."

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whistled through the skylight, the floors sagged dangerously, and gobbets of plaster scaled from the walls at their merest breath. Amid the desolation, the Balthasars huddled over a jackstove, their noses waxen with cold as they strove to compose joyous rhymes for Thanksgiving and the Yuletide. The greeting-card tycoon on whom their livelihood depended was an individual named Federbush, a callous brute who battened off poets like themselves and drove merciless bargains for their product. The maximum payment for any verse he accepted was one dollar, but he was hypercritical; more often than not, when the brothers brought him a holiday paean he rejected it as substandard. "It ain't *merry*," he would grumble, drawing on his perfecto. "Go back to your hutch and sparkle it up. Put in some chuckles, some jollity."

Sick at heart, the Balthasars would return to the jackstove and labor to inject gaiety into their verses, but Federbush inevitably responded with the same hateful comment. One winter's day, the pair seemed to have reached the absolute limit of their endurance. Famished and on the edge of collapse, they bore their week's output to Federbush, whose brows contracted as he read it. "This stuff's no good," he pronounced. "How many times do I have to tell you—it ain't merry! But here's what I'll do," he proposed, as they snuffled weakly. "Out of the kindness of my heart, I'll pay you a quarter apiece for these. Take it or leave it."

Starvation being the sole alternative, they took it and went their way, bitterly vowing to even the score with him someday. Ten years passed, and Irving Balthasar, now transformed into a lyric-writer, managed to achieve the dream of his profession—a musical-comedy smash on Broadway. Wealth and the adulation of fair women poured in on him, ostensibly encapsulating his early wounds, and on a balmy autumn evening, as patrons thronged into the theatre containing his hit, he stood in the lobby puffing a Havana and benignly surveying the crush. Suddenly, a hand gripped his shoulder and he wheeled about to find Federbush, accompanied by a woman, beaming at him. "Irving, my boy!" the arrival exclaimed, oozing bonhomie. "Remember me? You should—I gave you your start. . . . Well, you're on top of the world, hey?"

Balthasar stared at him, hypnotized.

"Oho!" Federbush observed cynically. "Maybe you're so big-time you forgot the old days."

"I never forget anything," the other said slowly.

"Good," said Federbush. "Then how about a couple of passes to your show for the missus and me?"

"Hold my cigar," Balthasar directed, handing it to him. He turned as if toward the box office, and then, flexing his muscles, bent down and picked up a great china jardiniere filled with sand and cigarette ends. "*It ain't merry!*" he shouted, and brought it down full force on Federbush's sconce.

Oh, well, *autres temps, autres mœurs*, as the saying goes. Personally, I deplore such violence, and if, as Arthur Balthasar added, the victim recovered without a scratch, the gesture was futile anyhow. Nowadays, and thanks to the wizardry of electronics, we've a much neater tool for settling ancient feuds. If you don't believe me, just ask a party named Schwimpf who's foaming at the mouth in the Beehive in Providence, R.I. Or was the last I saw of him, I sincerely hope. —S. J. PERELMAN

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LATE BUTTERFLIES

October days
Red admirals
Flutter among
Falling leaves—
Flakes of the sun
Gone glittering—

Hurrying clouds,
Milkweed seeds
Blowing along,
Birds so loud
In the red leaves,
Robin all rusty
And shabby jay—
Alas, the admirals!

Last year they spun
Their silken sleeping-bags
And fell asleep,
Only in spring
To spring awake
And cruise for colors
Through the green and green.

Now there's the end
Coming, November
Coming, storms
Of ice and snow.

We see the admirals
Sail forth to seasons
We some survive
Where they will not.

Day darkens and
We take our pity
Back in the house,
The warm indoors.
—HOWARD NEMEROV

IMAGINARY BEINGS

A Bao A Qu

If you want to look out over the loveliest landscape in the world, you must climb to the top of the Tower of Victory in Chitor. There, standing on a circular terrace, one has a sweep of the whole horizon. A winding stairway gives access to this terrace, but only those who do not believe in the legend dare climb up. The tale runs:

On the stairway of the Tower of Victory there has lived since the beginning of time a being sensitive to the many shades of the human soul and known as the A Bao A Qu. It lies dormant, for the most part on the first step, until at the approach of a person some secret life is touched off in it and deep within the creature an inner light begins to glow. At the same time, its body and almost translucent skin begin to stir. But only when someone starts up the spiralling stairs is the A Bao A Qu brought to consciousness, and then it sticks close to the visitor's heels, keeping to the outside of the turning steps, where they are most worn by the generations of pilgrims. At each level, the creature's color becomes more intense, its shape approaches perfection, and the bluish light it gives off is more brilliant. But it achieves its perfect form only at the topmost step, when the climber is a person who has attained nirvana and whose acts cast no shadows. Otherwise, the A Bao A Qu hangs back before reaching the top, as if paralyzed, its body incomplete, its blue growing paler, and its glow hesitant. The creature suffers when it cannot come to completion, and its moan is a barely audible sound something like the rustling of silk. Its span of life is brief, since as soon as the traveller climbs down, the A Bao A Qu wheels and tumbles to the first steps, where, worn out and almost shapeless, it waits for the next visitor. People say that its tentacles are visible only when it reaches the middle of the staircase. It is also said that it can see with its whole body and that to the touch it is like the skin of a peach.

In the course of centuries, the A Bao A Qu has reached the terrace only once.

This legend is recorded by C. C. Iturvuru in an appendix to his now classic treatise "On Malay Witchcraft" (1937).

The Barometz

The vegetable Lamb of Tartary, also named Barometz and *Lycopodium barometz* and Chinese lycopodium, is a plant whose shape is that of a lamb bearing a golden fleece. It stands on four or five root stalks. Sir Thomas Browne gives this description of it in his "Pseudodoxia Epidemica" (1646):

> Much wonder is made of the Boramez, that strange plant-animal or vegetable Lamb of *Tartary*, which Wolves delight to feed on, which hath the shape of a Lamb, affordeth a bloody juyce upon breaking, and liveth while the plants be consumed about it.

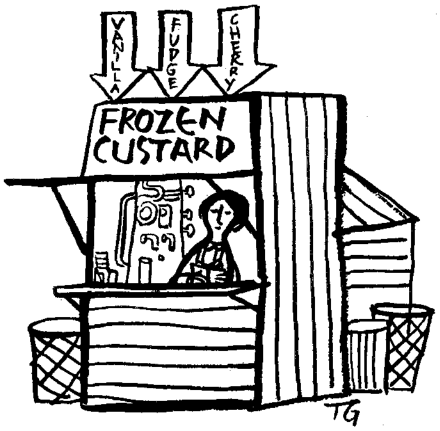
Other monsters are made up by combining various kinds of animals; the Barometz is a union of animal and vegetable kingdoms.

This brings to mind the mandrake, which cries out like a man when it is ripped from the earth; and, in one of the circles of the "Inferno," the sad forest of the suicides, from whose torn limbs blood and words drip at the same time; and that tree dreamed by Chesterton, which devoured the birds nesting in its branches and when spring came put out feathers instead of leaves.

The Celestial Stag

We know absolutely nothing about the appearance of the Celestial Stag (maybe because nobody has ever had a good look at one), but we do know that these tragic animals live underground in mines and desire nothing more than to reach the light of day. They have the power of speech and implore the miners to help them to the surface. At first, a Celestial Stag attempts to bribe the workmen with the promise of revealing hidden veins of silver and gold; when this gambit fails, the beast becomes troublesome and the miners are forced to overpower it and wall it up in one of the mine galleries. It is also rumored that miners outnumbered by the Stags have been tortured to death.

Legend has it that if the Celestial Stag finds its way into the open air, it becomes a foul-smelling liquid that can breed death and pestilence.



The tale is from China and is recorded by G. Willoughby-Meade in his book "Chinese Ghouls and Goblins."

The Chinese Dragon

Chinese cosmogony teaches that the Ten Thousand Beings, or Archetypes (the world), are born of the rhythmic conjunction of the two complementary eternal principles—the *yin* and the *yang*. Corresponding to the *yin* are concentration, darkness, passivity, even numbers, and cold; to the *yang*, growth, light, activity, odd numbers, and heat. Symbols of the *yin* are women, the earth, the color orange, valleys, riverbeds, and the tiger; of the *yang*, men, the sky, blue, mountains, pillars, the dragon.

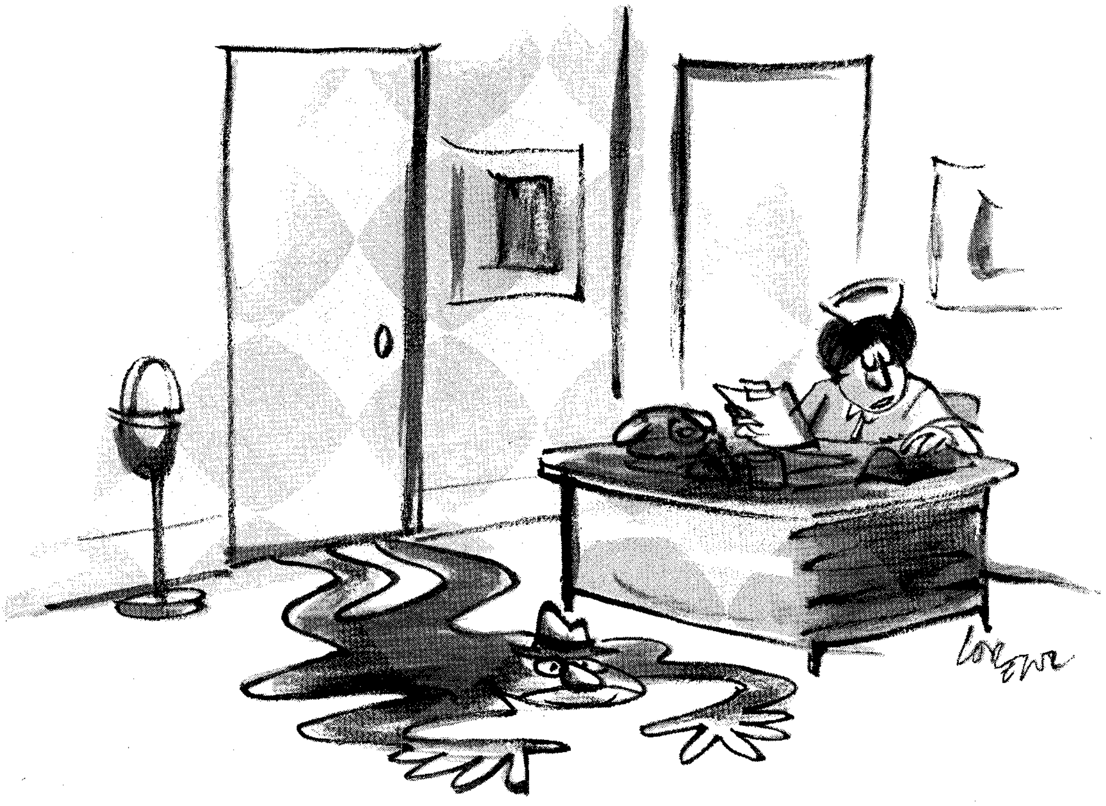
The Chinese Dragon, the *lung*, is one of the four magic animals. (The others are the unicorn, the phoenix, and the tortoise.) At best, the Western Dragon spreads terror; at worst, it is a figure of fun. The *lung* of Chinese myth, however, is divine and is like an angel that is also a lion. We read in the "Historical Record" of Ssu-ma Ch'ien that Confucius went to consult the archivist or librarian Lao-tzu, and after his visit said:

> "Birds fly, fish swim, animals run. The running animal can be caught in a trap, the swimmer in a net and the flyer by an arrow. But there is the Dragon; I don't know how it rides on the wind or how it reaches the heavens. Today I met Lao Tzu and I can say that I have seen the Dragon."

It was a Dragon, or a Dragon Horse, which emerged from the Yellow River to reveal to an emperor the famous circular diagram symbolizing the reciprocal play of the *yang* and *yin*. A certain king had in his stables saddle Dragons and draft Dragons; one emperor fed on Dragons, and his kingdom prospered. A famous poet, to illustrate the risks of greatness, wrote, "The unicorn ends up coldcuts; the dragon as meat pie."

In the I Ching, or Book of Changes, the Dragon signifies wisdom. For centuries, it was the imperial emblem. The emperor's throne was called the Dragon Throne, his face the Dragon Face. On an emperor's death, it was announced that he had ascended to Heaven on the back of a Dragon.

Popular imagination links the Dragon to clouds, to the rainfall needed by farmers, and to great rivers. "The earth couples with the dragon" is a common phrase for rain. About the sixth century, Chang Seng-yu execut-



"Mr. Cavanaugh is here for his boosters, Doctor."

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ed a wall painting that depicted four Dragons. Viewers complained that he had left out their eyes. Chang, annoyed, picked up his brushes again and completed two of the twisted figures. Then "the air was filled with thunder and lightning, the wall cracked and the two Dragons ascended to heaven. But the other two eyeless Dragons remained in place."

The Chinese Dragon has horns, claws, and scales, and its backbone prickles with spines. It is commonly pictured with a pearl, which it swallows or spits up. In this pearl lies its power; the Dragon is tamed if the pearl is taken from it.

Chuang-tzu tells us of a determined man who at the end of three thankless years mastered the art of slaying Dragons, and for the rest of his days was not given a single chance to put his art into practice.

THE ELVES

THE Elves are of Nordic origin. Little is known about what they look like, except that they are tiny and sinister. They steal cattle and children and also take pleasure in minor acts of deviltry. In England, the word "elf-lock" was given to a tangle of hair because it was supposed to be a trick of the Elves. An Anglo-Saxon charm, which, for all we know, may go back to heathen times, credits them with the mischievous habit of shooting, from afar, miniature arrows of iron that break the surface of the skin without a trace and are at the root of sudden painful stitches. In the Younger Edda, a distinction is noted between Light Elves and Dark: "The Light Elves are fairer than a glance of the sun, the Dark Elves blacker than pitch." The German for "nightmare" is "*Alp;*" etymology traces the word back to "elf," since it was commonly believed in the Middle Ages that Elves weighed heavily upon the breasts of sleepers, giving them bad dreams.

FAUNA OF MIRRORS

IN one of the volumes of the "Lettres Édifiantes et Curieuses" that appeared in Paris during the first half of the eighteenth century, Father Fontecchio of the Society of Jesus planned a study of the superstitions and misinformation of the common people of Canton; in the preliminary outline, he noted that the Fish was a shifting and shining creature that nobody had ever caught but that many said they had glimpsed in the depths of mirrors. Father Fontecchio died in 1736, and the work begun by his pen remained unfinished; some hundred and fifty years later Herbert Allen Giles took up the interrupted task. According to Giles, belief in the Fish is part of a larger myth that goes back to the legendary times of the Yellow Emperor.

In those days, the world of mirrors and the world of men were not, as they are now, cut off from each other. They were, besides, quite different; neither beings nor colors nor shapes were the same. Both kingdoms, the specular and the human, lived in harmony; you could come and go through mirrors. One night, the mirror people invaded the earth. Their power was great, but at the end of bloody warfare the magic arts of the Yellow Emperor prevailed. He repulsed the invaders, imprisoned them in their mirrors, and forced on them the task of repeating, as though in a kind of dream, all the actions of men. He stripped them of their power and of their forms, and reduced them to mere slavish reflections. Nonetheless, a day will come when the magic spell will be shaken off.

The first to awaken will be the Fish. Deep in the mirror we will perceive a very faint line, and the color of this line will be like no other color. Later on, other shapes will begin to stir. Little by little, they will differ from us; little by little they will not imitate us. They will break through the barriers of glass or metal and this time will not be defeated. Side by side with these mirror creatures, the creatures of water will join the battle.

In Yunnan, they do not speak of the Fish but of the Tiger of the Mirror. Others believe that in advance of the invasion we will hear from the depths of mirrors the clatter of weapons.

HANIEL, KAFZIEL, AZRIEL, AND ANIEL

IN Babylon, the Prophet Ezekiel saw in a vision four beasts or angels, "And every one had four faces, and every one had four wings," and "As for the likeness of their faces, they four had the face of a man, and the face of a lion, on the right side: and they four had the face of an ox on the left side; they four also had the face of an eagle." They went where the spirit carried them, "every one straight forward," or, as the first Spanish Bible (1569) has it, "*cada uno caminaua enderecho de su rostro*"—each one went in the direction of his face—which, of course, is so unimaginable as to be uncanny. Four wheels, or rings, "so high that they were dreadful" went with the angels and "*were* full of eyes round about them. . . ."

An echo from Ezekiel may have been in the mind of St. John the Divine when he spoke of animals in the fourth chapter of Revelations:

> And before the throne *there was* a sea of glass like unto crystal: and in the midst of the throne, and round about the throne, *were* four beasts full of eyes before and behind.
>
> And the first beast *was* like a lion, and the second beast like a calf, and the third beast had a face as a man, and the fourth beast *was* like a flying eagle.
>
> And the four beasts had each of them six wings about *him;* and *they were* full of eyes within: and they rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come.

In the most important of kabbalistic works, the Zohar, or Book of Splendor, we read that these four beasts are called Haniel, Kafziel, Azriel, and Aniel, and that they face east, north, south, and west. Stevenson remarked that if such beings were to be found in Heaven, what might not be expected of Hell.

A beast full of eyes is sufficiently awful, but Chesterton went further in the poem "A Second Childhood":

> But I shall not grow too old to see
> Enormous night arise,
> A cloud that is larger than the world
> And a monster made of eyes.

The fourfold angels in Ezekiel are called *Hayoth*, or Living Beings. According to the Sefer Yeçirah, another of the kabbalist books, they are the ten numbers that were used by God, together with the twenty-two letters of the alphabet, to create the world; according to the Zohar, they came down from Heaven crowned with letters.

The Evangelists drew their symbols from the four faces of the *Hayoth*. To Matthew fell the man's face, sometimes bearded; to Mark, the lion's; to Luke, the calf's; and to John, the eagle's. St. Jerome, in his commentary on Ezekiel, has attempted to reason out these attributions. Matthew was given the man's face because he emphasized the humanity of Christ; Mark the lion's because he declared Christ's royal standing; Luke the calf's because it is an emblem of sacrifice; John the eagle's because of Christ's soaring spirit.

A German scholar, Dr. Richard Hennig, looks for the remote origin of these symbols in four zodiacal signs which lie ninety degrees apart. The lion and the calf give no trouble; the man has been linked to Aquarius, who has a man's face; and the eagle is evidently Scorpio, considered an ill omen and therefore changed. Nicholas de Vore, in his Encyclopedia of Astrology, sustains the same hypothesis and remarks that the four figures come together in the sphinx, which may have a human head, the body of a bull, the claws and tail of a lion, and the wings of an eagle.

The Hundred-Heads

THE Hundred-Heads is a fish created by a hundred ill-tempered words uttered in the course of an otherwise blameless life. A Chinese biography of the Buddha tells that he once met some fishermen who were dragging in a net. After much toil, they hauled up onto the shore a huge fish with one head of an ape, another of a dog, another of a horse, another of a fox, another of a hog, another of a tiger, and so on, up to one hundred. The Buddha asked the fish, "Are you Kapila?"

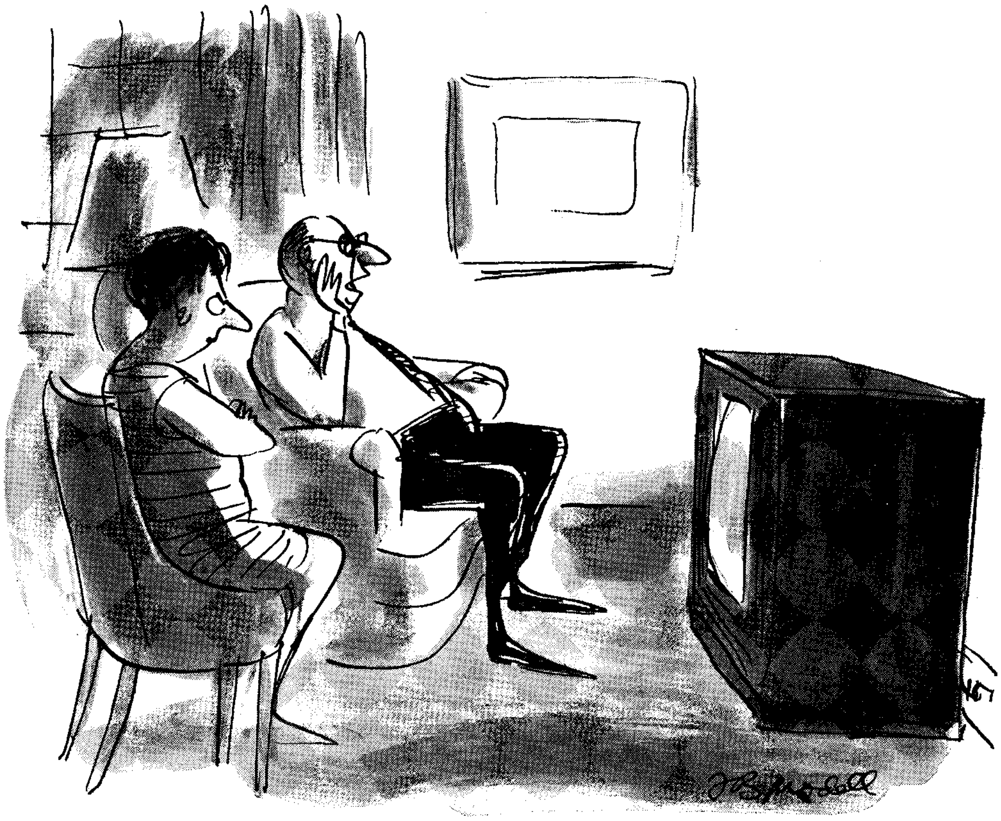
"Yes, I am," the Hundred-Heads answered before dying.

The Buddha explained to his disciples that in a previous incarnation Kapila was a Brahman who had become a monk and whose knowledge of the holy texts was unrivalled. Upon occasion, when his fellow-students misread a word, Kapila would call them ape-head, dog-head, horse-head, and so forth. After his death, the karma of those many insults caused him to be reborn as a sea monster, weighed down by all the heads he had bestowed upon his companions.

The Leveller

BETWEEN 1840 and 1864, the Father of Light (whom we may also call the Inner Voice) granted the Bavarian musician and schoolteacher Jakob Lorber an unbroken series of trustworthy revelations concerning the human population, the fauna, and the flora of the celestial bodies of our solar system. Among the domestic animals we have knowledge of, thanks to these revelations, is found the Leveller, or Ground-Flattener (*Bodendrücker*), which renders immeasurable services on Miron, the planet identified as Neptune by Lorber's most recent editors.

The Leveller has ten times the girth of the elephant, to which it bears a striking resemblance. It is provided with a rather stumpy trunk and with long straight tusks; its hide is of a sickly green. Its limbs, pyramid-shaped, widen enormously at the hoof; the apexes of these pyramids appear to be pinned to the body. This noted plantigrade is led, in advance of builders and bricklayers, to the rough terrain of a construction site, where, with the aid



"I can say this much. The new fall lineup is no giant step for mankind."

of its hooves, its trunk, and its tusks, it proceeds to flatten and tamp the ground.

The Leveller feeds on roots and herbage, and has no enemies outside of one or two species of insects.

The Lunar Hare

In the blotches of the moon, the English believe they make out the form of a man; in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" there are two or three references to the "man in the moon." Shakespeare mentions its bundle, or bush, of thorn. In the last lines of Canto XX of the "Inferno," Dante had already spoken of Cain and of these thorns. The commentary by Tommaso Casini cites the Tuscan fable in which the Lord banished Cain to the moon, condemning him to carry a bundle of thorns to the end of time. Others have seen in the moon the Holy Family; Leopoldo Lugones, in his "Lunario Sentimental," saw everything there: Virgin and Child, and by her side St. Joseph (some, he said, are lucky enough to see his staff), and also the good little white donkey that trots and trots over the acres of the moon.

The Chinese speak of a Lunar Hare. Buddha, in one of his former lives, suffered hunger; in order to feed him, a hare leapt into a fire. The Buddha in gratitude sent the hare's soul to the moon. There, under an acacia, the Lunar Hare pounds in a magical mortar the herbs that make up the elixir of life. In the common speech of certain provinces, this Hare is called the Physician, or the Precious Hare, or the Hare of Jade.

Shakespeare, by the way, refers to a dead mooncalf in "The Tempest" (II, ii). This creature, according to commentators, is an uncouth monster begotten on earth under the moon's influence.

The Nymphs

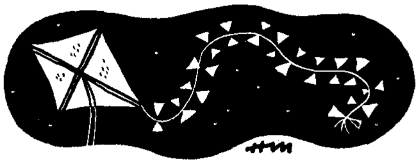
Paracelsus limited the dominion of Nymphs to water, but the ancients thought the world was full of Nymphs. They named them according to the places they haunted. The Dryads and the Hamadryads dwelled in trees without being seen, and died with them. Other Nymphs were held to be immortal or, as Plutarch obscurely intimates, lived for above nine thousand seven hundred and twenty years. Among these were the Nereids and the Oceanids, which presided over the sea. Nymphs of the lakes and streams were Naiads; those of mountains and caves, Oreads. There were also Nymphs of the glens, called Napaeae, and of groves, called Alseides. The exact number of the Nymphs is unknown; Hesiod gives us the figure three thousand. They were earnest young women and very beautiful; their name may mean simply "marriageable woman." Glimpsing them could cause blindness and, if they were naked, death. A line of Propertius affirms this.

The ancients made them offerings of honey, olive oil, and milk. They were minor goddesses, but no temples were erected in their honor.

The Pygmies

In the knowledge of the ancients, this nation of dwarfs—measuring twenty-seven inches in height—dwelled in the mountains beyond the utmost limits of India or of Ethiopia. Pliny states that they built their cabins of mud mixed with feathers and eggshells. Aristotle allots them underground dens. For the harvest of wheat, they wielded axes, as though they were out to chop down a forest. Each year, they were attacked by flocks of cranes whose home lay on the Russian steppe. Riding rams and goats, the Pygmies retaliated by destroying the eggs and nests of their foes. These expeditions of war kept them busy for the space of three months out of every twelve.

Pygmy was also the name of a Carthaginian god whose face was carved as a figurehead on warships in order to spread terror among the enemy.



The Rain Bird

When rain is needed, Chinese farmers have at their disposal—besides the dragon—the Bird called the *shang yang*. It has only one leg. Long ago, children hopped up and down on one foot, wrinkling their brows and repeating, "It will thunder, it will rain, because the *shang yang's* here again!" The tradition runs that the Bird drew water from the rivers with its beak and blew it out as rain on the thirsting fields.

An ancient wizard had tamed it and used to carry it perched on his sleeve. Historians tell us that it once paraded back and forth before the throne of the Prince of Ch'i, hopping about and flapping its wings. The Prince, greatly taken aback, sent his chief minister to the Court of Lu to consult Confucius. The Sage foretold that the *shang yang* would cause the whole countryside and nearby regions to be flooded unless dikes and channels were built at once. The Prince was not deaf to the Sage's

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THE HARPOONING

Where the seas are open moor
and level blue, limitless,
and swells are as soft grasses
rolling over with the wind,
often to the idleness
of Azorean summer

come the great whales. Long granites
grow, slowly awash with sun,
and waves lap along black skin
like the shine of a laving
rain upon a city pavement.
Together they come, yet alone

they seem to lie. Massively
still, they bask, breathing like men.
Silent among them there is one
so huge he enters the eye
whole, leaving the rest unseen.
His sons and his cows idly

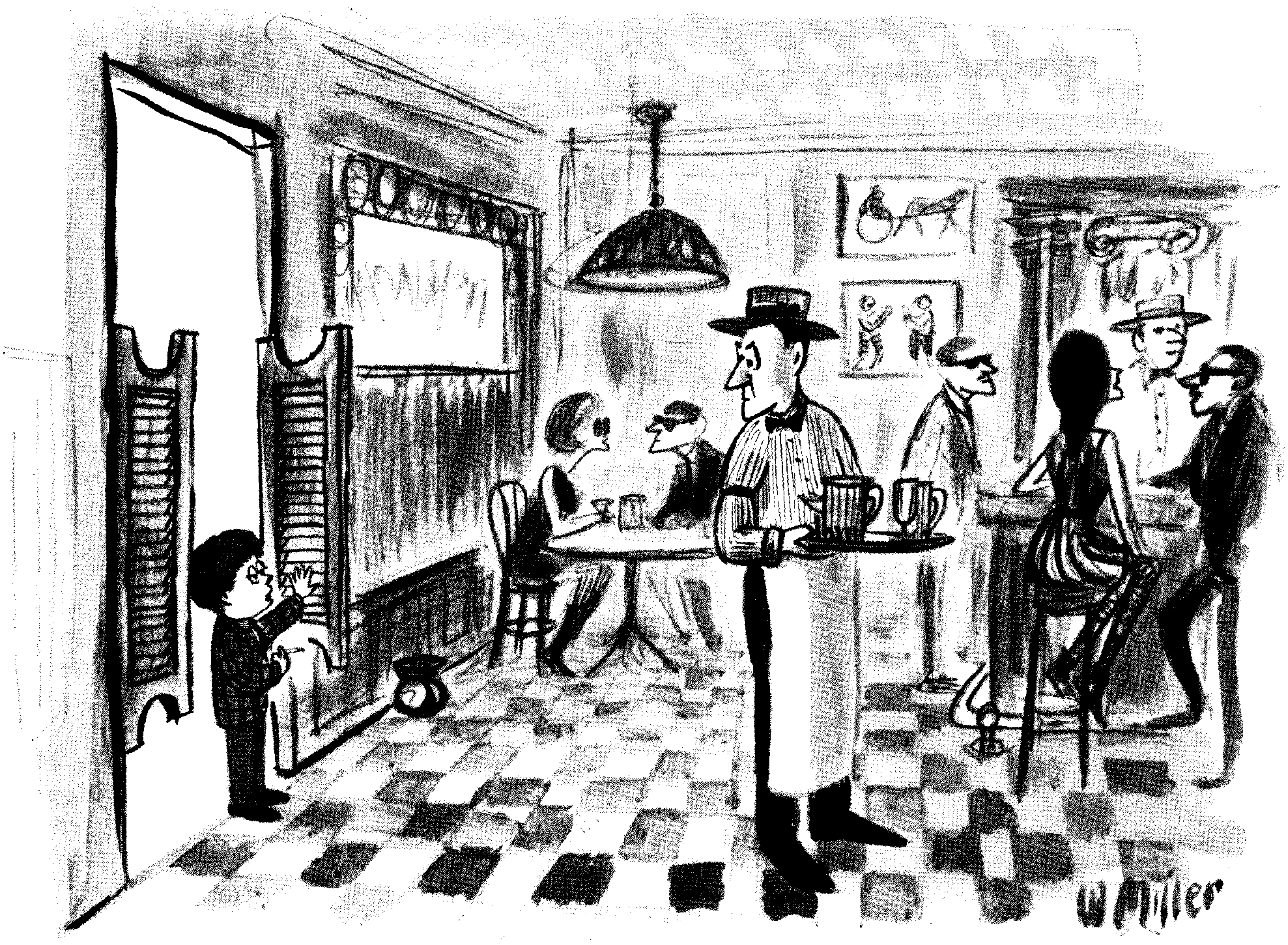
loll, as if in wait. Inside
him, too, tethered now, there waits
the bulk and strength of a herd
of a dozen rogue elephant;
they strain taut thongs of his will,
pawing against such indolence.

An anger could snap them loose—
anger, or hunger. Jungles,
under a mile of ocean
where no light has ever been,
could splinter, and the blind squid
uncoil in him like oily trees.

But the squint jaws close on bone
steady as a castle doorjamb;
and, bigger than a drawbridge,
his tailflukes are calm upon
the calmer water. While the sun
still pleases him, he will grudge

himself no pleasure. He blows
old air from his old lungs, cones
rising whitely. Through the black
final coursings of warm blood
the oars will not rouse him. Thick
blubber houses him like hot meringue.

—Ted Walker



"Are my parents in here?"

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warning, and so in his domain countless damage and disaster were avoided.

The Shaggy Beast of La Ferté-Bernard

ALONG the banks of the Huisne, an otherwise peaceful stream, there roamed during the Middle Ages a creature that became known as the Shaggy Beast (*la velue*). This animal had somehow managed to survive the Flood despite its exclusion from the Ark. It was the size of a bull, and it had a snake's head and a round body buried under long green fur. The fur was armed with stingers whose wound was deadly. The creature also had very broad hooves that were similar to the feet of the tortoise, and its tail, shaped like a serpent, could kill men and cattle alike. When its anger was aroused, the Shaggy Beast shot out flames that withered crops. At night, it raided stables. Whenever the farmers attempted to hunt it down, it hid in the waters of the Huisne, causing the river to flood its banks and drown the valley for miles.

The Shaggy Beast had a taste for innocent creatures, and devoured maidens and children. It would choose the purest of young womanhood, some Little Lamb (*l'agnelle*). One day, it waylaid one such Little Lamb and dragged her, mauled and bloody, to its lair in the riverbed. The victim's sweetheart tracked the monster, and with a sword sliced into the Shaggy Beast's tail, its only vulnerable spot, and cut it in two. The creature died at once. It was embalmed, and its death was celebrated with fifes and drums and dancing.

The Sphinx

THE Sphinx of Egyptian monuments (called by Herodotus *androsphinx*, or mansphinx, in order to distinguish it from the Greek Sphinx) is a lion having the head of a man and lying at rest; it stood watch by temples and tombs, and is said to have represented royal authority. In the halls of Karnak, other Sphinxes have the head of a ram, the sacred animal of Amon. The Sphinx of Assyrian monuments is a winged bull with a man's bearded and crowned head; this image is common on Persian gems. Pliny, in his list of Ethiopian animals, includes the Sphinx, of which he details no other features than "brown hair and two mammae on the breast."

The Greek Sphinx has a woman's head and breasts, the wings of a bird, and the body and feet of a lion. Some give it the body of a dog and a snake's tail. It is told that it depopulated the Theban countryside asking riddles (for it had a human voice) and making a meal of any man who could not give the answer. Of Oedipus, the son of Jocasta, the Sphinx asked, "What has four legs, two legs, and three legs, and the more legs it has the weaker it is?" (So runs what seems to be the oldest version. In time, the metaphor was introduced which makes of man's life a single day. Nowadays, the question goes, "Which animal walks on four legs in the morning, two legs at noon, and three in the evening?") Oedipus answered that it was a man, who as an infant crawls on all fours, when he grows up walks on two legs, and in old age leans on a staff. The riddle solved, the Sphinx threw herself from a precipice.

De Quincey, around 1849, suggested a second interpretation, which complements the traditional one. The subject of the riddle, according to him, is not so much man in general as it is Oedipus in particular, orphaned and helpless at birth, alone in his manhood, and supported by Antigone in his blind and hopeless old age.

Swedenborg's Angels

FOR the last twenty-five years of his studious life, the eminent philosopher and man of science Emanuel Swedenborg (1688-1772) resided in London. But as the English are not very talkative, he fell into the habit of conversing with Devils and Angels. God granted him the privilege of visiting the Other World and of entering into the lives of its inhabitants. Christ had said that souls, in order to be admitted into Heaven, must be righteous. Swedenborg added that they must also be intelligent; later on Blake stipulated that they should be artists and poets. Swedenborg's Angels are those souls who have chosen Heaven. They need no words; it is enough that an Angel only think of another in order to have him at his side. Two people who have loved each other on earth become a single Angel. Their world is ruled by love; every Angel is a Heaven. Their shape is that of a perfect human being; Heaven's shape is the same. The Angels, in whatever direction they look—north, east, south, or west—are always face to face with God. They are, above all, divines; their chief delight lies in prayer and in the unravelling of theological problems. Earthly things are but emblems of Heavenly things. The sun stands for the Godhead. In Heaven, there is no time; the appearance of things changes according to moods. The Angels' garments shine according to their intelligence. The souls of the rich are richer than the souls of the poor, since the rich are accustomed to wealth. In Heaven, all objects, furniture, and cities are more physical and more complex than those of our earth; colors are more varied and splendid. Angels of English stock show a tendency to politics. Jews are given to the sale of trinkets. Germans tote bulky volumes, which they consult before venturing an opinion. Since Muslims venerate Muhammad, God has provided them with an Angel who impersonates the Prophet. The poor in spirit and hermits are denied the pleasures of Heaven, for they would be unable to enjoy them.

SPECIAL DELIVERY

"Hey, you an artist?"

Swedenborg's Devils

IN the works of the famous eighteenth-century Swedish visionary, we read that Devils, like Angels, are not a species apart but derive from the human race. They are individuals who after death choose Hell. There, in that region of marshlands, of desert wastes, of tangled forests, of towns levelled by fire, of brothels, and of gloomy dens, they feel no special happiness, but in Heaven they would be far less happy. Occasionally, a ray of Heavenly light falls on them from on high; the Devils feel it as a burning, a scorching, and it reaches their nostrils as a stench. Each thinks himself handsome, but many have the faces of beasts or have shapeless lumps of flesh where faces should be. They live in a state of mutual hatred and of armed violence, and if they come together it is for the purpose of plotting against one another or of destroying each other. God has forbidden men and Angels to draw a map of Hell, but its general outline follows that of a Devil, just as the outline of Heaven follows that of an Angel.

The most vile and loathsome Hells lie to the west.

Thermal Beings

IT was revealed to the visionary and theosophist Rudolf Steiner (1861-1925) that this planet, before it was the earth we now know, passed through a solar stage, and before that through a Saturnian stage. Man today is composed of a physical body, of an ethereal body, of an astral body, and of an ego; at the start of the Saturnian period he was a physical body only. This body was neither visible nor tangible, since at that time there were on earth neither solids nor liquids nor gases. There were only states of heat, thermal forms, defining in cosmic space regular and irregular figures; each man, each being, was an organism made of changing temperatures. According to the testimony of Steiner, mankind during the Saturnian period was a blind, deaf, and insensitive multitude of articulated states of heat and cold. "To the investigator, heat is but a substance still subtler than a gas," we read in one page of Steiner's "Die Geheimwissenschaft im Umriss" ("Outline of Occult Science"). Before the solar stage, fire spirits, or archangels, animated the bodies of those "men," who began to glow and shine.

Did Steiner dream these things? Did he dream them because they had occurred ages earlier? What is undeniable is that they are far stranger than the demiurges, serpents, and bulls of other cosmogonies.

Two Metaphysical Beings

THE mystery of the origin of ideas brings a pair of strange creatures to imaginary zoology. One was evolved toward the middle of the eighteenth century, the other a hundred years later.

The first is Condillac's sensitive statue. Descartes professed the Platonic doctrine of innate ideas; Étienne Bonnot de Condillac, for the purposes of refuting him, conceived a marble statue in the likeness of the human body and inhabited by a soul that had never perceived or thought. Condillac begins by conferring on his statue a single sense, perhaps the least complex of all—that of smell. A whiff of jasmine is the start of the statue's biography; for one moment there is nothing but this odor in the whole universe—or, to be more accurate, this odor is the universe, which a moment later will be the odor of a rose, then of a carnation. In the statue's consciousness, once there is a single odor we have attention; once an odor lasts after the stimulus has ceased we have memory; once a present and a past impression occupy the statue's attention we have the ability to compare; once the statue perceives likeness and unlikeness we have judgment; once the ability to compare and judgment occur a second time we have reflection; once a pleasant memory is more vivid than an unpleasant impression we have imagination. Once the faculty of understanding is born, the faculty of the will will be born—love and hate (attraction and repulsion), hope and fear. The consciousness of having passed through many states of mind will give the statue the abstract notion of numbers; the consciousness of being the odor of carnation and of having been the odor of jasmine will give the notion of the I.

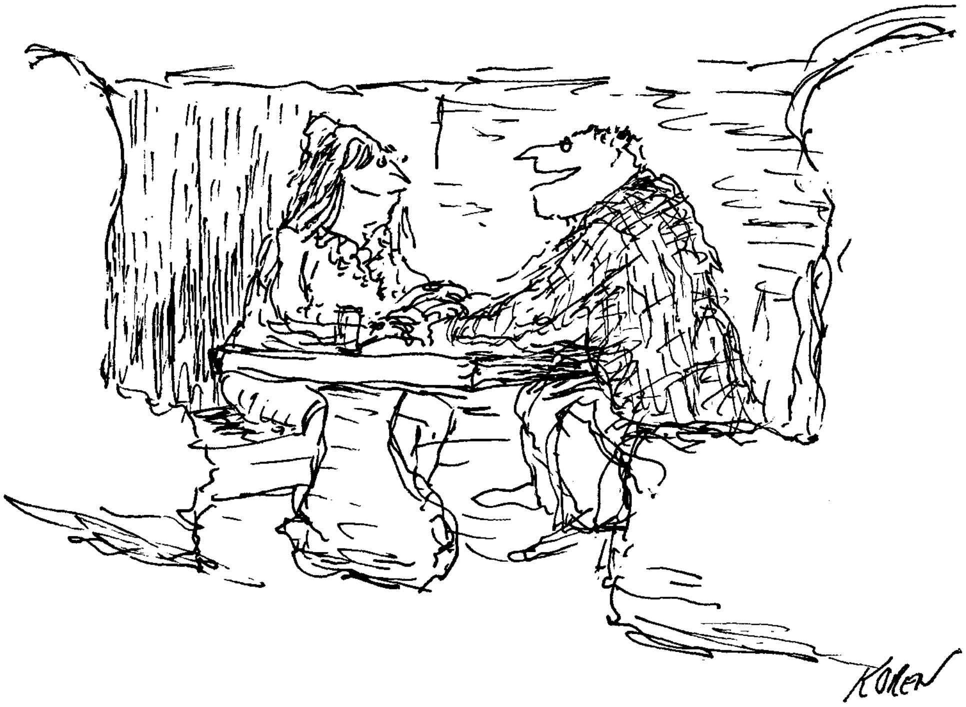
The author will then endow his hypothetical man with hearing, taste, sight, and, finally, touch. This last sense will reveal to him that space exists and that in space he exists in a body; sounds, smells, and colors had been to him, before this stage, mere variations or modifications of his consciousness.

The allegory just related is called "Traité des Sensations" and dates from 1754; for this summary we have made use of the second volume of Bréhier's "Histoire de la Philosophie."

The other creature raised by the problem of consciousness is the "hypothetical animal" of Rudolf Hermann Lotze. Lonelier than the statue that smells roses and finally becomes a man, this being has in its skin but one movable sensitive point, at the extremity of an antenna. Its structure denies it, as is obvious, more than one perception at a time. Lotze argues that the ability to retract or extend its sensitive antenna will enable this all but bereft animal to discover the external world (without the aid of the Kantian categories of time and space) and distinguish a stationary from a moving object. This fiction may be found in the book "Medizinische Psychologie" (1852); it has been praised by Hans Vaihinger.

The Western Dragon

A TALL-STANDING, heavy serpent with claws and wings is perhaps the description that best fits this Dragon. It may be black, but it is essential that it also be shining; equally essential is that it belch fire and smoke. The above description refers, of course, to its present image; the Greeks seem to have applied the name "dragon" to any considerable reptile. Pliny informs us that in summer the Dragon craves elephant blood, which is notably cool. It will make a sudden foray on the elephant, coil round it, and plunge its teeth into it. The bloodless elephant rolls on the ground and dies; so does the Dragon, crushed under the weight of its victim. We also read that Ethiopian Dragons, in search of better pasturage, regularly cross the Red Sea and migrate to Arabia. To accomplish this, four or five Dragons coil together and form a kind of craft,



"Let's buy the American dream together."

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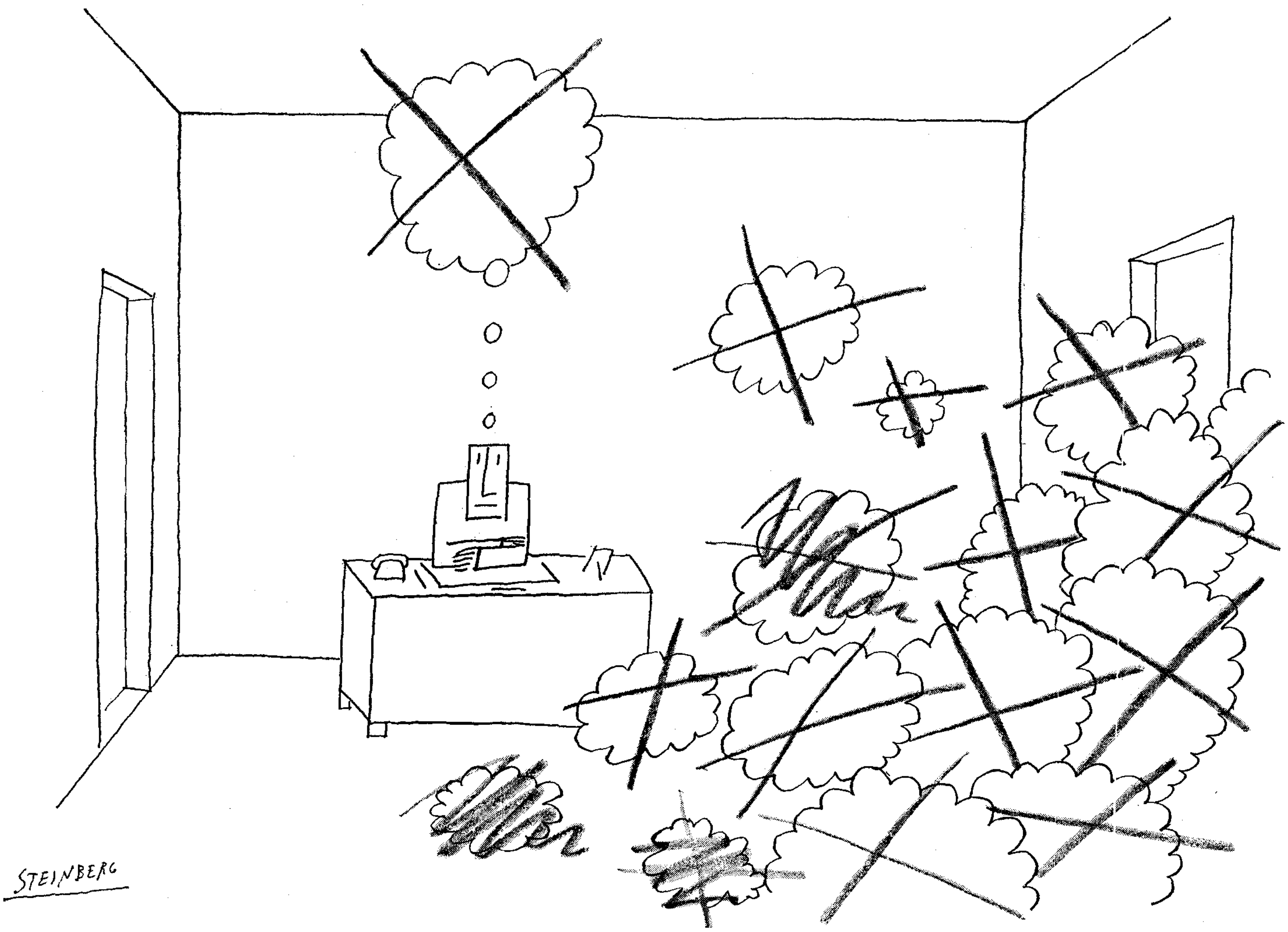


with their heads lifted out of the water.

In Pliny, there is also a chapter devoted to remedies derived from the Dragon. Here we read that its eyes, dried and then stirred with honey, make a liniment that is effective against nightmares. The fat of the Dragon's heart stored in the hide of a gazelle and tied to the arm with the sinews of a stag assures success in litigation; Dragon teeth, also bound to the body, insure the indulgence of masters and the mercy of kings. With some skepticism, Pliny cites a preparation that renders men invincible. It is concocted of the skin of a lion, a lion's marrow, the froth of a horse that has just won a race, the nails of a dog, and the tail and head of a Dragon.

In the eleventh book of the Iliad, we read that there was a blue three-headed Dragon on Agamemnon's shield; centuries later Norse pirates painted Dragons on their shields and carved Dragon heads on the prows of their long ships. Among the Romans, the Dragon was the insigne of the cohort, as the eagle was of the legion; this is the origin of present-day dragoons. On the standards of the Saxon kings of England there were Dragons; the object of such images was to impart fear to enemy ranks. In the ballad of Athis, we read:

> *Ce souloient Romains porter,*
> *Ce nous fait moult à redouter.*
>
> [This was what the Romans used to bear, this which makes us so feared.]

In the West, the Dragon was always thought of as evil. One of the stock exploits of heroes (Hercules, Sigurd, Michael, St. George) was to overcome and slay a Dragon. In Germanic myth, the Dragon kept watch over precious objects. And so in Beowulf, written in England in the seventh or eighth century, there is a Dragon that stands guard over a treasure for some three hundred years. A runaway slave hides in its lair and steals a cup. On waking, the Dragon notices the theft and resolves to kill the thief, but every once in a while goes back inside to make sure the cup has not been merely mislaid. (How strange of the poet to attribute to his monster so human a misgiving.) The Dragon begins to ravage the kingdom; Beowulf searches it out, grapples with it, and kills it, dying himself soon after from a mortal wound inflicted by the Dragon's tusks.

People believed in the reality of the Dragon. In the middle of the sixteenth century, the Dragon is recorded in Conrad Gesner's "Historia Animalium," a work of a scientific nature.

Time has notably worn away the Dragon's prestige. We believe in the lion as reality and symbol; we believe in the Minotaur as symbol but no longer as reality. The Dragon is perhaps the best known but also the least fortunate of fantastic animals. It seems childish to us, and usually spoils the stories in which it appears. It is worth remembering, however, that we are dealing with a modern prejudice, owing perhaps to a surfeit of Dragons in fairy tales. In Revelations, St. John speaks twice of the Dragon, "that old serpent, called the Devil and Satan." In the same spirit, St. Augustine writes that the Devil "is lion and dragon; lion for its rage, dragon for its cunning." Jung observes that in the Dragon are the reptile and the bird—the elements of earth and of air.

—JORGE LUIS BORGES,
WITH MARGARITA GUERRERO

(Translated, from the Spanish, by Norman Thomas di Giovanni, in collaboration with the authors.)

LETTER FROM BIAFRA

IT is almost impossible to fly into Biafra now, or out of it. The relief organizations (Caritas, World Council of Churches, Nord Church Aid, Canadian Air Relief) that still fly to Biafra from the Portuguese island of São Tomé have formed a single operation, Joint Church Aid, which flies about five planes a night, sometimes two flights per plane, sometimes three, depending on the availability of pilots and the condition of planes. Always at night. Ever since a plane of the International Red Cross was shot down, on June 5th, by day, by Nigeria, and the International Red Cross suspended its relief flights to Biafra entirely, Joint Church Aid has decided not to fly into Biafra with anyone who, if a plane were to be shot down again, might appear to be on a mission other than church relief. The island of Fernando Po, once a base for Red Cross flights, has been closed off by Equatorial Guinea. The French Red Cross still flies a single plane, sometimes once, sometimes twice a night, from Libreville, Gabon, but it, too, is reluctant to take in passengers; and Biafra, worried that observers might spot incoming flights of arms, does not like to issue visas by way of Libreville. Well-meaning eccentrics used to fly to Biafra from time to time (Abie Nathan, the maverick Israeli pilot, who cooked what food he brought in for refugees himself; an anonymous lady who gave one iron pill to every child she met), but journalists and even doctors are now turned back in São Tomé, to catch the twice-weekly flight to mainland Angola and home again. It is possible that the blockade will soon cut off not only food coming in but reports coming out of this unprecedented war.

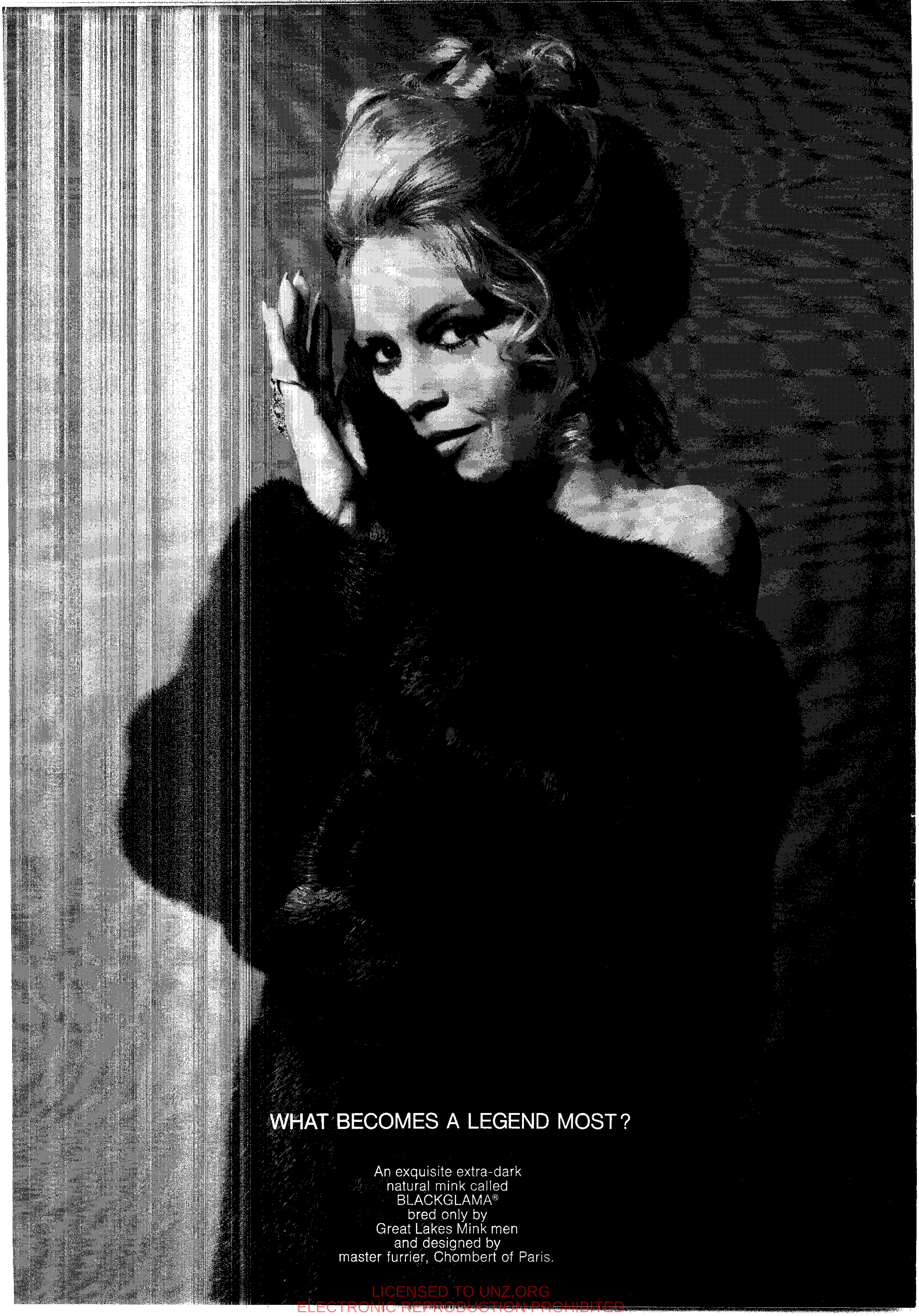
The population of São Tomé is one-tenth Portuguese police. The other citizens are mostly "contract labor," imported not entirely voluntarily from the Cape Verde Islands, farther off the coast of Africa. A Portuguese island is, in any case, an incongruous place to fly to Biafra from, and there is something about the discontinuity of events and the day-to-day reporting of news that always seems to make either too simple or too mystifying the altogether anomalous predicament of Biafra. Meaningless datelines (Owerri, Emekuku, Awomama, Mbano), scarcely mapped and incessantly changing war fronts, strange friends (Haiti, Tanzania, Ivory Coast, Zambia, Gabon), strange enemies (England, Russia, Egypt, Chad), pictures and statistics no longer automatic in their meaning or credibility, the muddy, bungling, endlessly preoccupying catastrophe in Vietnam, even a sense of Africa derived from Kipling and Waugh—the narrative line for Biafra gets lost. Biafrans do not easily fit any stereotype of martyrdom or ideology. I asked a young Biafran just whose children it is who are dying, and he replied quite seriously that it is the children of villagers who are not strong enough to trek nearer the front to buy what food there is more cheaply and trek back to market to sell it more dearly, for a little profit to support their families. It takes a high tolerance for the sheer, bitterly comic ugliness of human suffering to care much for these survivors out of Bertolt Brecht. Editorial writers for the Western press, unlike reporters on the spot, often treat the Biafran position as morally ambiguous, as though the years from 1939 to 1945 had never existed, and as though killing and dying existed on a single plane of atrocity. It is possible that another ethnic population will be decimated before modern intelligence completes its debate about the extent to which the greatest crimes can be said to be the fault of the victims of them.

The relief flights from São Tomé take off just before dark, fly with lights off in the darkness over Federal Nigeria, and approach Uli Airport (a widened stretch of what was once a road) in the dark. The blue lights of the runway are flashed very briefly, and then turned off again as the planes begin to land. This is the rainy season in Biafra, but Uli, according to James W. Anderson, one of Joint Church Aid's hired pilots (who earn between four and five thousand dollars a month), is "the only place in the world you can fly into and you hope the weather's bad." On clear nights, Nigerian planes, flown by Egyptian or East German pilots, attempt to bomb the runway. They have never hit it yet, and it is a disputed question whether they really want to hit Joint Church Aid planes, but even relief flights quite often miss the darkened landing, and take off abruptly to approach again and again. The pilots, whose professional history usually includes assignments like flying personnel to oil fields in ice storms in Alaska, or flying arms to Israel in 1948, seem fairly sanguine about risk. Last month, a Canadian plane crashed when it apparently received signals, by mistake, from another, more camouflaged Biafran airport. A second crew forgot to lower its landing gear and, when landing without wheels jammed the doors, had to slide down from the cockpit by means of emergency ropes. A few weeks ago, Joint Church Aid headquarters in Geneva made a last-minute exception to admit Eric Pace, of the New York *Times*, and since it seemed that two reporters would no more compromise a single relief flight than one, and since bad weather had limited bombings by what is euphemistically called the Intruder, the local church workers decided to let me go in as well.

On Saturday night, Captain Anderson's plane approached the runway at a right angle (a compass was broken), missed twice, and then landed smoothly in lightning and drenching rain. These trips are entirely calm, perhaps because they lack the unspoken agreement on commercial airlines (the meals, the movies, the silence of engines) to pretend that one has been on the ground all the time, or because they fly into a place suspended from one's personal experience so utterly. The plane, an American C-97, was cleared of its cargo of stockfish and corn-soya-milk extract in seven minutes, and took off for two more trips to São Tomé. The crews were planning three flights that night in order to have one less on Sunday, when they were hoping to hold a barbecue at the rather grim hotel where they are based. Stockfish is now Biafra's main source of animal protein. It was popular before the war in the land that is now Biafra; but when the blockade began, consumption of stockfish was so drastically reduced that the currency of Iceland, a major exporter, had to be devalued, until the United States, by purchasing stockfish for Biafran relief, gave the currency some support. The tons of fish, in burlap bags, were loaded quickly into lorries. A bearded English relief worker named Graham dashed about in the dark and cold rain, which fogged his glasses. He picked up the passengers and their baggage (distinguishable on the runway by dim strips of yellow masking tape), and drove nearly blindly, with dimmed headlights, among a series of checkpoints manned by armed Biafrans and each consisting of a thatched hut and a branch extended across a road to a steel drum. One of the branches was lifted and the car drove to a building called State House for entry formalities in earth-floored rooms, by the light of four kerosene lamps. An important shipment of something was clearly expected from Libreville, because Arthur Mbanefo, a Biafran government official, and Professor Ben Nwosu, a Biafran nuclear physicist educated in California and now head of the Biafran Directorate of Research and Production, were gathered in the office of a Major Akigabu, who is in charge of immigration at State House, and who was once a teacher of Vergil in secondary school. Major Akigabu, a middle-aged man in battle fatigues, was quoting in near darkness from Book II of the Aeneid. "When you read it, you will shed tears," he said. "You have to shed tears." The absurdist element keeps coming up in Biafra, too.

THE sense here is of a people about to die in isolation and pretending not to know it—convinced in any case by their recent history that they have no choice. Victims are seldom pure, or even entirely attractive, and a case can certainly be made against any victim of murder before some higher court of absolute irrelevance. But Biafrans (fighting a war, in a sense, for a position argued in Hannah Arendt's "Eichmann in Jerusalem") are determined to avoid at least the accusation of passive complicity in their own destruction and resist, trusting their own interpretation of what the risks of capitulation and the costs of survival might be. Once the foremost advocates of Nigerian unity, they have been persuaded by a series, both before and since the war, of broken accords, systematic exclusions, and outright massacres, both total and selective (including the killing of all males over ten years old in a captured Biafran town whose civilians did not leave), that Nigeria intends to eliminate the peoples of the region that is now Biafra, and that the intention of genocide is not one that you test, passively, until the last returns are in. In the massacres of summer, 1966 (nearly a full year before Biafra's secession from Nigeria), thirty thousand natives of the Biafran region were murdered. "I have just been reading 'Exodus,' " Professor Nwosu told a group of friends, some time after his night of waiting at State House. "Before the war, a novel to me was a trivial

"Mine isn't. Mine's quite bullish."



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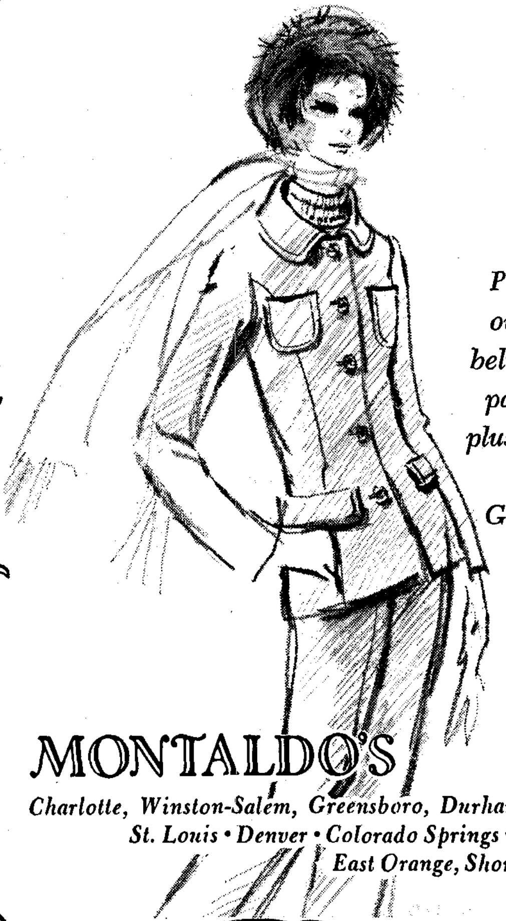

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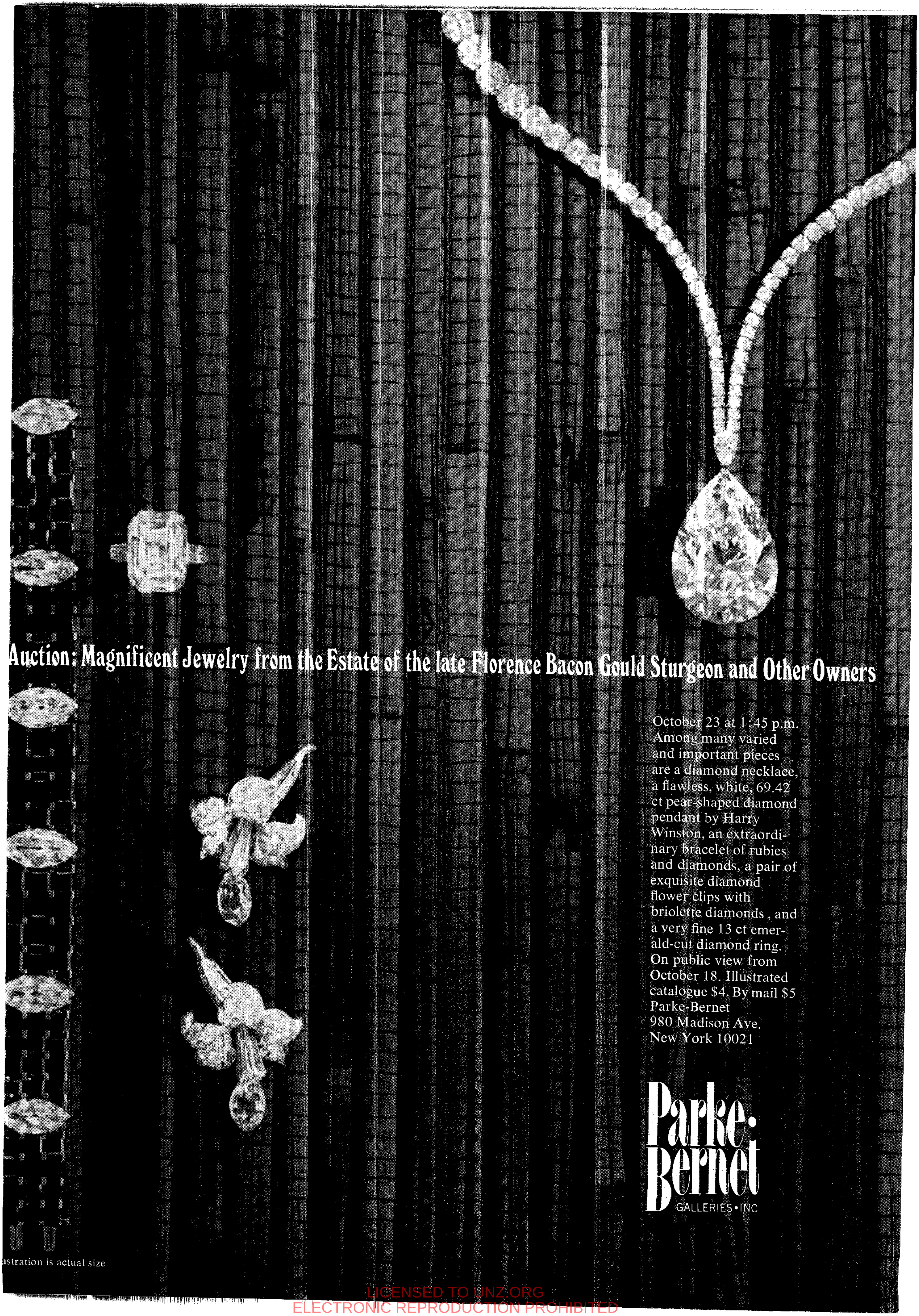
thing. But I should have known the West would not be impressed by thirty thousand. Some of you literary people should have told me." In 1966, pressure to withdraw from Nigeria came mainly from the Ibo people (who make up the majority of the population of the Biafran region), and it was the Ibo intellectuals, spread out over Nigeria and the world, who wavered. Now the situation is different. The intellectuals have returned from their jobs in the outside world to Biafra, to extremity, and to a people with whom, in their own worldliness, they were not even entirely familiar. An Ibo civil servant, educated elsewhere in Nigeria, when he is asked the word in Ibo for a sash in which local women carry their babies on their backs, does not know, until it is pointed out to him, what you are talking about, and he certainly does not know the word. English has always been Biafra's intertribal language, but conversations even in Ibo are interspersed now with English expressions, and the Biafran fondness for euphemism has a British ring. The war is everywhere referred to as "the crisis," areas of Biafra destroyed or occupied by Nigerian forces are always called just "disrupted" or "disturbed." The élite are leading now, as perhaps in war they always do. But Ibo society is, by tradition, individualistic and ruled by tribal consensus. The leaders and their ministries are unprotected to a degree uncommon in a country at war. If the people did not support their leaders, they could, being armed almost to a man, overthrow them. Biafrans now prefer the bush to the risks of Nigerian occupation, and Nigerian troops entering Biafran towns now find them empty. What defections there are, like that of Dr. Nnamdi Azikiwe, an Ibo who was once President of Federal Nigeria and who recently turned from the Biafran to the Nigerian side, preoccupy Biafrans continually—perhaps because there have been so few of them. A betrayal in 1967, by Brigadier Victor Banjo, who had been put in charge of all Biafran forces in the Midwestern Region, recurs in war-inspired songs all over Biafra. (Dr. Azikiwe's case is complicated by the fact that he had spent several months in London, in a state that his physicians described as "delayed shell shock," before going to Lagos and, when his extensive Nigerian properties had been returned to him, denouncing Biafra.) The favorable reaction in the American press to Dr. Azikiwe's claim that Biafran fears of extinction are a "fairy tale" presumably gave the Nige-



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rians confidence to resume, a few days after the first editorials, their civilian air raids, bombing and strafing an orphanage at Ojoto. Dead: one nurse and fourteen children, miles from the nearest battle zone.

The former Eastern Region of Nigeria, which since May 30, 1967, has called itself Biafra, has always been the most densely populated region in all of Africa—and, in recent times, the most highly developed and educated black country there is. Its present population is about ten million; present size, ten thousand square miles; war dead in two years, one and a half million civilians by air raids and starvation, half a million more soldiers and civilians killed in actual combat zones. There are several hundred thousand refugees in Biafran refugee camps, millions more living with distant relatives in the traditional Ibo stress claim of the "extended family," seven or even twenty persons to a room. Biafran roads, before the bombings the best roads in Nigeria, are pitted now, interrupted by checkpoints and occasional rows of tree stumps to impede enemy landings, eroded further by the intense rains, sometimes hollowed under the tarmac to stop heavy armored vehicles, but crowded in the late and early hours of darkness by defiling lines of people—trekking, with burdens on their heads, to relatives, to markets, to shelter or hospitals. Kwashiorkor, the ugly, mortal protein-deficiency disease, which had almost been stopped when Red Cross flights were running at strength, is afflicting children again, and the people on the roads include a high proportion of adults damaged, bandaged, or in pain. (Because the Biafran government is not recognized by any major country, Biafra is denied legal access on the international market to, among other things, morphine.) In terms of statistics, loss of life, displacement of persons, the war has already taken a greater toll than Vietnam; and yet people on the road inevitably return smiles, and life in this enormous ghetto under siege seems determined to proceed almost normally. As always in war, unless one happens to be at the front and be shot at, or caught in an air raid, there is *nothing* but symptoms—distortions of peace—to give one a sense of war and its losses. Premature or simply inaccurate Nigerian claims of areas captured have often sent observers to battle zones to find that they are not simply at the front—they *are* it; and four journalists have already been killed while reporting from the Nigerian side. But the strange image-consciousness of

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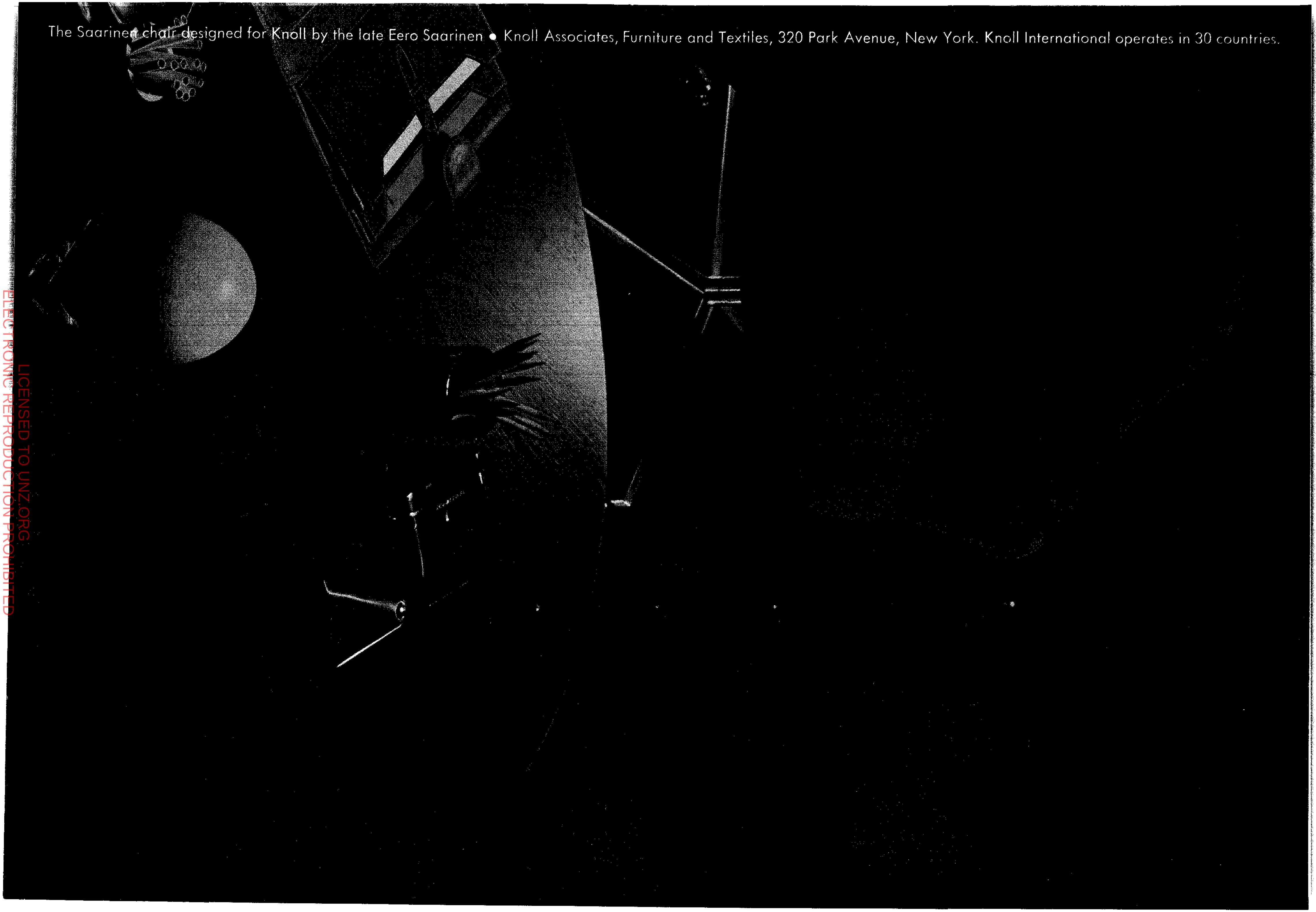
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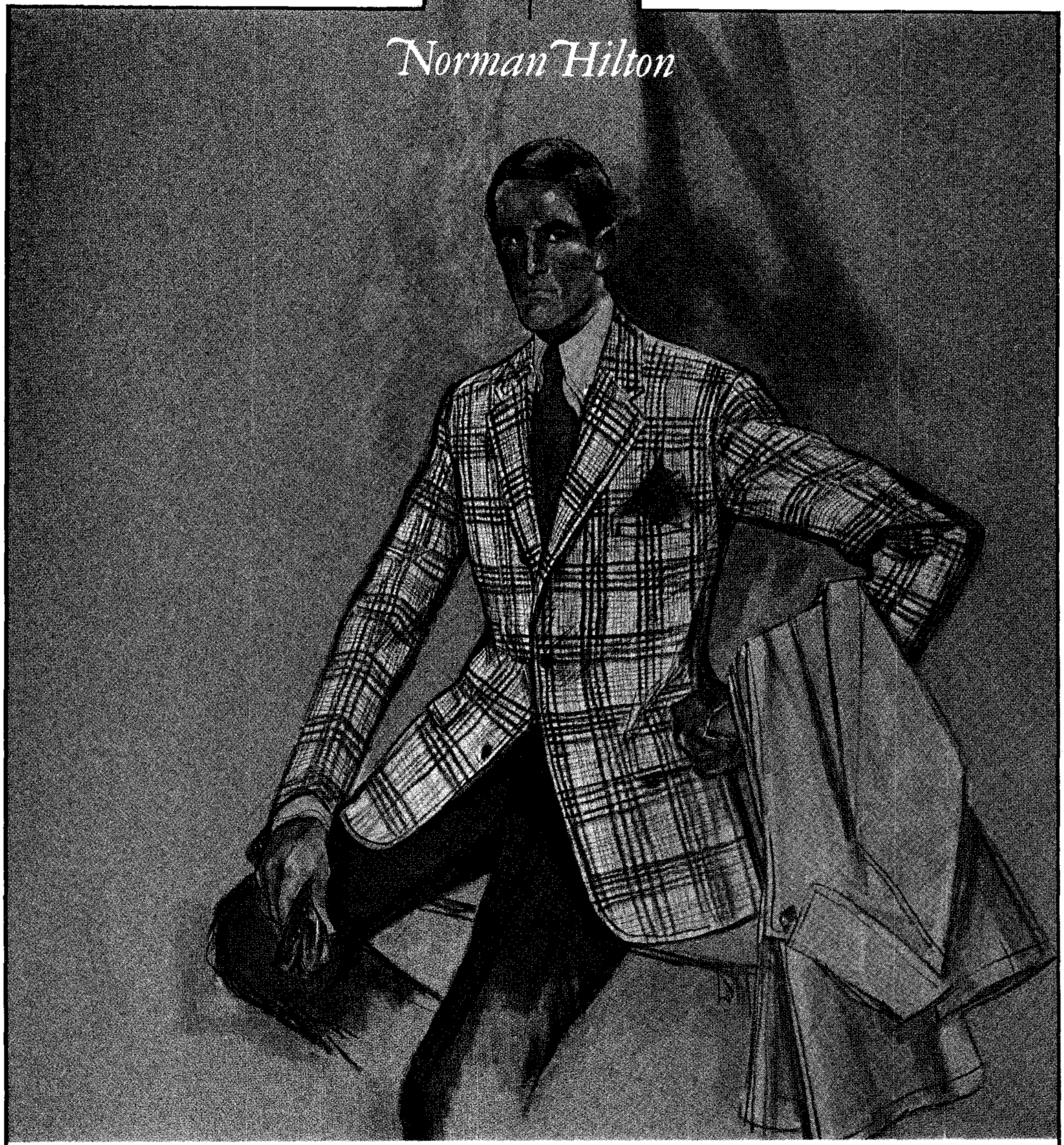

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Biafrans makes them highly scrupulous about not sending reporters where Biafran soldiers have not arrived. Biafran information officials will try reporters with the strangest evasions, from subjects as knowable and precise as whether there is or is not a Biafran Telex (there is not), or whether there are in fact flights from Libreville, to subjects as hard to know in wartime as the exact population and casualty rate. But they are deeply concerned for the safety of foreigners. "Why do you choose to fly into this volcano?" an Ibo doctor, exhausted with work, asked a foreign visitor. "You have no right or obligation to die here." When the foreigner replied, "I think it is a shared right," the doctor said, "Thank you." There is everywhere this crazed, articulate, sometimes even irritable courtesy (Biafran speakers even tend to sound alike), in the face of an absolute desolation closing in.

Foreigners flying into Biafra now bring their own food and, if the pilot permits it, their own gasoline in jerry cans. What fuel there is in Biafra is made in little roadside refineries, which consist of a thatched hut over firewood and an arrangement of pipes and steel drums beside a brook, like a still. A loss of fuel can be as dire in Biafra now as the shortage of food, since the Army must be mobile to reach any stress point on the completely encircling front. The symptoms of war are evident in everything from the sound of mortars miles from the front to the fact that all markets have moved under camouflage in the bush and that children at feeding centers can get only one meal a day (under trees, before dawn, for fear of the MIGs), and yet one subject Biafrans hardly ever talk about is the front, the actual progress of the war. Asked about this strange reticence, Biafrans will say the front is "irrelevant," or "We have no place to go. They take Owerri, we retake Umuahia. If we lose it all, we will fight without towns, from the bush." Another subject hardly mentioned in ordinary conversation, without laughter, is food, or even the starving of the children. If pressed, a Biafran will say he finds the subject "painful." Genocide, however, comes up again and again, and Biafrans will talk about a friend, a relative, a town, a personal flight from a mob before or in the war with a precise attention to dates and the most gruesome detail. Bombing raids on markets, churches, orphanages, and hospitals are recounted by families and in palm-wine bars with a kind of awe of their modern European quality, as though by dying on purely ethnic

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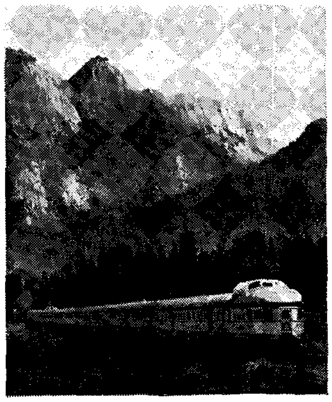

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grounds Biafrans had established their place in modern history. One thing one hardly sees in Biafra is cemeteries. The dead are buried all over the third of the country that remains.

NIGERIA, in what was originally described by the Nigerian government as a "quick, surgical police action" that would last forty-eight hours and that has already lasted more than two years and cost more than two million lives, was armed for the war with highly sophisticated equipment by the British, who wanted, as did nearly everyone else at one time, a strong and unified Nigeria. Reporters like Frederick Forsyth in his book "The Biafra Story" (one of the few cogent accounts of what took place) attribute the subsequent disaster to the Labour Government of Harold Wilson, who took the advice of civil servants that it would all be over quickly, that it was all a question of Ibo intransigence. Most of Nigeria's oil fields are in the Biafran region, and the oil companies had their doubts. They had personnel in the field who knew the people and who had witnessed the events of the preceding years. But the civil servants prevailed, and when it was not all over quickly, the Labour Government vastly increased its shipments of arms to Nigeria, and covered up at home. When, in August, 1968, after thirteen months of war, the extent of the British commitment became clear, there were expressions of outrage in Parliament and in the press. The Government, no longer able to conceal the size of its arms shipments, began to argue that it was more merciful in the long run to let Biafrans starve and be bombed into submission than to remain neutral, that the alternative was a tribal "Balkanization" of all Africa, that the Ibo leaders were, in any case, exaggerating and prolonging the misery of their people in order to nationalize and abscond with the oil and consolidate their own leadership. In 1967, the Russians began sending heavy arms to Nigeria, and it was argued that it was important to compete with Russia in arming Nigeria for the sake of Nigeria's good will. It is now likely that Nigeria's debt to Russia is such that if Nigeria wins, the oil will go at least in part to Russia, and Russia will have its first important ally in black Africa. Biafrans claim their own guerrillas will see to it that, in the event of their defeat, no oil will flow at all. It is not clear what will happen to the oil if Biafra wins, although Biafran loyalty to anyone who gives them any help or recognition just now is strong. Presi-

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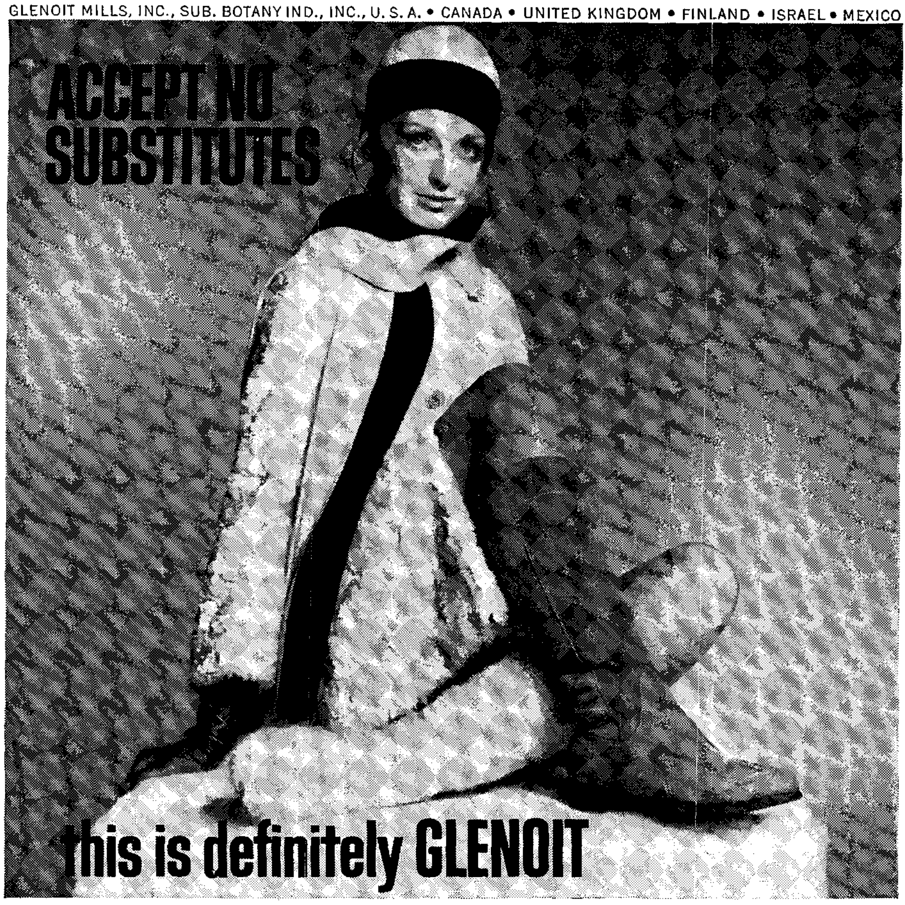

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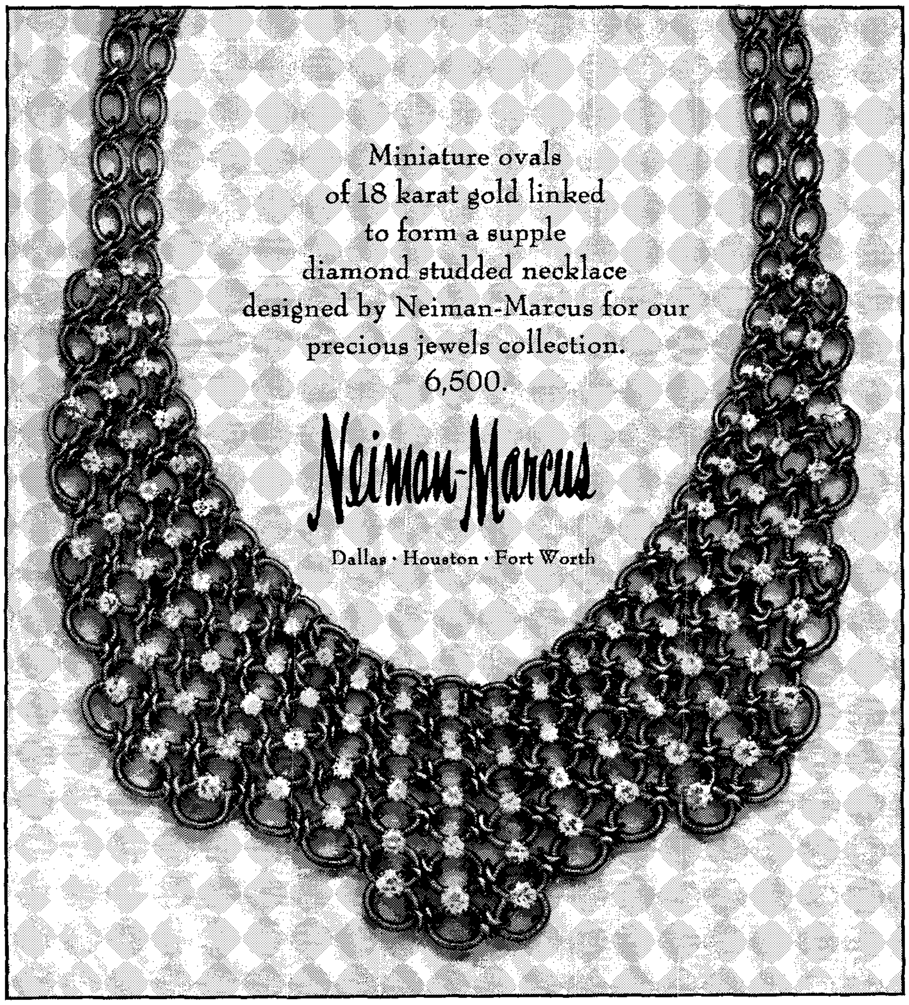
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dent Nixon expressed sympathy for Biafra in a campaign speech on September 9, 1968, but nothing as strong since. The only official expression of support from any Western power came last year, from President Charles de Gaulle.

In 1960, when Nigeria became independent, it was the Northern Region that kept threatening secession, and the Eastern Region, now Biafra, that most strongly wanted unity. The North, inhabited by the Muslim Hausa-Fulani, had been ruled by the British through local emirs, who kept the region feudal and underdeveloped. The Western Region, inhabited by the less militantly Muslim Yorubas, was ruled through local tribal chieftains and remained underdeveloped, too. (The Yorubas, traditionally a peaceful people, are now being recruited by the Hausas for the war, which solves some of the internal problems in what remains of Federal Nigeria.) The Eastern Region, traditionally governed under chiefs by tribal consultation, with chiefdoms often shifting, by popular agreement, among ruling families, was far more egalitarian and more difficult to rule. The British imposed "warrant chiefs" on the region, but after riots at Aba in 1929, which protested the imposition of rulers, they left the area to the missionaries—mainly the Anglican Church Missionary Society and the Roman Catholics. (England's role in the war, as opposed to the support of Catholics in Caritas, has created a crisis of faith among Biafran Protestants, many of whom now attend predawn Mass in Owerri, in an uncompleted Catholic cathedral camouflaged by palm fronds, in the rain.) The Ibos, who traditionally believed in one god, and worshipped him through idols, took to Christianity easily, and to Christian education. Communities sent bright children to schools abroad, and by secession in 1967 Biafra had more doctors, lawyers, and engineers than any other country in black Africa. Of six hundred Nigerian doctors before the war began, five hundred were Biafrans. The crowded conditions in the Eastern Region, and their own education, sent Ibos all over the rest of Nigeria. They took part in all Nigerian institutions, but their living quarters were segregated (in ghettos called *sabon garis*), and as early as 1953 at Kano they faced pogroms.

Northern animosity toward Easterners, and suspicion of them, was so great well before independence that the North continually threatened secession unless it could dominate the Nigerian legislature. As early as 1947, Mallam

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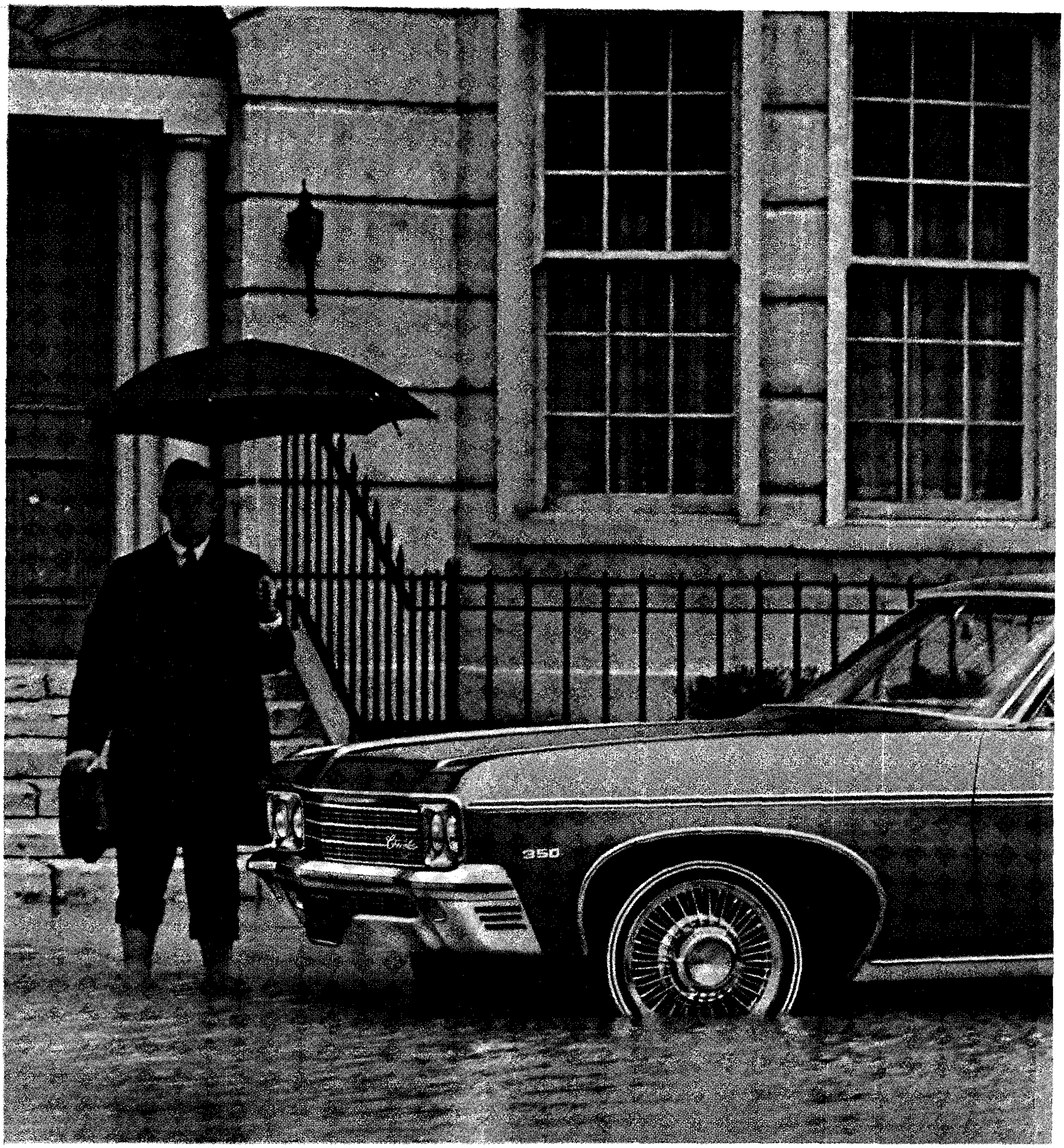

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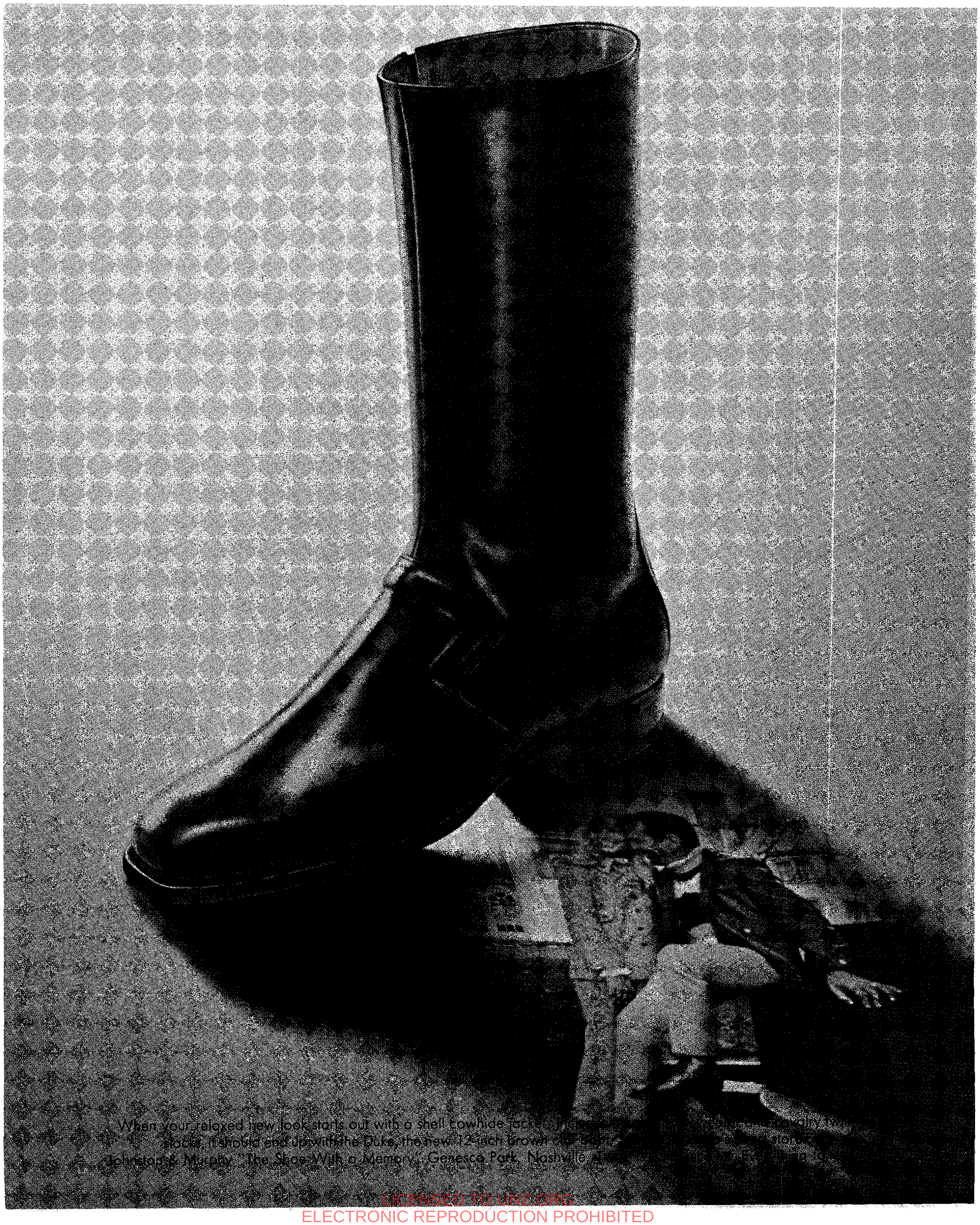

When your relaxed new look starts out with a shell cowhide jacket [illegible] cavalry twill slacks, it should end up with the Duke, the new 12-inch brown calf boot [illegible] stores. Johnston & Murphy "The Shoe With a Memory", Genesco Park, Nashville, [illegible]

Abubakar Tafawa Balewa, a Northerner who was later to become Prime Minister of Nigeria (and whom the Sardauna of Sokoto, a Hausa ruler, used to refer to as his "lieutenant" in Lagos), opposed unity and independence with the statement "I should like to make it clear to you that if the British quitted Nigeria now at this stage, the Northern people would continue their uninterrupted conquest to the sea." In the years after independence, there was a series of rigged censuses, rigged elections, and murders of members of the major political party of the Eastern Region by members of the major party of the North. On January 14, 1966, there was the military coup, which killed Prime Minister Balewa and the Sardauna of Sokoto, and which is sometimes described as the Ibo move for domination that started it all. The coup did end with General Johnson Thomas Umunakwe Aguyi-Ironsi, an Ibo, in power. But it killed only twelve officers, three of whom were Ibos; it was joined by Hausa and Yoruba factions of the Army; and it was opposed by, among other Ibos, Lieutenant-Colonel Chukwuemeka Odumegwu Ojukwu (now the Head of State of Biafra) and General Ironsi himself.

Six months later, the Northerners staged their coup. In view of the present Nigerian claims for a unified Nigeria, the code word that set off the operation is key: "*araba*," the Hausa word for "secession." In his first broadcast after the coup, Lieutenant-Colonel Yakubu Gowon (the Northerner who is now Head of State of Nigeria) said that Nigerian unity could not stand the test of time, that "the base for unity is not there;" and three weeks later Gowon was still flying the flag not of Federal Nigeria but of the Northern Region at his headquarters in the garrison at Ikeja. At a constitutional convention in Lagos in September, 1966, the Northern delegates insisted on a clause reading "Any member state of the Union should reserve the right to secede completely and unilaterally from the Union." But the world (including, at that point, the Biafrans) still believed in one Nigeria, and the Northerners who were then in power began to see the advantages of it. The Army became uncontrollable. There followed a series of massacres of Ibos and broken agreements with the Eastern Region. Gowon's announcement to the press, for example, of accords between the Eastern and Northern Regions reached in Aburi, Ghana, in January, 1967, differs in

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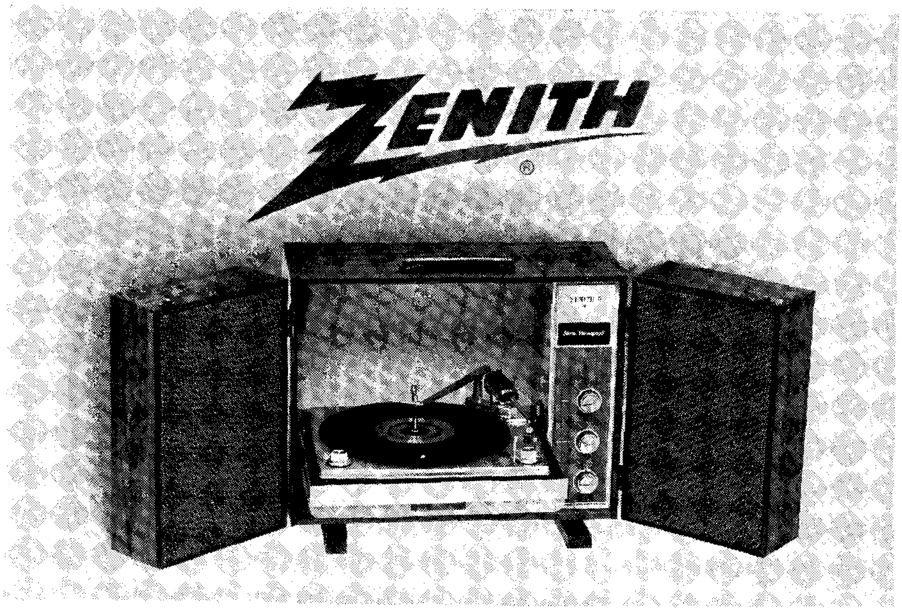
almost every detail from tape recordings of those accords, subsequently released by Ojukwu. The Northerners had agreed to protect Easterners in the other regions on their passage home, to make financial provisions for the homeless refugees, and to give the Eastern Region a degree of autonomy. Gowon did not mention the refugee agreements, and denied the accord on autonomy. Over a million Ibos had already fled for their lives to the Eastern Region. In early May, 1967, Gowon blockaded all communications to the East. On May 26th, the Consultative Assembly of Chiefs and Elders gave Ojukwu, who had been for about a year and a half the military governor of the Eastern Region, a mandate to withdraw from Nigeria. The next day, Gowon published a decree which, among other measures, divided the Eastern Region into three small states, with Port Harcourt and the Eastern oil fields to be excised from the Ibo region. (Port Harcourt had been built by Ibos and was inhabited almost entirely by them. The oil fields, which had only begun producing just before Nigerian independence, had not been a factor in the dispute before.) On May 30th, Ojukwu issued a Biafran Declaration of Independence. On July 6, 1967, with the slogan "One Nigeria!," Nigerian forces invaded Biafra, and soon afterward entered the Ibo town of Nsukka, where they set fire to the university and destroyed all its books.

Surprisingly—since most Ibo members of the Nigerian Army had been technical and administrative personnel (although some had participated in the United Nations action against Katanga), and since Biafra was very lightly armed—the Biafrans nearly won their independence in the first three months. Then the heavy British equipment came in. The Biafrans lost the coast and their major towns, although they had considerable success against the heavy equipment with homemade booby traps manufactured in Professor Nwosu's Research and Production Directorate. By April, 1968, their agricultural and river areas were cut off, and people began to die of starvation in numbers which, at their peak, were estimated at ten thousand a day. Caritas, the World Council of Churches, and the Red Cross began sending in small amounts of food on Biafran mercenary arms flights. On October 12th, Dr. Herman Middelkoop, of the World Council of Churches, sent a telegram to Secretary-General U Thant of the United Nations requesting U.N. humanitarian aid for Biafra. On October



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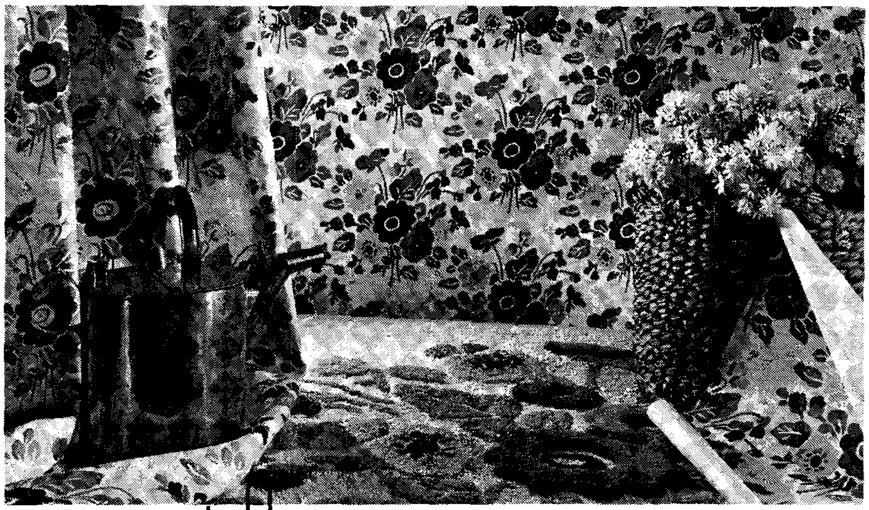

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19th, the Secretary-General told the press that the telegram had not arrived and that the war was, in any case, an internal affair, in which the United Nations could not become involved. In July, 1968, the Red Cross asked General Gowon for permission to fly specially marked relief planes into Biafra. Gowon replied that Nigeria would shoot them down. They flew anyway, and the churches, having obtained the code for landing at Uli Airport, flew in, too. In June of this year, after endless negotiations over relief routes, with Nigeria arguing alternately that all relief must pass through Lagos and that there could be no relief, since total siege is a legitimate instrument of war (although the idea of total siege has traditionally been applied to cities and not to an entire ethnic population of ten million), the Red Cross plane was shot down. Since the shooting, it has been argued with increasing insistence that the situation has changed entirely, and that it is only the Biafran leadership that is making impossible, at great cost to its own people, the dream of a peaceful and unified Nigeria. Biafrans have come to argue, last of all Nigerians, that there never was a Nigeria, except as defined by the British colonial presence; that if the colonial "nations" of Africa were in fact to break up along tribal lines, not much would be lost except some unstable, colonial boundaries; and that a new force—local, indigenous, tribal, unaligned—may yet be brought forth into the world. As for defectors and the charge that the Biafrans are exaggerating their own danger of genocide, they remark that every ethnic group marked for extinction has had sincere and misguided collaborators with the enemy, and that their own experience of tribal slaughters and world indifference or unconsummated sympathy has made them determined not to rely to the last man on Nigeria's new good faith.

On Sunday, at Owerri market, which is now a little cluster of wooden tables and benches, reached by a thin track of red earth marked by the imprint of sandals and bare feet in the bush, a five-year-old girl sat on the ground meticulously gathering and blowing sand off each seed of breadfruit she had dropped on the ground. The price of a scruffy, dazed, and twitching hen was eight pounds (nearly twenty dollars); a leg of goat, fifteen pounds; a two-inch bony river fish, a bush snail, or a cigarette, nearly half a pound; a third of a cup of salt, or a cup of *garri* (ground cassava, the only food

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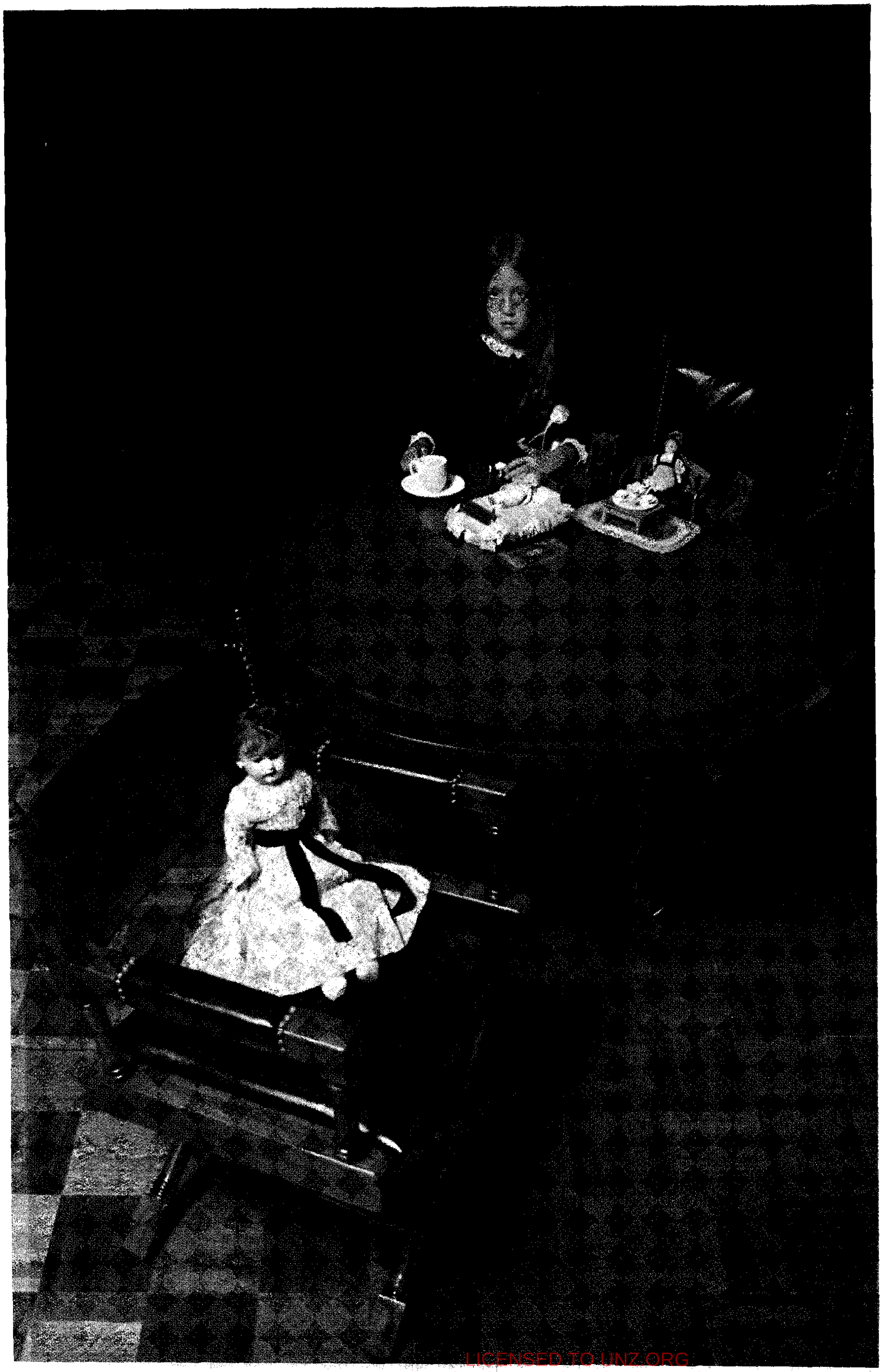

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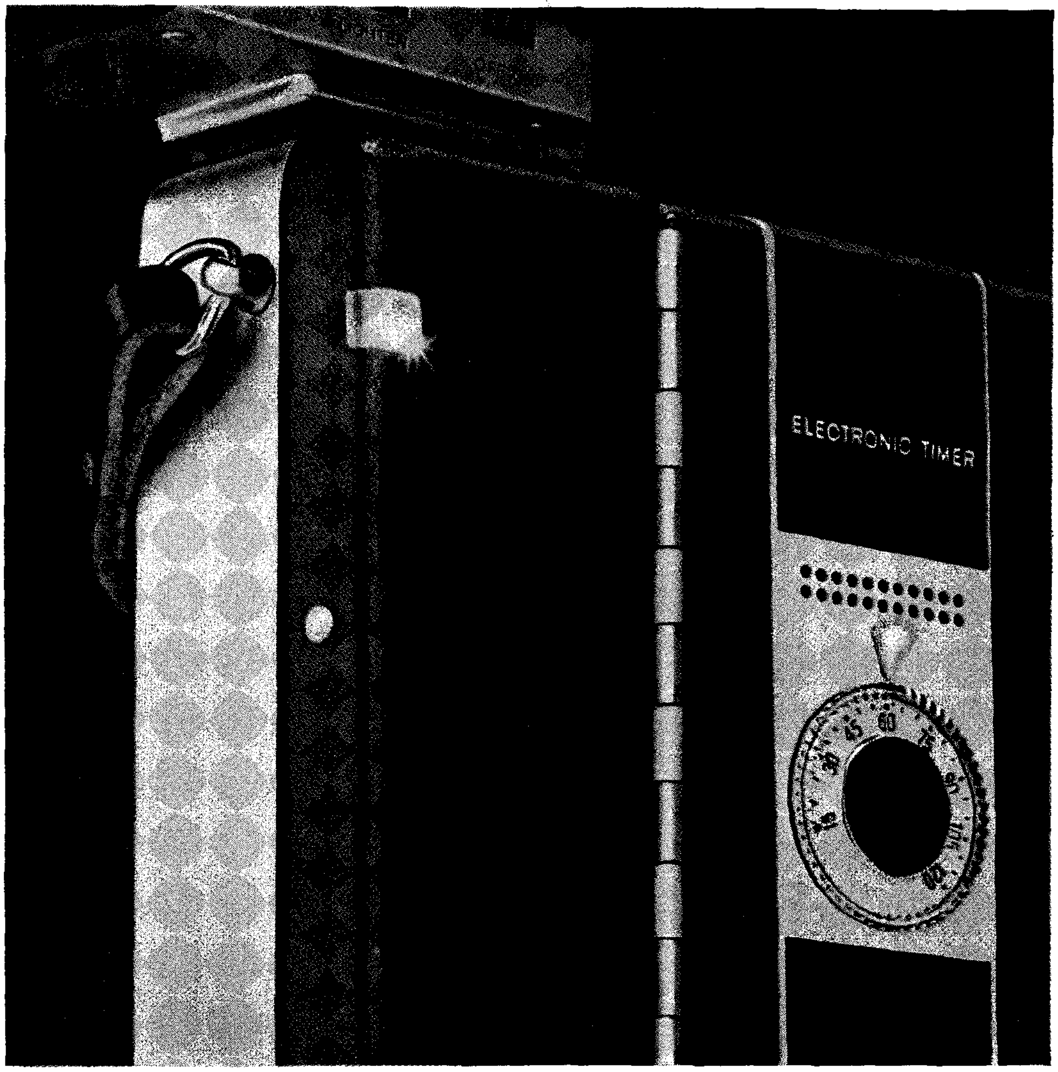

This remarkable all-electronic camera even sounds off the instant your picture is ready, to make sure it's perfectly developed.

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Keep shooting. After you've taken 5 film packs (40 shots), you place the electronic strobe in its charger unit and plug it into the wall. It recharges itself automatically.

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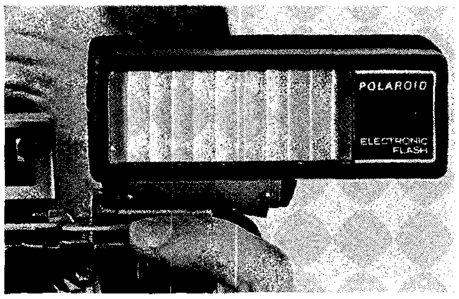

As you focus, louvers adjust automatically to insure correct light intensity.

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timer beeeeeeps.

hand jiggles, you don't have to worry. The pictures are always razor sharp.

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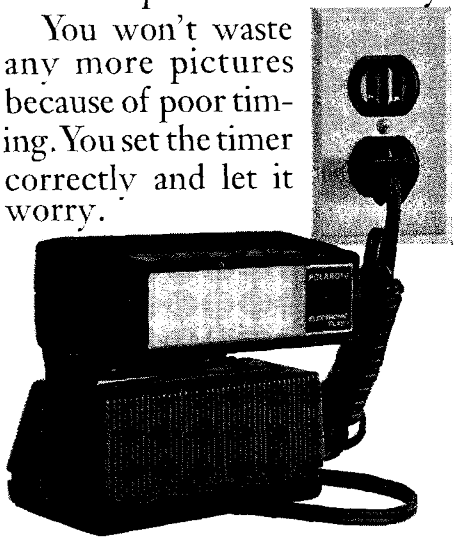
1/1000th of a second exposure makes possible spontaneous flash pictures.

Plug it in for an hour, it's recharged. When you're not using it, just keep the flash unit plugged in, like your electric toothbrush.

Best of all, The 360 gives you the freedom to shoot when the moment is right.

You'll get perfectly exposed shots, indoors or out. This remarkable strobe light is particularly kind to flesh tones. Outdoors, the sophisticated electric eye and electronic shutter system will read the light and set the exposure automatically.

You won't waste any more pictures because of poor timing. You set the timer correctly and let it worry.



No flashbulbs ever. Electronic flash shoots up to 40 pictures, recharges on house current.

One fascinating feature will give you an inkling of the ingenuity that went into this camera. In the timer, the shutter and the flash unit are circuits containing transistors, resistors, and other electronic components. Each would normally fill a space as large as a deck of cards. In The 360, they have been reduced to tiny chips of plastic-covered silicon less than 1/32 of an inch square, about the width of a pencil point.

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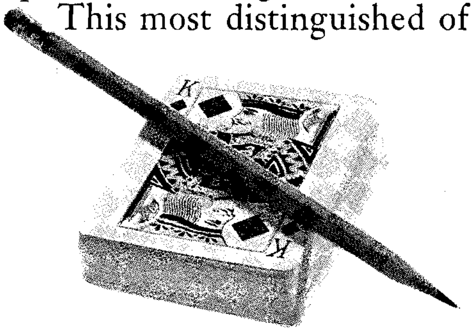

Electronic circuits reduced from the size of a pack of cards to the size of a pencil point.

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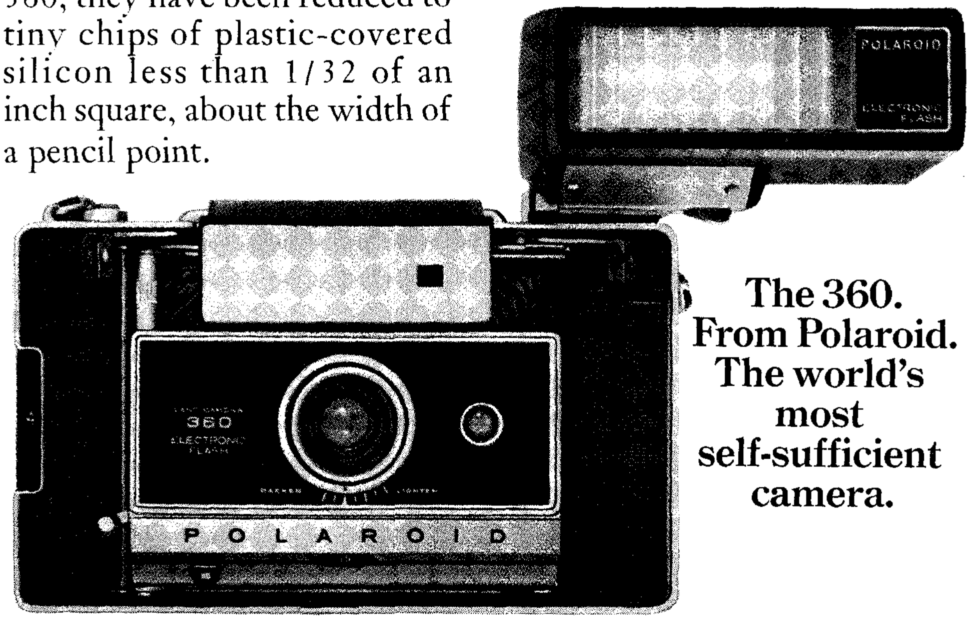

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Name ____________ Address ____________ City ____________ State ____________ Zip ________ most Biafrans can get), one pound. The salary of a soldier or a beginning civil servant is fifteen pounds a month. A woman was preoccupied with keeping her entire wares, four minuscule bush snails, from crawling away. No one was buying anything but *garri*, and very little of that. Suddenly, a shrieking, giggling band of eleven young men and three boys passed through the market, as though carried away by some enervating, mocking joke. These were some of the "artillery cases" one sees all over Biafra—people claiming some local variant of shell shock, and travelling always in packs. They were treated by other citizens with a kind of care (three at Owerri market were given a melon seed or a nut, which sent them into screams of laughter again), but medical comments about them vary. Dr. Fabian Udekwu, head surgeon at a hospital in Emekuku, insists that their disorder is genuine. "The reason their voices are so shrill is that their hearing is impaired," he said. A young military matron at the Armed Forces Hospital in Nkwerri was less sympathetic. "They are putting it on," she said. Most of the artillery cases are treated at a psychiatric hospital in Ekwereazu. It takes about two months to cure the symptoms.

At nine-thirty Sunday morning, in a bullet-scarred bungalow of what was once the Advanced Teachers' Training College in Owerri (Owerri, fifteen miles from the front, was taken by Nigerian forces last September, retaken by Biafra in April; it is now Biafra's provisional capital), I asked Elizabeth Etuk, who is in her twenties, chairman of the Biafra Youth Front, and a member of the Ibibio, a minority tribe, how many times she had been a refugee since she fled from Lagos just before the war. She began to count. "Mark you," she said, "I'm now in a village I never heard of before." Miss Etuk, who received her doctorate in child psychology from Columbia University in 1967, gave up her study of "the intellectual development of our children" (almost all Biafran schools have been closed since the crisis) to form the Youth Front, which so far consists of a few thousand young people in about fifty villages, who administer feedings ("lunch, when there was a lunch"), catch lizards, sausage flies, and snails by night for their protein content, process cassava into *garri*, allot the little salt that is brought in by relief flights, perform and compose songs for the refugee camps, and organize play groups for the children who are not

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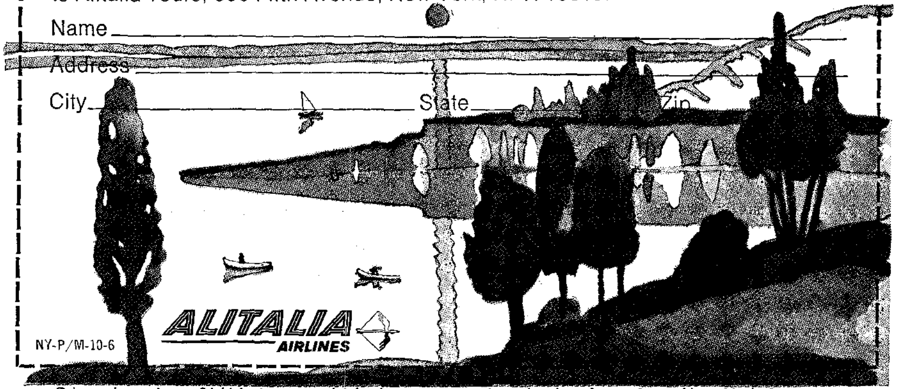

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too weak with misery or kwashiorkor. "They always play war games," she said earnestly. "Nobody wants to play the Nigerians. Sometimes the play is violent. It is the strain." She became very cheerful about the new Biafran songs that mix local languages. "The crisis has mixed the country up," she said. "You find refugees shouting when they hear their language, then other refugees in the same camp shouting when they hear their own." Her youth group has brought back some traditional dances that were beginning to die off. "Before the crisis, you know, some of us were very worried," she said. "We knew how to dance the waltz." I asked her whether women had always had much influence in the Eastern Region, and she became quite grimly militant. She described the Ibo women's part in the 1929 riots, and a more recent protest. "A committee went to His Excellency," she said, referring to Ojukwu. "And they told him, '*We* are the ones who have lost children. We are the ones who have lost husbands. We are the ones who lost our homes. Some of us are too old to have children again. Ojukwu, give us guns!' When the women start these things, the men know they are not joking. But they were very adamant. They said it had not come to that." A friend tried to distract her with a joke about soups from the Ibibio area of Biafra, and she laughingly told him that, since the population mixup, Ibos would have to acknowledge that Ibibio soups were the best.

At lunchtime, Miss Etuk and her friend having refused to stay, I cooked some canned soup over a kerosene stove in my bungalow in Owerri and then went to a building called the Overseas Press Service, where it turned out two French journalists, who were about to leave Biafra, had run out of food. They ate in the press cafeteria. The menu, headed "Progress Hotel Umuahia" (Umuahia was captured in April by Nigeria) and restamped "Owerri": Boiled Yam, Mixed Vegetables (apparently a kind of grass), Sliced Pineapple (a quarter of a single slice per guest).

Sunday afternoon, at the Victoria Palace Hotel, a palm-wine bar (Biafra is full of palm-wine bars called, and sometimes serving as, hotels: Hotel de Gabon, Hotel de Tanzania, Hotel de Haiti, Hotel DeGaulle, Hotel Tranquillity), the palm wine, a mildly alcoholic drink with the taste of oiled lemonade, had run out. There was still Biafra Gin, Biafra Sherry, and Biafra Stout Beer (one half bottle, seven

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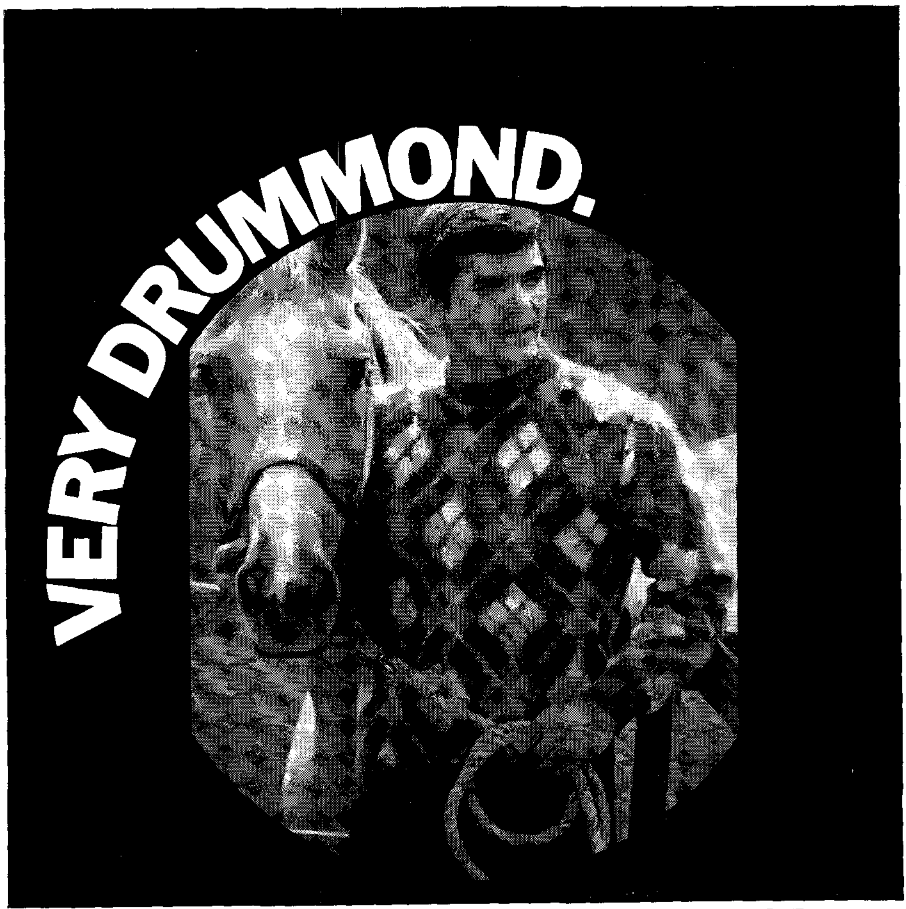
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pounds). The place was filled with soldiers, in uniform and armed with pistols made in France. There were also a few civilian women and some artillery cases, who swarmed around the soldiers without shrieking and yet seemed to embarrass them. The aging proprietor of the Victoria Palace said that he had begun, in pre-crisis times, by trading salt, soap, and shoes to accumulate money to buy his hotel but that the "vandals" had looted his hotel when Owerri was disrupted. Vandals is the almost universal word in Biafra for Nigerians.

Just after dark on Sunday, in the house of N. U. Akpan, who is Chief Secretary to the Military Government, head of the Biafran civil service, a Presbyterian elder, and a member of the minority Ibibio tribe, the lights went out. The water in Owerri had been shut off some time before. Kerosene lamps were brought in. It was cold, and the rain outside looked bleak. I asked Mr. Akpan whether anyone in Biafra advocated simply giving up. (These questions always seemed to me awful, but Biafrans seemed to mind if they were not asked. Women at markets looked worried if notes were not made of every answer; and one is asked everywhere in Biafra to sign a guestbook, as though simply writing things down—names, comments—would someday give evidence that there had been a Biafra at all.) "If you said that," Mr. Akpan said quietly about giving in, "you would be beaten up. If I said it, I would be lynched." I asked what the politics of Biafra, whose enemy had been armed after all by both the Russians and the British, might be after the war, and Mr. Akpan said it would be unaligned in terms of ideology. "Only let us be unaligned," he said. "Let us look inward." He paused a long time in the near darkness. "The West brought us good tidings, but it wouldn't let us expand on them. Now we are suffering this strange mercy killing at the hands of the British, and it has brought out qualities we did not know we had. Nigeria, you see, has mortgaged its future to the Soviet Union, but we would wish after the crisis that they would be stable. We wouldn't wish a confused and unstable neighbor." He paused again. "Mark you," he said, "when Nixon was campaigning, Nigeria became jittery." When I asked whether de Gaulle's expression of sympathy might have been a case of enlightened self-interest, he denied it vigorously. "France spoke for us when we had lost the oil, when we were nearly finished," he said. "Some of us,

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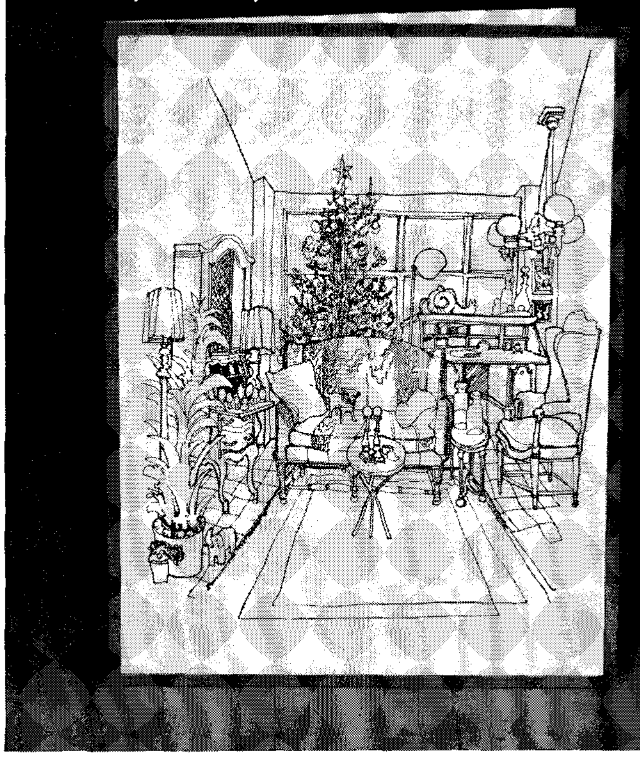

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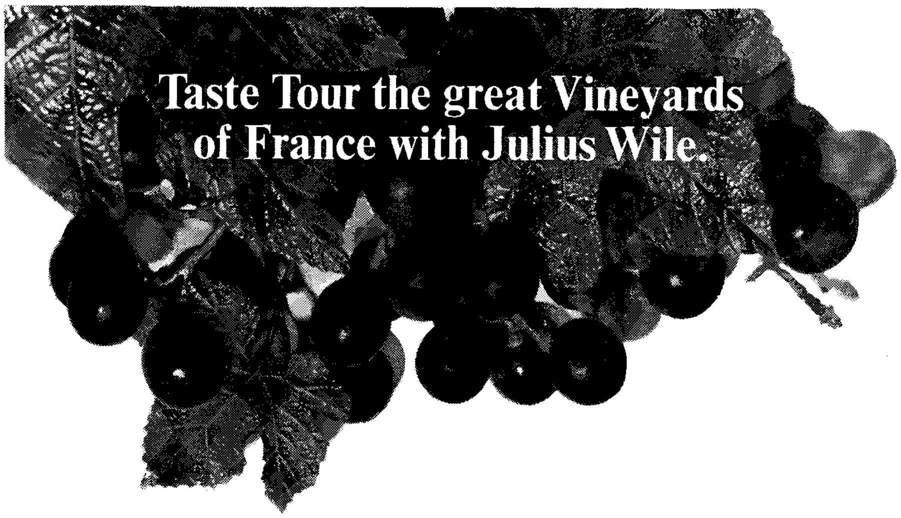
you see, thought last September was the end. But here we are."

At the dinner hour on Sunday, I again saw Elizabeth Etuk, with Austin Ogwumba (head of Biafran Security), Dr. Pius Okigbo (a Biafran economist, and former representative of Nigeria to the European Common Market), and some other guests, at the home of Godwin A. Onyegbula, the former Nigerian Chargé d'Affaires in Washington, now Permanent Secretary of the Biafran Ministry of Foreign Affairs and Commonwealth Relations. (The word "Commonwealth" in the title of Mr. Onyegbula, who is essentially the Biafran Foreign Minister, dates from a time when Biafrans still had hopes for the British, but it now refers only to "the commonwealth of nations.") I asked whether Biafrans felt comfortable with recognition by, of all nations, Haiti. (François Duvalier went to school with several young Ibos in Michigan, long before he became Papa Doc, when he was still a young liberal medical student.) Mr. Onyegbula laughed, averted his eyes, and entered that tangle of reasoning with which Biafrans express their loyalty to any of the strange partners with whom they now find themselves. "Well, you know, when Haiti recognized us, I began to doubt all the things I had ever heard about it," he said. "I have never been there myself, but, you see, Haiti was, after all, the world's first black republic. Perhaps when your brother is suffering you have a telepathic experience." Mr. Onyegbula seemed relieved to let the subject drop. Conversation turned to the failure of Biafra to capture the imagination of black Americans. "Yes, yes," Dr. Okigbo said. "How can we get to them?" The guests began a very informed discussion about American black leadership, and whether it might be better to have the support of Mrs. Martin Luther King, Julian Bond, and Jesse Jackson or to enlist the "crisis mentality" of black radicals, who now seem to seek their identity with the descendants of Muslim slave traders—most recently at the Pan-African cultural conference in Algiers. "It doesn't matter," Dr. Okigbo said, laughing. "After all, we are all on the same train without a ticket."

Late Sunday night, a Biafran rock group called the Fractions, who had brought their own generator for their guitars and against the darkness, were playing to a very crowded dance floor in the hall of the Advanced Teachers' Training College. Most of the young people were dancing Western style, some were doing the Highlife, and a few were discussing the news of Dr. Azikiwe's defection in Lagos. "In war, you always have Lord Hawhaw," a bearded young man said. "It doesn't reflect the core, the generality of opinion." Many of the dancers were soldiers. Two were solemn workers from Caritas. After the dance, on the Owerri-Orlu road, in a rain that seemed almost total, among the trekkers, almost all of whom were barefoot and shivering, and many of whom were naked children carrying basins or articles of furniture on their heads, a little boy put a large machete on top of his head to free his hands to rub his eyes. The driver of a State House car, who had already nearly hit a goat and a chicken, nearly ran him down.

ON Monday, at 9 A.M., in Owerri, the High Court of Biafra was in session, in what was once a school, under Chief Justice Sir Louis Mbanefo, a former judge of the World Court, who, in 1962, as an Ibo justice in Nigeria, had reduced the sentence, for treason, of Chief Anthony Enahoro, whom he faced again last year in unsuccessful negotiations for peace in Biafra. All the judges and attorneys wore black robes and curled, yellowing wigs. On the table nearest the attorneys was a gray volume, "Reports of the High Court of the Federal Territory of Lagos." The steps by which messengers climbed to the justices' bench consisted of rusted mortar containers, still marked "Explosives UK." On the docket was an appeal of a sentence of murder (Chief Amagwara Achonye v. the State), but the case under discussion was a complicated one, which had already passed through native and higher courts, concerning the right of a man to build on the communal land of his family. The appellant had been in possession of the land since 1921, planted fruit trees, and constructed a fence, but there were legal issues that entailed a distinction between "possession" and "ownership," and also issues of tribal law, which elicited phrases like "By native custom, My Lord, a man may not build on the ruins of his father's house unless the line has become extinct" and "If a man should have a house, My Lord, and what is commonly called a yard . . ." The appellant and members of his family were in attendance, but silent. At one point, Justice Mbanefo asked one of the attorneys, a bearded young man with a severe cold and with thumbprints on his glasses, whether the case might be adjourned until Wednesday. "I don't know, My Lord," he replied. "I have to come all



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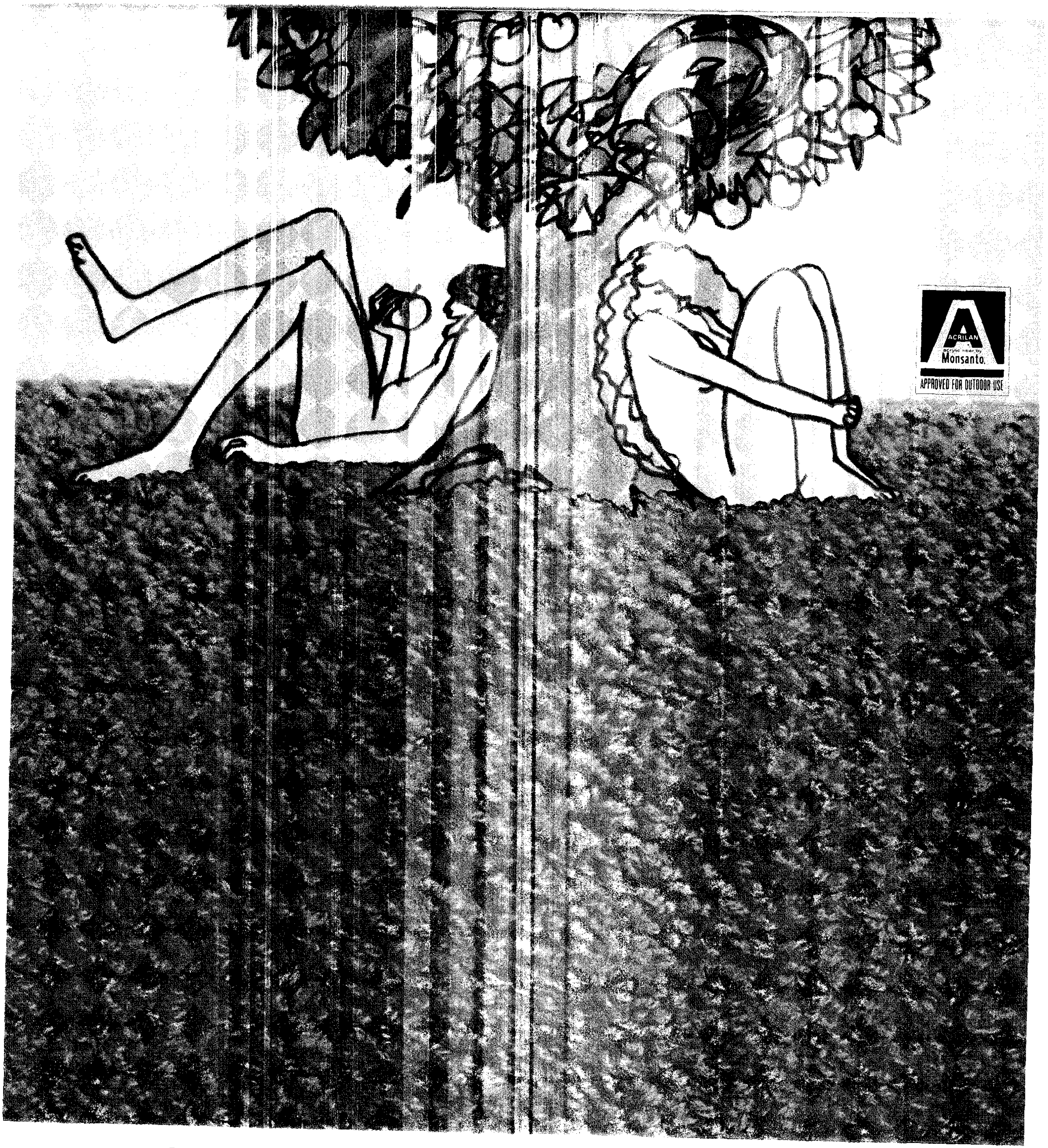
the way from Ihiala for these appeals. The problem of transportation will be—that is, unless my learned friend can . . ." Finally, the court did adjourn. An usher cried, "Court!" Everyone rose, and the justices left the room.

Later, in his office, in what had once been a little classroom, the Chief Justice remarked that the case should have been tried in 1967, "but the land in question, you see, was disturbed until now. So the matter of ownership was for some time academic." I asked Justice Mbanefo about the accommodation of British and native law. "We are still in the process of sorting it out," he said. "Mark you, the native courts consist of local men of impeccable integrity. We would not reverse the ruling of the customary courts unless it was patently against good conscience, equity, and justice." I asked Justice Mbanefo about the strange history of his two encounters with Chief Enahoro of Nigeria. "Ah, you see, under other circumstances it might have been different," he said, and he pointed out that a brother of Chief Enahoro is now in exile in Norway, where he makes fervent speeches on behalf of Biafra. "Mind you," he said, "only yesterday one of my own nephews, who was commanding a company, found some supplies left by Nigerian forces in retreat. Some of the company drank the beer left behind, and it was full of arsenic. Four men are dead. It is tragic, the loss of life. I don't think the British are acting in this out of a desire to see Biafrans killed. They are like all good imperialists. Human lives don't matter. Political expediency—this, I think, is really behind it." Mr. Onyegbula came in to ask Justice Mbanefo, who is also an official of the Biafran Petroleum Commission, for an allotment of fuel for the Foreign Ministry. Justice Mbanefo could only give him half of what he asked. "I believe the Nigerian soldiers are fighting for the spoils," the Justice said quietly. "You see, our refugees leave everything behind. We are fighting for our homes. With us, oil was never an issue. But now, of course"—he paused and nodded to himself several times—"you cannot ignore it."

On Monday afternoon, Chinua Achebe, a Biafran novelist (author of "Things Fall Apart" and "No Longer at Ease"), arrived in Owerri several hours late for an appointment because of a broken axle on the road from Oguta, where, having been five times a refugee from a series of disturbed areas, he now lives. Mr. Achebe is chairman of the Biafra National Guid-



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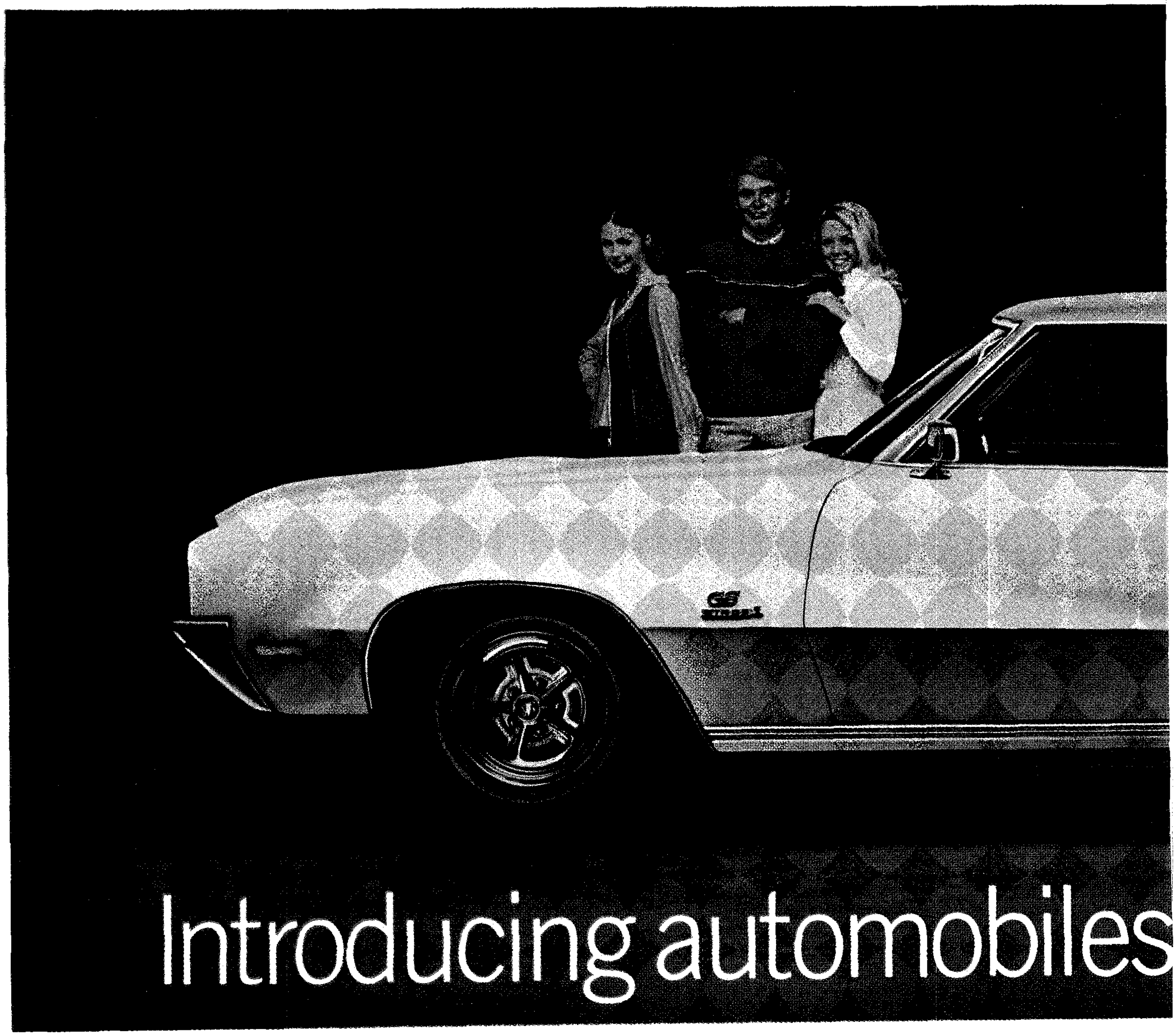

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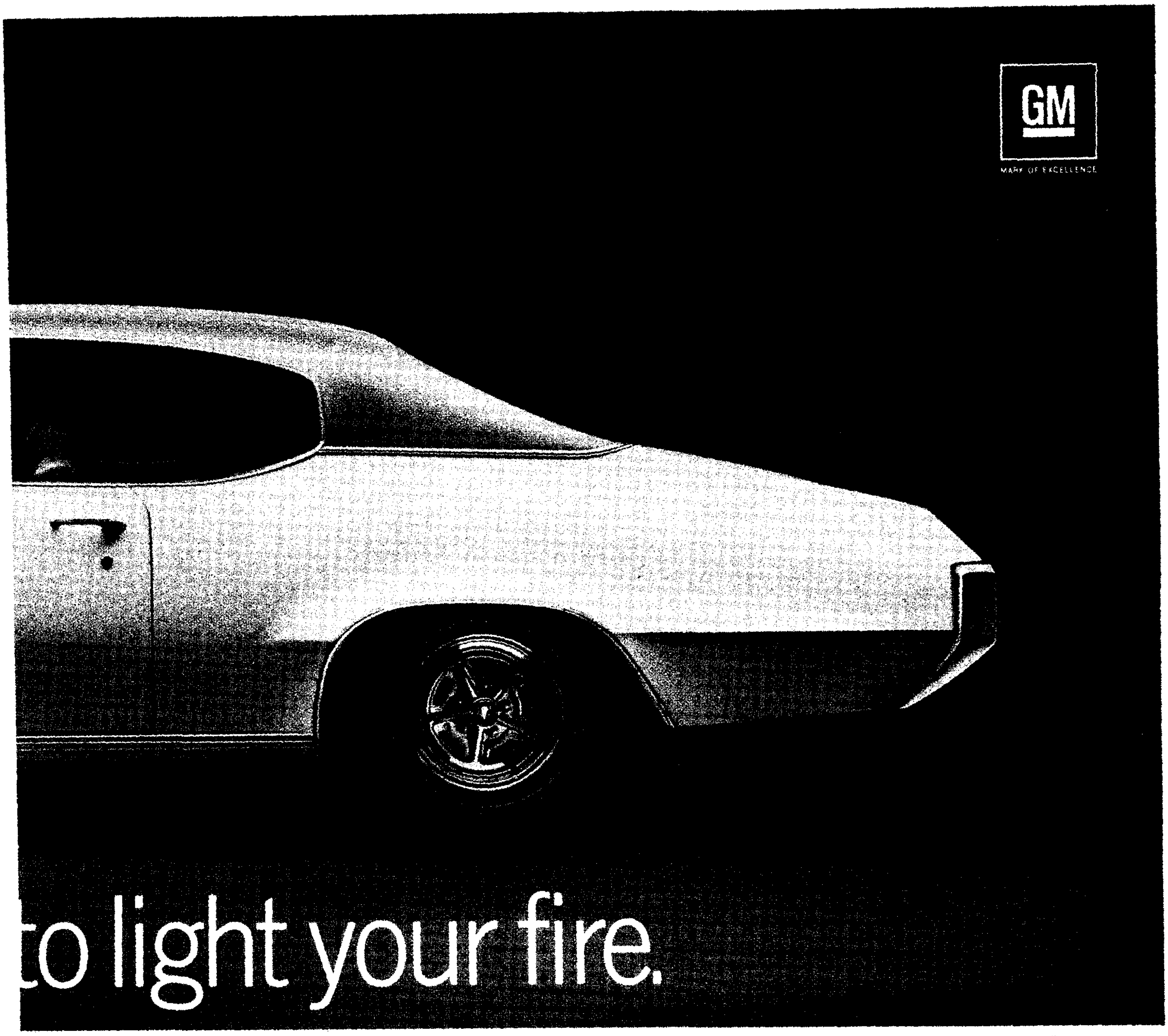

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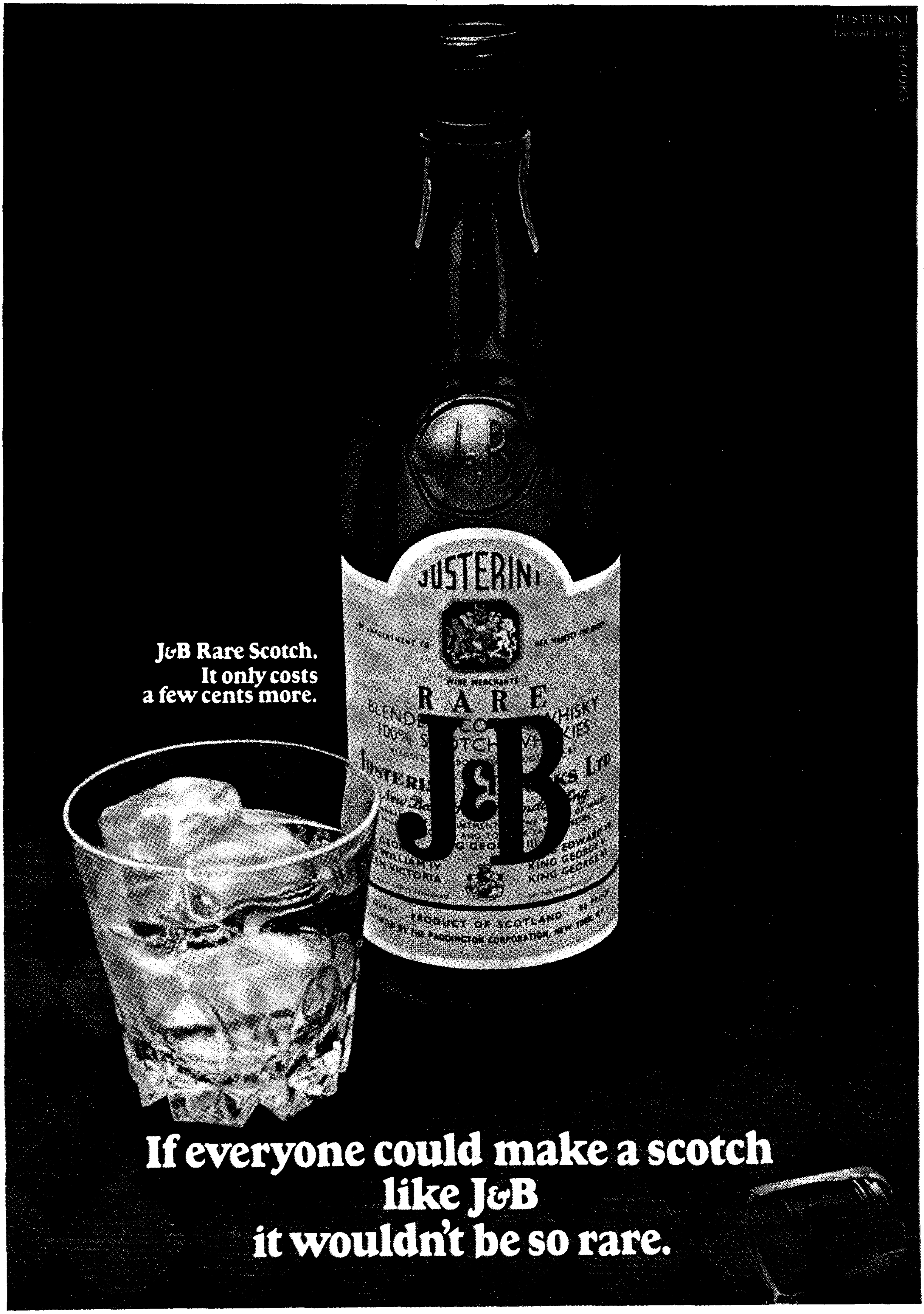
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ance Committee, a group of Biafran intellectuals who go out and interview the people in the countryside to keep the government in touch with what the people are saying. Ordinary Biafrans speak freely of the Guidance Committee, and freely register their grievances at its meetings, but the government (presumably for fear the committee might acquire an image of repressive interrogation) is extremely reticent about it. The sun was out briefly in Owerri. I asked Mr. Achebe, whose novels are preoccupied with problems of the modern breakdown in Ibo tradition, about Ibo relations with the minority tribes—the Efiks, Ibibios, Ijaws, Annangs, Ogojas, and Cross River people (most of them Christians)—who comprise a bit less than half of Biafra's population and about half of the Consultative Assembly of Chiefs and Elders. The Assembly consists of ten men, six elected and four appointed by the government, from each of the more than thirty districts of pre-crisis Biafra, and it includes, among representatives of labor, business, professional, and women's groups, such local elders as the Amanyanagbo of Kalabari, the Amanyanagbo of Bonny, Chief J. Mpi of Ikwerre, Douglas Colonel Jaja of Opobo, the Obi of Onitsha, Uyo Clan Head of Okwu Itu-Itam, the Onyiba Enyi of Ohaozara in Abakaliki, and the ninth Eze Dara of Uli. Members of Eastern minority tribes have often been killed along with Ibos, and many of the minorities who once chose to remain in disturbed areas and risk Nigerian occupation have since taken refuge in Biafra. General Ojukwu has frequently asked for a plebiscite, under international supervision, to determine the minority tribes' view of Biafran independence. "The crisis has now thrown everyone together," Mr. Achebe said. "It seems a very curious way to forge a nation."

On Monday evening, Patience Nwokedi, a twenty-two-year-old nurse in the Red Cross hospital at Awomama, hitchhiked the fifteen miles to Owerri to spend her one day off a week with her husband, Ralph, a twenty-eight-year-old civil servant, to whom she has been married for six months. (They were going to wait until after the crisis to marry, but after two years decided not to wait.) Mr. Nwokedi, who was educated at the Ibo university at Nsukka, used to write advertising for Federal Nigeria, which appeared in newspaper supplements abroad. In Biafra now, he supports his wife's mother, who was recently caught

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for some days in the bush behind enemy lines ("We are recuperating her," he said sadly), his own mother, his own sixty-six-year-old father and his stepmother and their five children (who live in Nimo, two miles from the front), and a friend, and five brothers and sisters who now all live in Mr. Nwokedi's two-room house with him. In good times, he can afford about a cup of *garri* per person per meal. He has four brothers in the Army who help. "For a young man not to have served in the Army, even if he is on essential services, is very painful to him," he said. "But without me my poor old dad would starve."

Ralph and Patience Nwokedi, who are Protestants, found a car for a visit to an old friend, Father Michael Conniff, at the Caritas mission for the Owerri diocese. Father Conniff, like most white men who have served in Biafra since the crisis, has a frantic, nearly crazed look about his bloodshot eyes. There are thirty-one parishes in the Owerri diocese. With the reduced relief flights, Caritas receives a shipment of food only every other night. "We don't know what we are getting," Father Conniff said. "Often we have to wonder, Is this worth dividing into thirty-one places? We cater for seven hospitals. The Red Cross used to cater for sixty-four. West German relief has fallen off ninety per cent since the Biafran Air Force bombed an oil installation in the Midwest. All day long we are worried by wounded soldiers. Now they have nothing to eat. What are we to do?"

I asked him whether the diocese feeds only Catholic children.

"We take every child that comes," he said miserably. "The only distinction is a special diet for the sicker ones." Three children had died in one of his sick bays the night before. Father Conniff patted a mongrel dog named Buster, fed on whatever leaks out of the burlap sacks of fish. "This is not a place everybody would want to come to," he said, in a voice that was by now cracking. "There are a lot of things to kind of scare a fellow from living here. When the area was retaken, there were a lot of bodies smelling. We buried them. Some of them were not pushed down too far. There's two in the yard, six under my window, one officer in the flower garden. The bush closed in. That brought mosquitoes bigger than fowl, rats, snakes. A lot of corpses are in this place."

I asked him what his prayers were like.

"More planes," he said vague-

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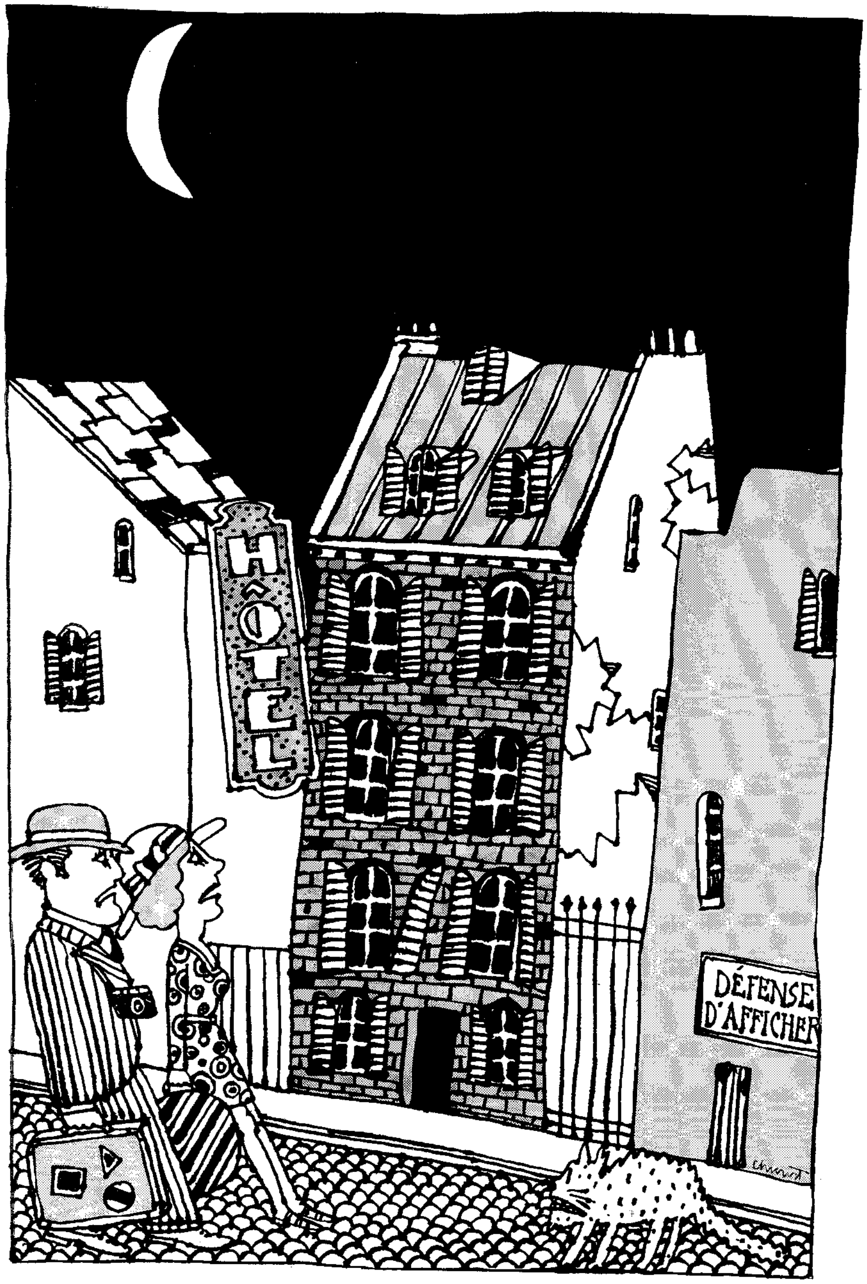

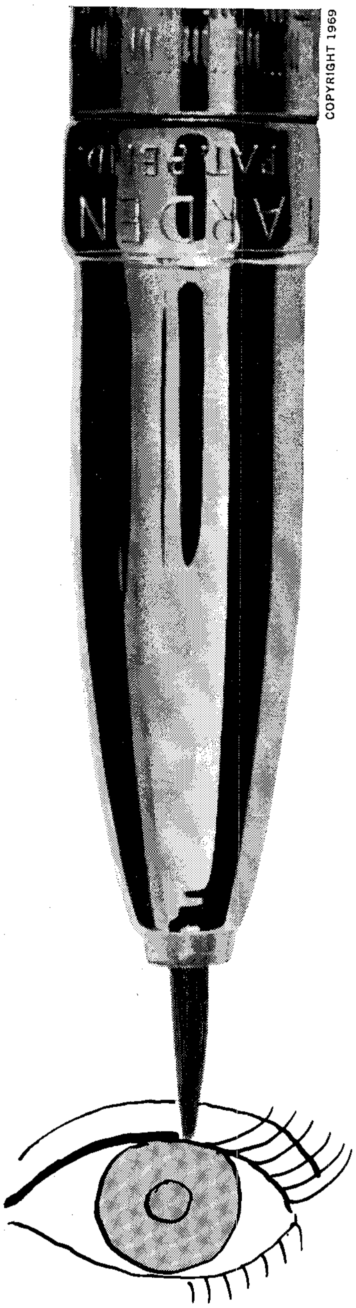

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ly. “More planes. Bigger planes. More planes.” Not far from the mission, there was still a billboard reading, “Pepsi, the Big One.”

Ralph Nwokedi’s father had trekked all the way from Nimo for a three-week visit to his son. He would also visit Ralph’s mother, twenty miles farther on. Although Christian, the elder Nwokedi is a polygamist. (“When my old mum thinks letter writing is not enough,” Ralph said, “she sends one of my younger sisters.”) The elder Nwokedi, a tall, distinguished man, with long bare feet and a long maroon robe over a faded collarless shirt, ceremoniously broke a kola nut for his family and guests, in their dark living room. Kola nuts are full of caffeine, and are supposed to make water drunk after them taste very sweet. The kola nut, about three inches long, broke into six natural pieces, and the elder Nwokedi sliced these into halves and passed them around. He said a prayer, and then everyone chewed, and drank water from the house’s only glass.

“When the first refugees come,” the elder Nwokedi said, “we begin to harbor them, begin petting them, say, ‘Be quiet, be quiet, peace will come.’ Now we have to break off, finished. If I am young, I should go inside the battlefield and fight. Now I see how I try to keep my household together. We take cover each time, and our hearts run each time. I was a big man, but now I shall never weigh ten stone again.” He was silent for a very long time. “When I become a Christian as a boy, I get a small book, and when I have children they should learn to read and write. The war breaks in and it turns my heart. It should be college now. Of all the time of my life, this is the misery.”

Later, at the dinner hour, in the house of Dr. Ifegwu Eke, Commissioner of Information (who studied at McGill and at Harvard, where he earned his doctorate in economics, with a dissertation entitled “Study of the Productivity of Water”), few of the guests showed up, because of the intensity of the rains. The conversation turned again to the defection of Dr. Azikiwe. “He was with us,” Dr. Eke said. “But when Aba, Owerri, and Okigwe fell in rapid succession, he didn’t want to come back.”

I asked Dr. Eke whether much was known about the history of the Biafran region before modern times, and he said that there was material for research in European libraries but that no one had had time to get at it yet. “I lost all my own manuscripts when Enugu was disrupted,” he said. “But Port Harcourt

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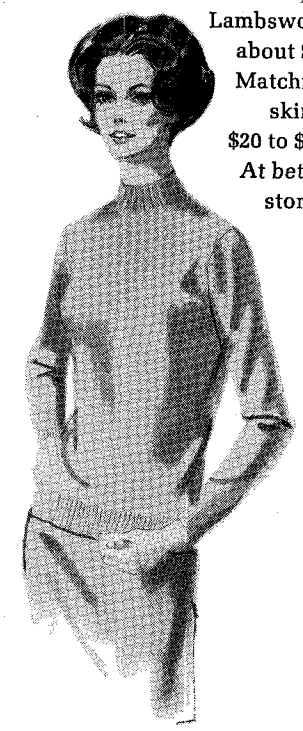

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was the saddest fall. People were weeping that they should leave a town they had so long defended. At the last minute, the roads were full, miles of nothing but people trekking."

I asked whether Biafrans heard much of the news outside Biafra, and he said that people listened anxiously to any available transistor radio, that it made them feel they belonged to the world. "Ask a small boy about the moon," Dr. Eke said. "He will rattle off everything." He spoke of the front. "In many places, the mud comes to your waist in the rainy season, so everybody stays where he is." I asked about Biafran guerrilla activity in disrupted areas, and he laughed. "Call it infiltration," he said. "But whatever it is, we are there."

I had been told by several Ibos that Dr. Eke's time in America had not been happy, but he did not speak of it. He only spoke rather skeptically of the Red Cross and starvation ("They always overestimate or underestimate," he said. "When they needed two million dollars, they said two million children would die by February") and of the general indifference of the world. "You know how it is with any tragedy," he said. "After the first two floods, contributions will decline. People will simply say, 'Why don't they move?' "

BEFORE dawn on Tuesday morning, a State House car, which had already nearly run over several hitchhikers on the road to Mbano who tried, with a kind of limp-wristed motion, to flag it down, picked up A. Kalada Hart, the young Biafran Secretary of the Ministry of Energy and Mineral Supplies. "I don't seem to have any now," he said. The day, for a change, was hot and not rainy, and at Angara Junction, of the Okigwe, Owerri, Umuahia, and Orlu roads, there were trekkers who looked particularly desolate. The driver looked rigidly at the road. "Sympathy is such a silly sentiment," he said. At a compound in Mbano, Dr. Bede Okigbo (younger brother of Dr. Pius Okigbo, the economist), who was once Dean of Agriculture at the University of Nsukka, who studied at Washington State University and Cornell, and who is now coördinator of a farming directorate called the Land Army, discussed the problem of raising poultry in the part of Biafra that is left. "First, we have to see how much maize there is," he said, without irony. "We must minimize the competition between human beings and poultry for the maize."

Each community in Biafra must

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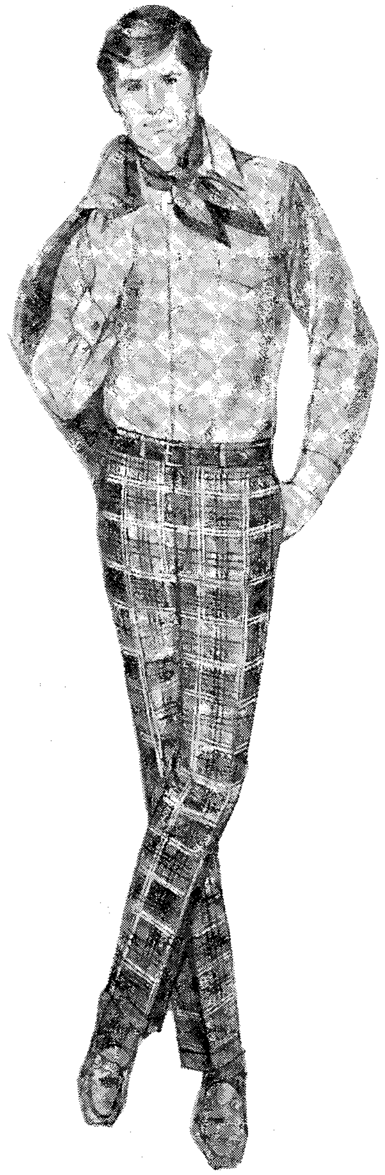

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now donate a piece of land for farming by the Land Army, and each member of the community must spend a day each week on the Land Army farm. Half the produce remains with the community; the other half must be sold to the government. Land under dispute in the courts is frozen until after the crisis, and planted. "Food scarcity here is not new," Dr. Okigbo said. "Before the war, there was often near famine. It is the soil, storage problems, and the insects."

I asked Dr. Okigbo how Biafran farmers reacted to the Land Army.

"The people are very individualistic," he said. "Each little farm used to grow a little of everything—twenty farms for twenty families. It is very hard to mechanize. First, we sent in boys to teach the local people, but the people were not much impressed. Now we are hoping to get them to ask for the experts." All the agriculture experts from Dr. Okigbo's faculty at Nsukka are now in the regular Army, except the wounded or people with administrative jobs, who now work on the land. Dr. Okigbo looked at a government memo datelined "Enugu Mbano." (Enugu, Biafra's first capital, was disrupted some time ago.) "We are studying plants which will not tempt people to eat the seedlings," he said. "We are studying the wild local vegetables for identification." A member of Dr. Okigbo's staff mentioned a soldier of the Madonna Commandos, who had volunteered to serve as a guinea pig for any vegetation the soldiers were afraid to try. (Biafran commandos, who are among the most respected Biafran soldiers at the front, travel along the roads in trucks with gray skull and crossbones on the windshields, quite unlike the more cheerfully decorated trucks other units travel in.) "We have learned we cannot establish targets for our farms," Dr. Okigbo said. "We have found our local pullets thrive better on less, on kitchen refuse, than imported pullets. But each time we plant, the enemy comes in. No matter how much target you establish, you see, you may not attain it."

On Tuesday afternoon, Moses Iloh, National Secretary of the Biafra Red Cross, sat in his headquarters in the bush at Abba, in a trailer with a broken wheel. "We have been disturbed so often," he said. "I don't see how we can move again." He spoke of people who had died from trekking, mothers who had miscarried, pneumonia, tuberculosis, malaria, orphans too young to know their names found with people moving in the bush. "And so many

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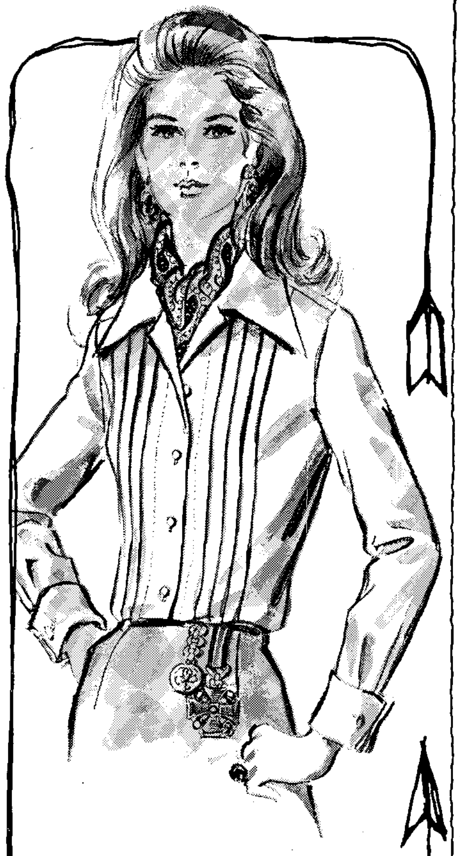

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have lost their minds," he said. "The worst time was last year—May, June, July, August, September. Now the kwashiorkor is beginning again. A child who has had this thing twice shrinks. There is the brain damage. Nobody speaks of the adults. We have lost a hundred thousand people over fifty-five from shortage of bulk carbohydrates. You cannot fly in bulk carbohydrates. What will happen when there is nobody to tell us of the past, nobody to inherit the future?"

Mr. Iloh and I went to a Red Cross orphanage near Abba, where about twenty children were sitting quietly on their beds, which consisted of metal frames and bamboo pallets, some covered with blankets, some not. The children were led outside under a frangipani tree, a baby was placed on the ground in the center, a nine-year-old girl put her hands together in an attitude of prayer, a five-year-old clung to the hand of a matron, and the children began to sing, to the tune of "O Du Lieber Augustin," "When we are together, together, together, when we are together, the happier we will be. On your face, on my face, on your face, on my face . . ." Suddenly, the children switched to a song in Ibo, and I asked what the words meant. "They are asking Gowon to stop killing them," Mr. Iloh said. The children switched to English again:

> "Solomon the king
> Solomon the judge
> Solomon the peacemaker"

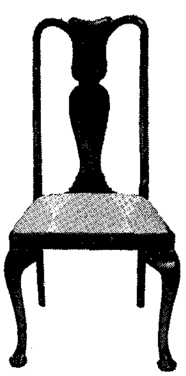
And then, very deliberately and grimly:

> "Solomon passes sentence."

Most of the children would stay at the orphanage. A few would be sent to Gabon for the duration of the crisis. Some would be sent to São Tomé, to be fed properly for a while, and then returned to Biafra. And Mr. Iloh, who had already adopted one in addition to his own two children, was about to adopt another. "It is wonderful, wonderful," he said. "You can't tell the difference."

We went on to a World Council of Churches sick bay at Isu. A naked child hunkered outside, with the swollen stomach and utter lassitude of kwashiorkor. Mr. Iloh gently pulled down its lower eyelid. The interior was dead white. "Almost a hundred-per-cent anemia," Mr. Iloh said. I asked him whether kwashiorkor children were in pain, and he said, "Not unless the liver is affected."

There were victims of kwashiorkor



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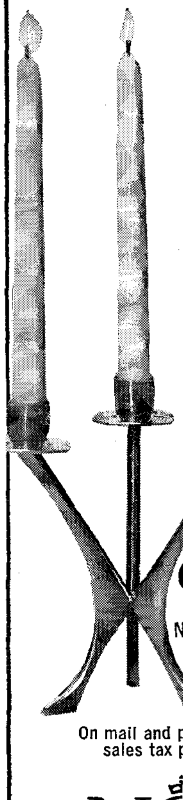

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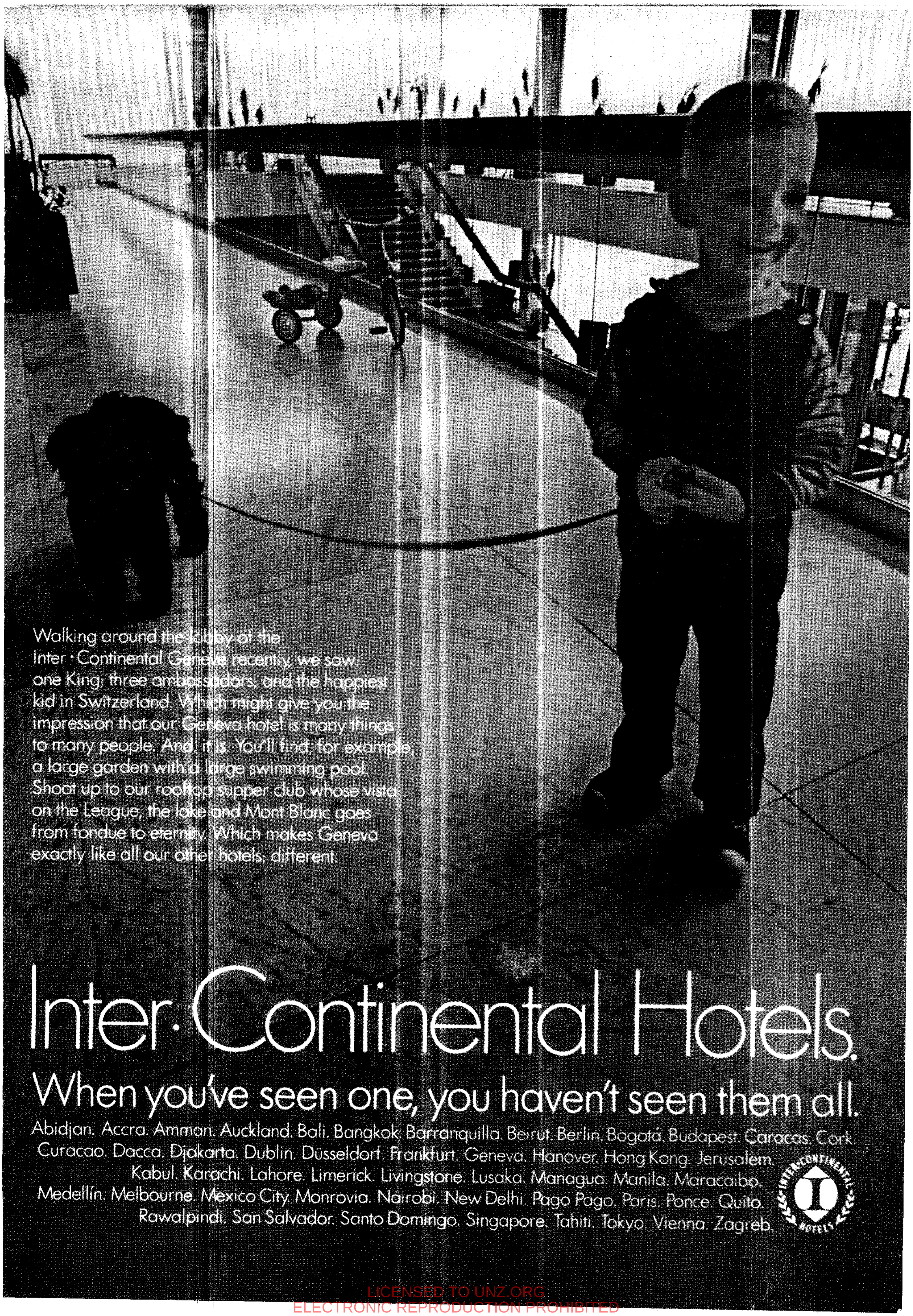

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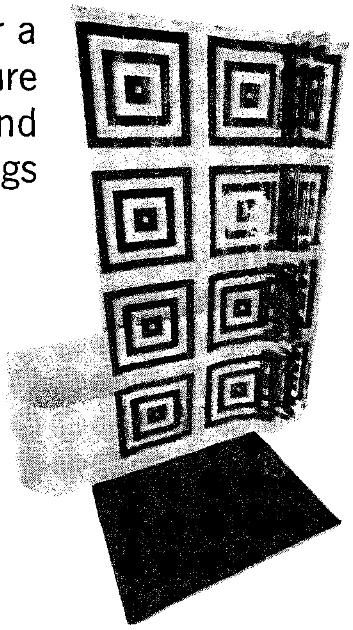

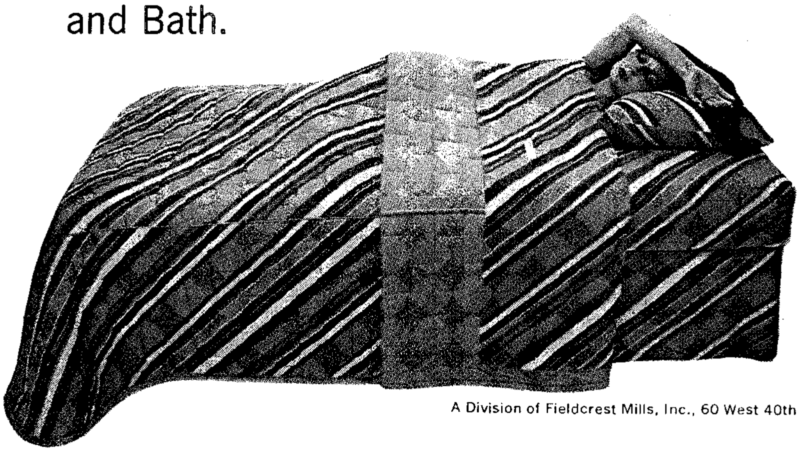

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and scabies, all with somehow intensely old-looking faces, on the beds and mats inside. The "severe" cases were separated, by a raffia partition, from the less severe, although I could not tell the difference. Some were coughing; some did not seem to have the energy. The matron, a young midwife, apologized that some beds had only one occupant. "We used to admit two in a bed," she said, "when we could feed them."

On the road to the Red Cross sick bay at Ezeoke, we passed St. Paul's parsonage of the Church Missionary Society, a thatched shop called the Live and Let Live Volkswagen House (empty), and another shop, which displayed one small wooden coffin. A notice was posted on the hospital wall: "On admission, girls on duty should find out the following facts: 1) If the child is an orphan; 2) If the child is motherless; 3) If the child is fatherless . . ." It was nap time, but the children, all of whom were dressed in clothes of the same material, were lying, sometimes two or three to a bed for companionship (there was a bed for every child), silent and wide awake.

A refugee camp nearby, in what had been the Holy Rosary School and Church Hall, had few occupants, although there were hundreds of pallets and bundles of personal belongings on the floor of a single room, with rain coming in through windows without panes. Most of the adult refugees were out looking for food. The ones who remained seemed to come from everywhere in Biafra. Some had moved more times than they could remember. On the wall, in chalk, there were still attendance figures for the last day of school, in 1967. Nobody seemed to know where the nearest children's feeding center was, except a girl from the local Red Cross detachment, her hair neatly tied in the nine longish pigtails one often sees in Biafra. "We gave out food yesterday," she said. "So there won't be any tomorrow."

On Tuesday evening, Dr. R. N. Onyemelukwe, who is Biafra's Chief Health Officer, spoke, in his car on the road to Emekuku, of his problems when the Biafrans retook Owerri. "Sanitation was a very formidable problem," he said thoughtfully. "It was all littered with corpses and night soil. The water supply, you may have noticed, was disrupted. All equipment was broken. All wires were cut. I think they were at war with science. I think they were at war with books." He said that the bush and the snakes had begun to close in, although he himself had not

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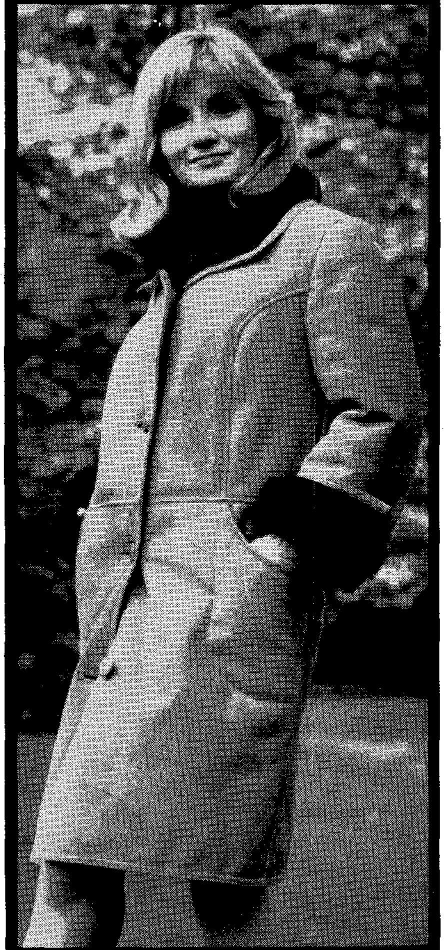

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yet seen a cobra. "Before the crisis, we were developing sanitation-consciousness in our people," he said. "We even anticipated problems of air pollution." He laughed. "Although, of course, the crisis has now reduced the number of vehicles." He spoke of burials, sewage, mass immunization. "There was not a single civilian living in Owerri when it was disrupted," he said. "I had one hundred workers, cleaning up. Of course, there was no market, so I had, ha-ha, to feed them. I imagine the population of night snails was depleted. In two weeks, Owerri was ready for the return of our civilians. Two white Red Cross workers, you know, were shot when Okigwe was disrupted. Every home has lost someone in this war."

Later that night, at the residence of Dr. Fabian Udekwu, head surgeon of the Teaching Hospital at Emekuku, a game of draughts, on a homemade board, was going on. A chair was littered with cartridge tapes—Bach, Mozart, Stravinsky. Dr. Udekwu, who studied at Johns Hopkins and did his residency at Cook County Hospital, in Chicago, had worked for a time in a hospital in Ibadan, in Western Nigeria, fled through the bush when a friend of his, another Ibo surgeon, nearly lost his hands in a massacre in 1965, returned for some months to Ibadan, and, after another outbreak of killings, returned at last to Biafra. Since then, he has moved several times, as areas were disrupted. "It is terrible, you know," he said, "to come home and keep on running." I asked a friend of Dr. Udekwu's how the mobs had recognized Ibos in the massacres, and the friend replied that they were better dressed and that there was a distinctive Ibo facial structure (Ibos, to me, looked very different from one another). Their names were also characteristically Ibo; to find Ibos in cars, Hausa colleagues often kept checklists of license numbers.

Dr. Udekwu took me on a quick tour of the Emekuku hospital, where six hundred patients, mostly wounded soldiers, lay in kerosene-lamp-lighted wards, on beds and on pallets on the floor. They greeted the doctor cheerfully as he pointed out the results of operations; a Steinmann pin, consisting of a sterilized nail through an injured limb, with a bag of pebbles for traction at the foot of the bed; a splint made of scrap metal and screws for bad fractures. "We are born to improvise," he said. Most of the patients at Emekuku arrive at night (it takes them about forty-six hours' travel from the

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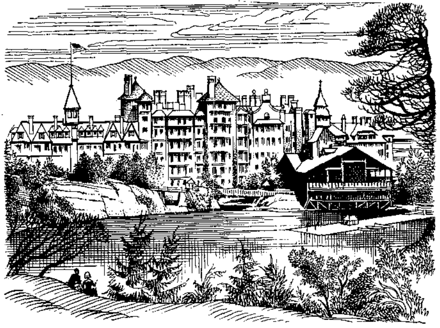

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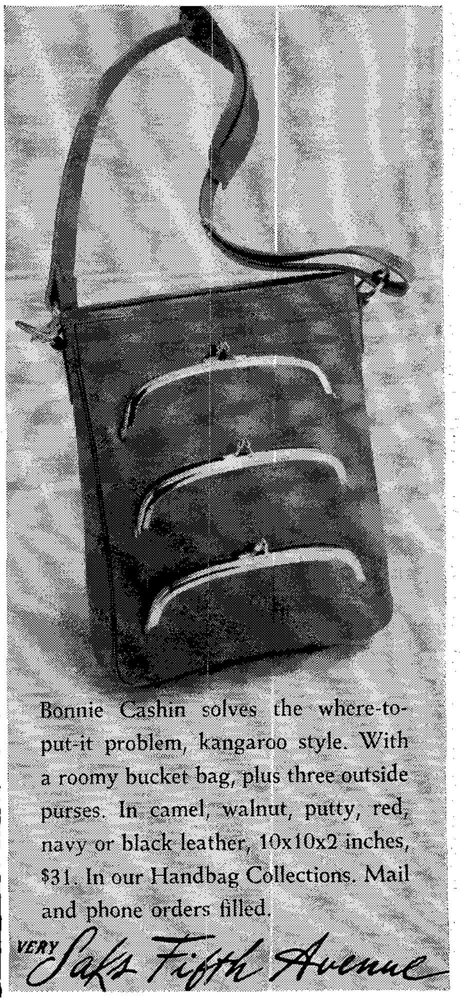

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farthest front), and the hospital's four senior surgeons and twenty doctors perform between fifty and a hundred operations a day. "We need plastic surgeons, orthopedists, neurosurgeons, pediatricians," Dr. Udekwu said absently. "Then, of course, there's no sense operating on them if we can't feed them. And storage and malnutrition of donors creates a problem with blood donations. But the worst are the victims of the white phosphorus bombs. Have you seen one? Some of them are still smoking on the operating table." He said that he was able to treat them with hydrogen peroxide, and that he hoped never to see war again.

At Dr. Udekwu's dinner table, with several guests—including Dr. Onyemelukwe; Dr. Anezi Okoro, a dermatologist turned surgeon; and Mrs. Bede Okigbo, wife of the head of the Land Army (Mrs. Okigbo is in charge of food at Emekuku)—Dr. Udekwu said, "Let us pray." Dinner consisted of vegetable *ukwa* soup (rich, somebody said, in sulphur-bearing amino acids), a paté called *moi-moi* ("Why do we call it *moi-moi*?" Dr. Okoro said. "That is the Yoruba word. The Ibo is *mai-mai*"), and chicken, the bones of which, even in the half-light, were picked very clean. Dr. Udekwu was worried about Biafran medical students whose education had been interrupted by the crisis. He favored rotating them for study abroad, in crash programs. "There are already eighty Biafran doctors abroad," he said. "But one must consider the over-all situation. Forty-five per cent of our population is under fifteen. We don't want to run the risk of losing our students. If we die, they can carry on." Dr. Udekwu began to talk about the work of the Biafra Relief Services, of New York, in resettling two Biafran leper colonies whose area had been disturbed. "The lepers are like the prisoners," he said cheerfully. "When an area is disrupted, they will flee and report to the next prison along the line."

After dinner, over glasses of palm wine, a young guest told a story of trying to get a job with Shell BP, the major oil company in the Eastern Region, before the war. He had been selected, out of hundreds of candidates, for one final interview. They asked him what he thought of Shell BP. He told them he thought the company was taking more out than it was putting into Nigeria. They did not hire him. (It seemed somehow characteristically Biafran to find this funny and surprising.) Dr. Udekwu began to talk about recent studies of starvation. "We used

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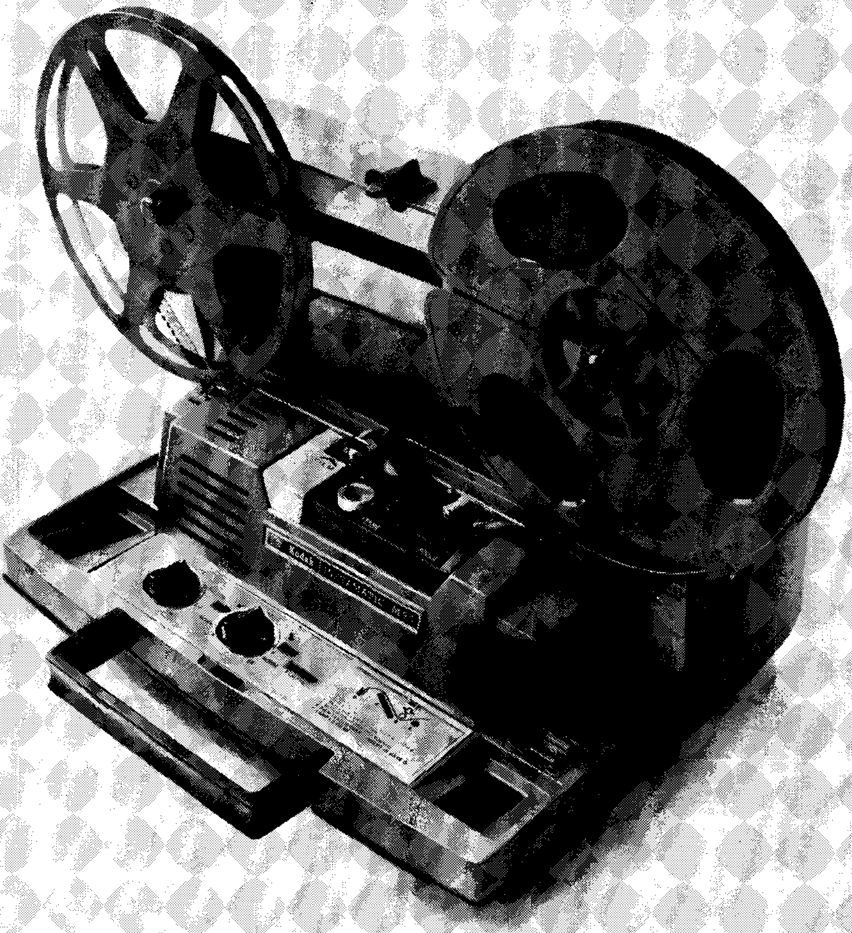

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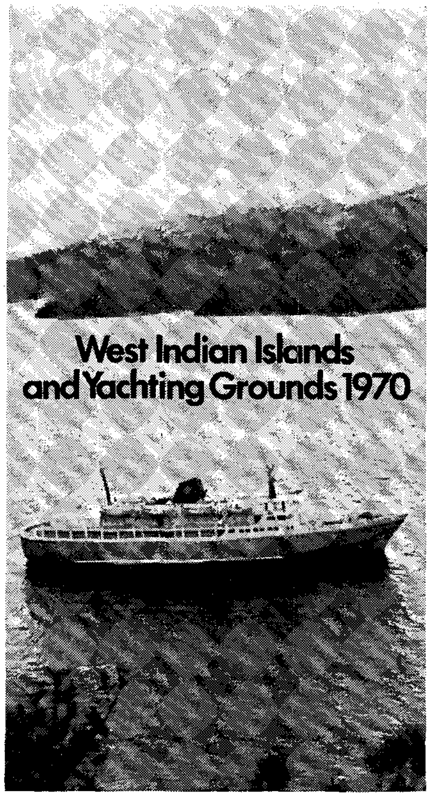

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to think that people lived for a while off their fatty tissue," he said. "But now we realize it attacks the vital organs. Brain damage, of course, is irreversible. Mercifully, the worst cases will pass on."

Dr. Onyemelukwe and Dr. Udekwu bantered a bit about peptic ulcers, and Dr. Okoro shyly brought out a sheaf of poems. The first line of the first poem was "It was high tide in casualty." Later, as his guests left, Dr. Udekwu said, "I hope you don't think we eat like this every night. I am embarrassed." His guests thanked him and said they were embarrassed, too.

On the drive back to Owerri, Dr. Onyemelukwe initiated a discussion of the new government recommendations for cooking cassava leaves. Plucking the leaves kills the tubers, which creates problems for the survival of cassava. Boiling the leaves, which are hairy, for only fifteen minutes, as recommended, conserves their vitamin content but does not quite eliminate the cyanide they contain. A dilemma. "Just watch a goat," Dr. Onyemelukwe said, as we passed one. "And whatever a goat eats, you won't die. Pluck it and eat it." Before going to his own home, the Chief Health Officer spent some time pushing a young man's *stalled car through the rain.*

I spent the rest of Tuesday night, with a flashlight, rereading Frederick Forsyth, and a report by some British anthropologists and diplomats familiar with the Eastern Region very quietly asking that the West reconsider its position on Biafra. I was scared in the dark, not of violence (I had not really seen any) or of disease (I had only a kind of muzzy cold from the rain) but of not being able to get out. I was convinced that there would be no planes, or no room for me on them. I became obsessed, like other journalists and Biafrans, with the question of the Telex. Biafra does have a radio connection with Gabon, and finally access to a real Telex in Geneva, but the insistence that there was one right *there*, in Biafra, was quite comprehensible in the dark, and seemed, by its own logic, to explain more serious questions: for example, censorship. There is, in effect, no censorship in Biafra, but Biafrans have to give some reason why journalists cannot bring their cables directly to the Telex office. They claim they must censor the cables, and then they simply radio them, altering perhaps a word or two, to Gabon. They prefer the idea of censorship to the idea that there is no wire, no solid link to the

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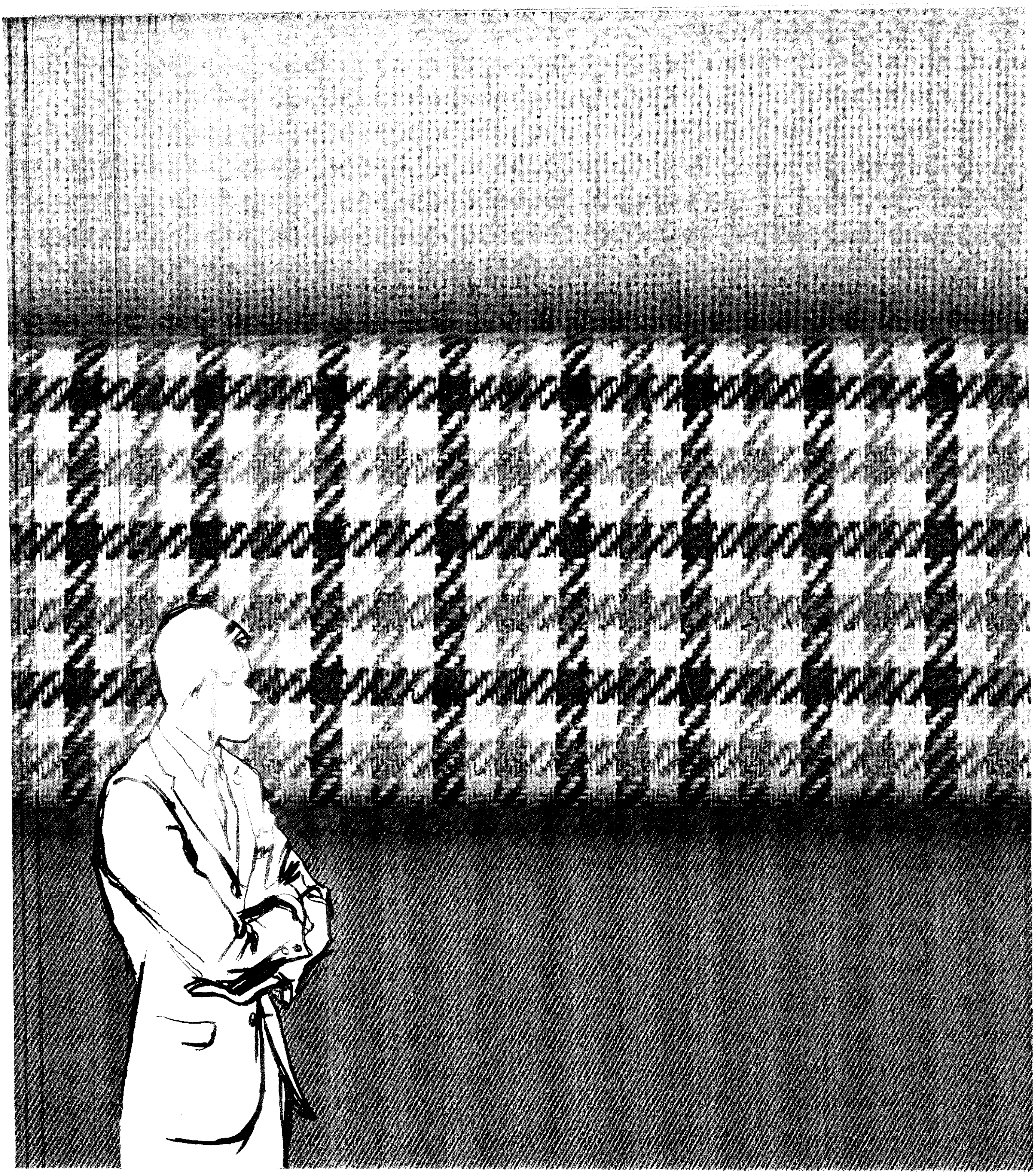

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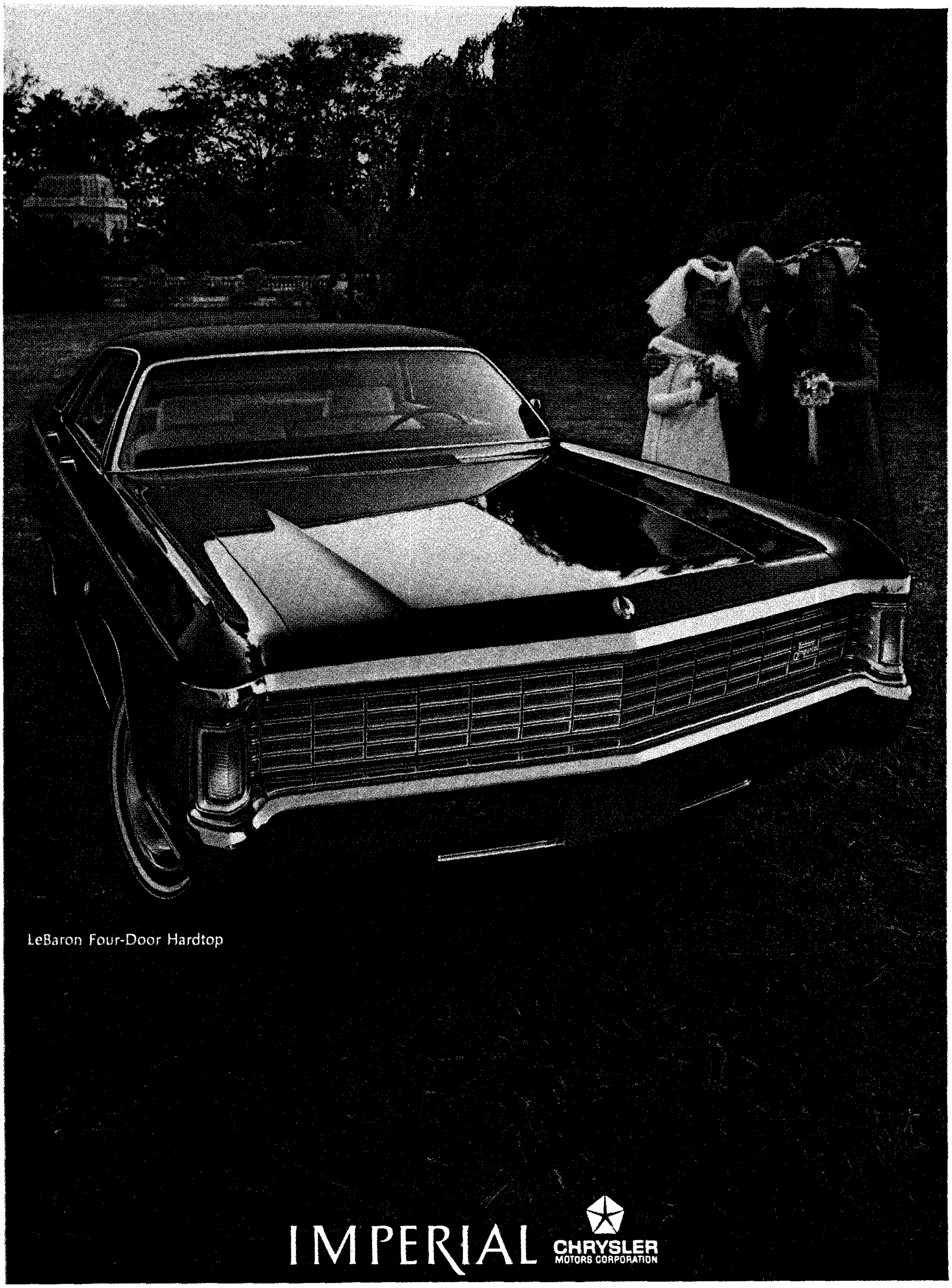
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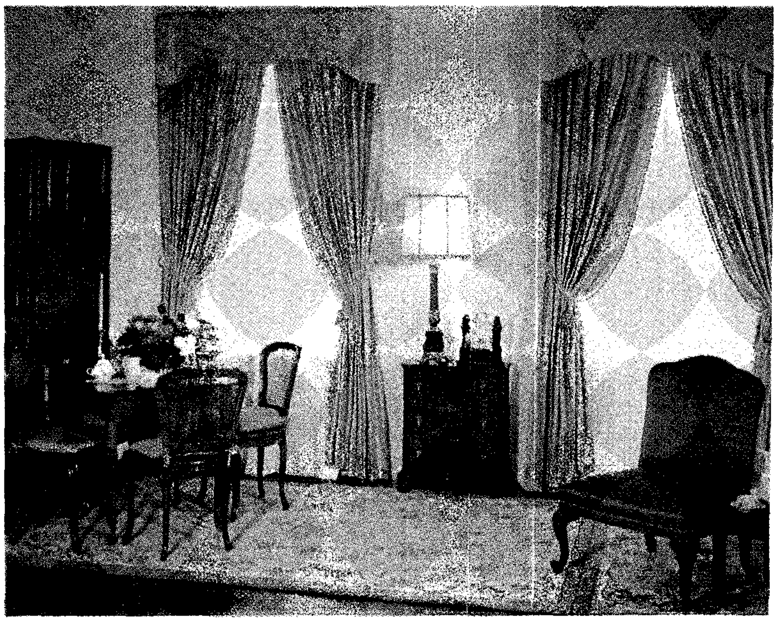

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world outside. So did I. One of the two other reporters left in Biafra that night (two weeks later, there were none), imagining that he heard a snake or a person rustling in his food, had thrown his jackknife, frightening himself more with the sound.

JUST before dawn on Wednesday, a small congregation was attending a Mass at St. Paul's in the village of Isu. After Mass, an elderly woman pressed something into the hands of Father Gerard Gogan, a white priest, with the characteristic vagueness and despair about his eyes. "What is this?" he said, apparently startled by being approached or spoken to at all. "It is a letter for you," she replied. "I will read it," he said, more calmly, and put it in his cassock. In a black kettle, over a very smoky fire in a little thatched hut, some workers were boiling ten stockfish to feed over a hundred children. A kettle of medicinal leaves was being boiled for an eighteen-year-old malaria victim who stood nearby.

A little later, in the office of Major General Philip Effiong, an Efik, who is Chief of the General Staff, at Defense Headquarters (a camouflaged location in the bush), a copy of "The Geneva Convention Relative to the Treatment of Prisoners of War" lay on the table. On the walls were pictures of the mangled victims of Nigerian bombing raids. A young government worker was talking intensely about the problems Biafra might face after independence. "It will be freedom won through blood," he said. "There will be this background of sorrow, violence, and hatred. What will be the expectations? There will be a second struggle, for order and the fundamental freedoms. Will the people say, 'Where is it, the goal?' Will they have the energy?"

General Effiong walked in, a humorous, most unmilitary-looking man. He went to a wall map, stuck with pins and wood slivers (round or square, orange, red, blue, pink) and gave a short briefing about the front. "Onitsha, active. Okigwe, off and on. Ikot Ekpene, changed hands half a dozen times. Umuahia, static, lots of raids by our guerrillas. At Onitsha, they are trying to break through to Nnewi, His Excellency's home town, but we are almost inside Onitsha to the Savoy Hotel. Port Harcourt, all these areas must begin to feel the pressure. Many of our men at the front are without boots, but when there are gaps we do go through. At the beginning, we had no artillery and no mortars, not a single piece. We had a few helicopters and our famous

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B-26 [an old plane, from which a mercenary pilot used to kick bombs through a door]. Mark you, between August and October last year we had our most precarious moment. The fall of Umuahia was very depressing. I think we revived very well. There is optimism, and not without reason. You know, they lost three thousand men on the road to Onitsha. I know they have suffered terribly. It is a colossal war," he said. "It is a very, very colossal war."

I asked General Effiong to what extent the Biafran Army has been forced to resort to conscription.

"In a war of this kind," he said, "our people don't like it. We tried it for three months and found we had to stop. Our people couldn't see the point."

I asked whether the recent lessening of air raids was due entirely to the weather. "This has been puzzling us for some time," he said. "Perhaps it is our little homemade rockets popping. And our Air Force has been up again, nothing to write home to Mummy about but quite a little baby."

General Effiong showed me some captured military weapons, British anti-tank guns used against people (Biafra has no tanks), Russian napalm, machine guns from countries all over Europe, and some marked "U.S. Gov't Property/Army." "If we fail, you see," General Effiong said, "then the black man in Africa is going to fail, and the minority man wherever he is. One would think we had done enough against all this to prove that we deserve to live."

At noon on Wednesday, in the Armed Forces Hospital at Nkwerre, which is run by Colonel Miller Jaja (who was once a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons in London, and who is a descendant of the Jaja of Opobo, who led a revolt against the slave trade in the early eighteen-sixties), Major Dennis Umeh, a thirty-one-year-old surgeon who enlisted in the Army on the day before the war, said the hospital had been twice strafed and bombed by MIGs. "We didn't complain," he said. "This is a military hospital." There are two thousand patients in the hospital, which was once St. Augustine's Grammar School, and five thousand more in a large complex across the road. The matron, Major Mary Onyejiaka, is a thirty-four-year-old nurse who once served in the Nigerian Army. She makes the rounds of the enormous complex twice a week.

"I happen to have had the luck to be in the first unit at Nsukka," Major Umeh said. "We got the wounded

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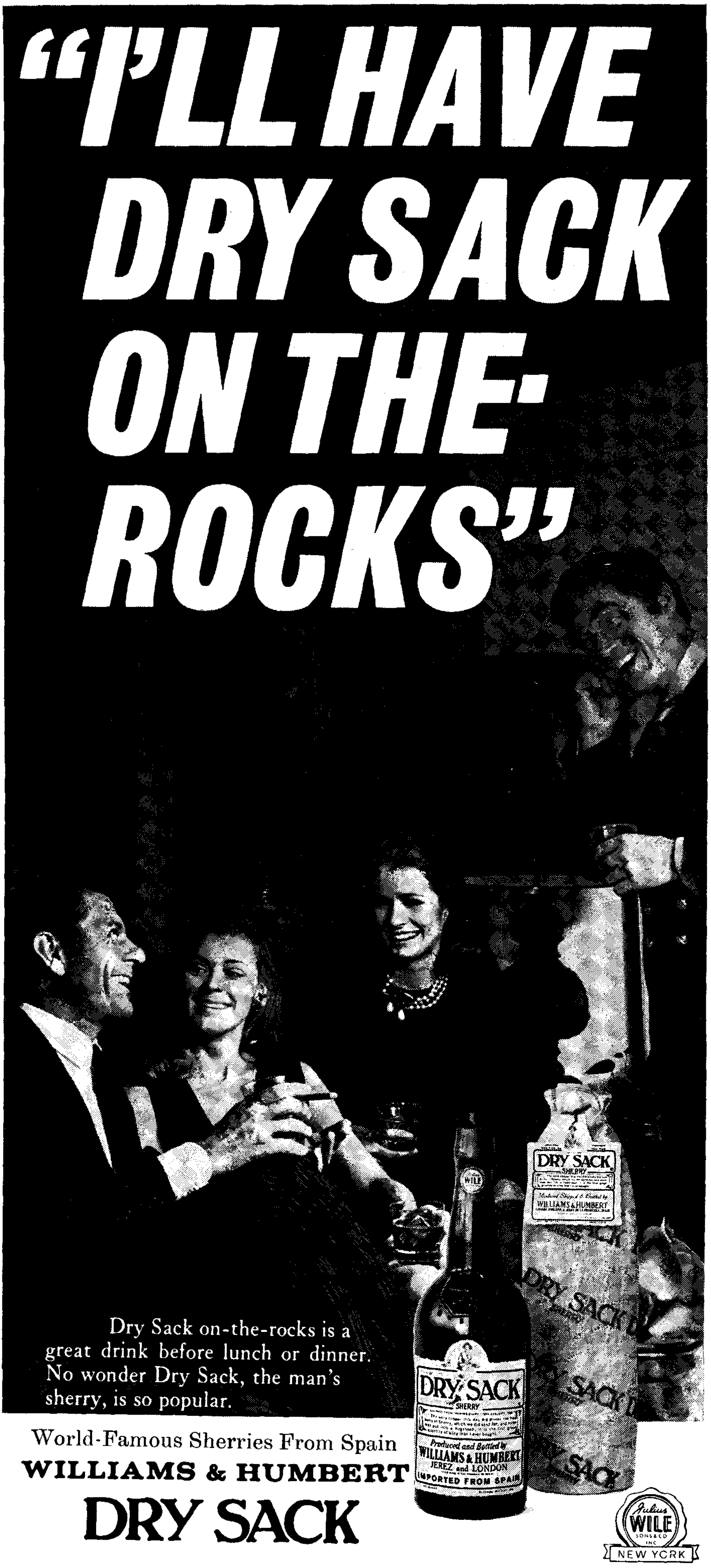
well and back to the war zones very quickly." He paused and nodded. "Most who are still alive would agree that this is so." Now, he said, because of the malnutrition, recoveries are slower, but only three or four casualties die per ward per month. "They are a pitiable lot," he said. "But they linger on and they make it. I think it is battalion pride." He laughed. "And the food at the front is better." There are only nine qualified doctors and four medical students at Nkwerre, and only one operating theatre, with four operating tables. Quite often, when the hospital has to ease conditions on the heavy fronts, casualties are lined up to wait outside the theatre. "It increases the morbidity but not the mortality," Major Umeh said; that is, patients stay sick longer, but they do not die. I asked how families in Biafra receive word of wounded soldiers, and Major Umeh spoke of Noticas (Notice of Casualties), which sends couriers to the parents and the units of the hurt.

Major Umeh took me through the huge wards, named for their ailments, and a few tents of wounded outside. (Some people in Fractures were singing; Dental seemed rather miserable.) He pointed out delicate makeshift operations like Dr. Udekwu's, and he paused in a little X-ray room to warn a technician not to tell a patient of some harmless mortar particles left in his leg. "They are so sensitive," he said, "that if you tell them they will suffer." But he was most proud of the hospital's pharmacy, in which some young scientists were producing dextrose, extracting painkillers and tranquillizers from mixed pills (for the tetanus and artillery cases), analyzing native remedies ("It is like deciphering a code," a young scientist said), and making pills in test tubes. The pharmacy cannot produce antibiotics yet, but not, the Major emphasized, for lack of knowledge, only for lack of facilities. "Give us two years of peace and we will do it," he said. "The lowered resistance of our patients to germs sometimes puts us back to Square One."

I asked whether the pharmacy could produce enough painkillers for the front, and he said, "Oh, yes. Most of them should be asleep when they get here."

A major from one of the battle zones was in the hospital, visiting his boys. I asked what unit he was from, and how many of his boys were in the hospital, and then realized he could not tell me. Major Umeh was preoccupied. "The world ought to see us in our goodness," he said. "We value life. We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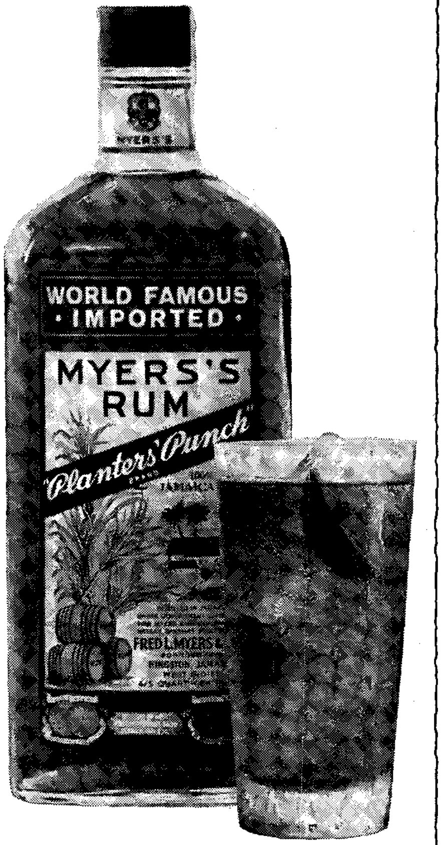

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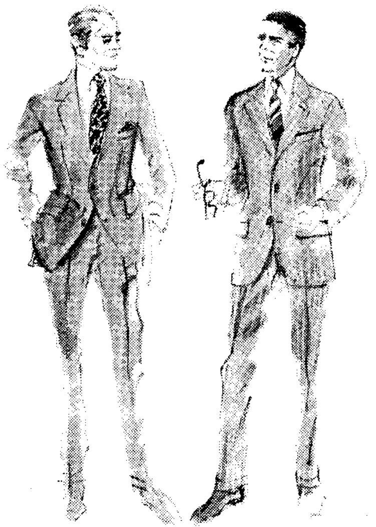
On Wednesday afternoon, in the office of the Directorate of Research and Production, at Isu, Professor Ben Nwosu, tired and angry, asked me to understate the accomplishments of his team of scientists. "In the white world, they would call them inventions," he said. "Because we are black, they call them improvisations. Some time before the crisis, a handful of us just thought, If this thing starts, we want to be ready." Since then, the Directorate has produced fuel, soap, rockets, booby traps, armored cars (out of tractors), gunboats, and civilian products of various kinds. People bring all sorts of scrap and spare parts to Professor Nwosu's Directorate, but "the supply problem still advances upon us," he said. He was extremely bitter about the world's suspicion of the real intentions of Biafra. "We don't woolly-woolly. We didn't have to come back here. I wonder why people in the outside think we came back here. We are struggling because we want to save our lives as a people, and our children's lives."

I asked how his mechanics could possibly manufacture sophisticated arms without having centralized factories, which would be subject to bombings. "It is simple," he said, abruptly. "If you have ten lathes, you diffuse them in ten places. The result is the same."

ON Thursday morning at seven, Sister Mary Joseph Theresa, daughter of the Eze Dara of Uli and sister of both a lady barrister and an engineer in Professor Nwosu's Directorate, left the Ihioma Convent and went to the Queen of the Holy Rosary College, a school she had run at Onitsha (now disrupted) and started again, with refugee children from all over Biafra, at Orlu. Sister Mary Joseph had also been a refugee, successively, from Onitsha, Port Harcourt, Owerri, and Nguru. "Running from my friends," she said. "I call them 'my friends.' I have nothing against them. We are all human beings. We are fighting because the Devil is there." Sister Mary Joseph comes from one of the finest families in Biafra, and looks it—tall, frail, and radiant with intelligence, dressed somehow, in the mud and still spattering rain, in a habit of immaculate white. Most children in Biafra have lost two years of school now, and Sister Mary Joseph recruited six teachers out of fifteen from her school in Onitsha (two are in the Army, one is in the Directorate of Research and Production, and



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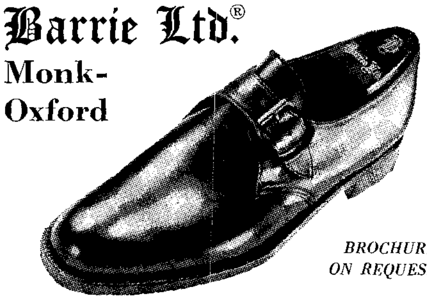

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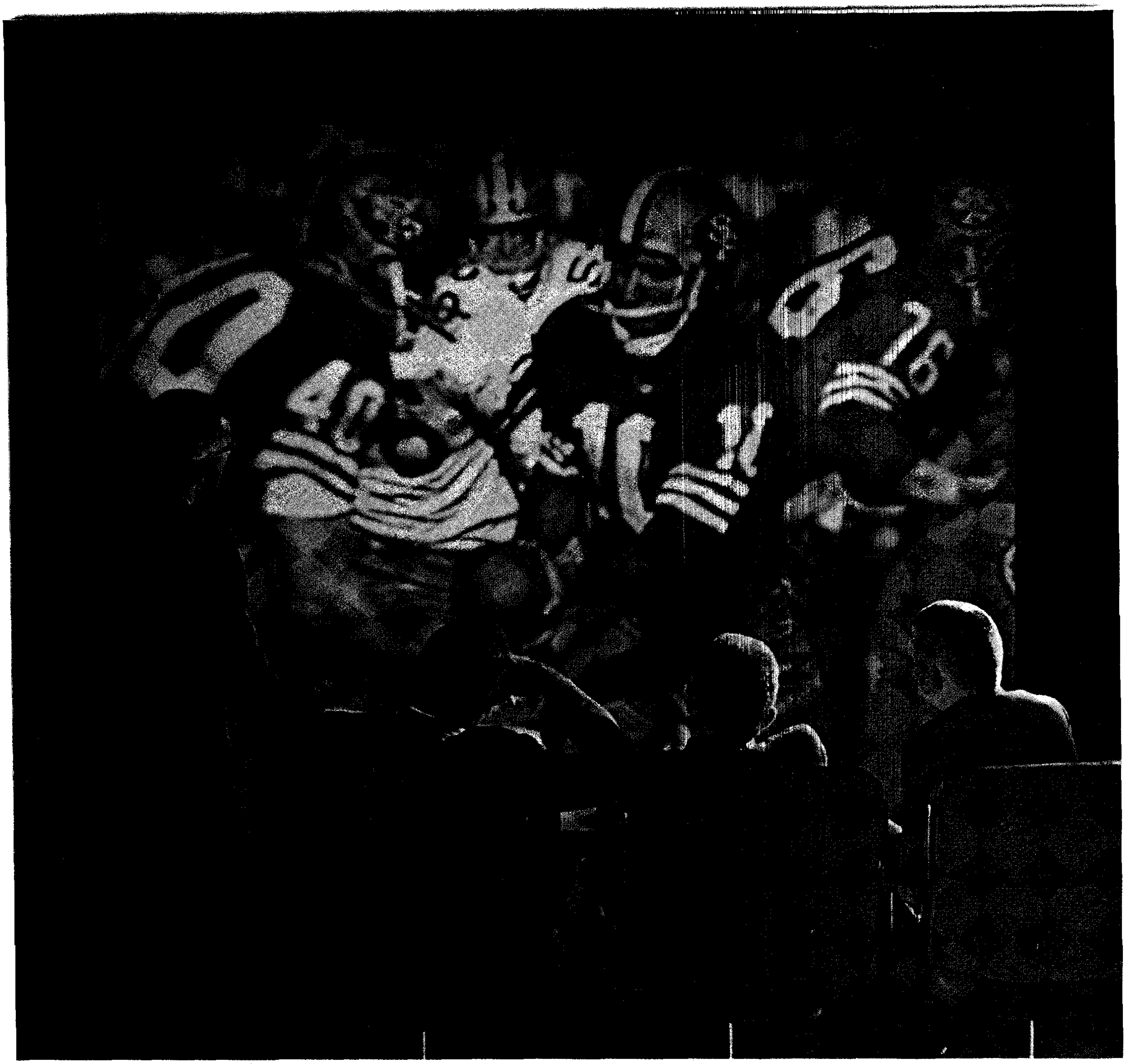

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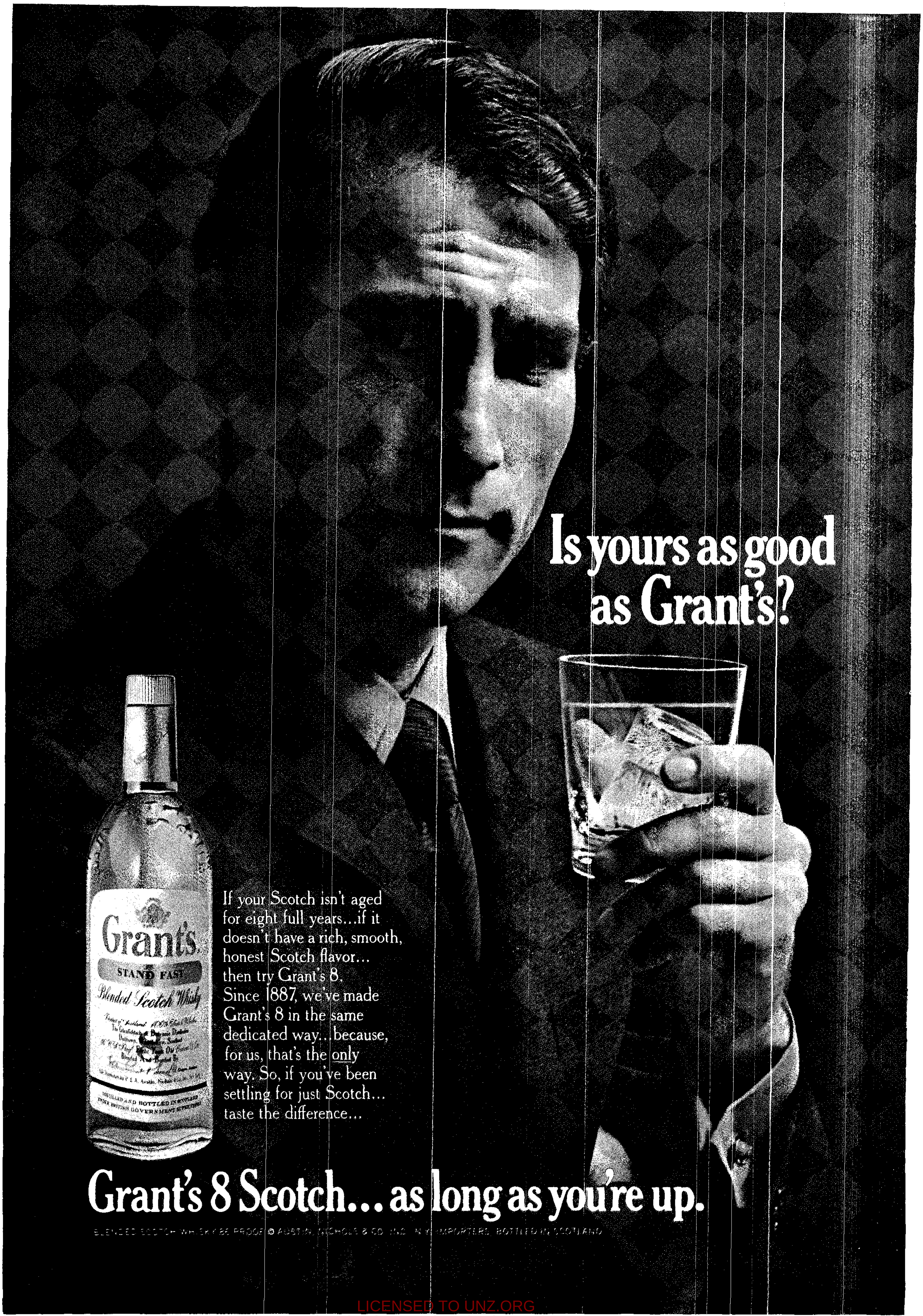
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BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 86 PROOF © AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO. INC., N.Y. IMPORTERS. BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND one in the police) to teach in a section of a refugee camp at Orlu. "The children have a long way to trek," she said. "Many have heard of us, and they are coming." Children, some with, some without shoes and umbrellas, were arriving in the chilling downpour of early morning.

I asked Sister Mary Joseph whether the school could give them any breakfast or lunch. "My goodness, what would I give them?" she said. "What would I give?" I asked whether all her students were Catholics. "Now, we don't ask them about religion," she said. "We just say Biafra."

There was a brief morning assembly, with hymns in English and in Ibo, and Sister Mary Joseph asked her teachers, whom she had called together, whether they had heard the newest Biafran hymn. "I've only heard it in the last two or three days," she said. "It is the best song yet." One teacher remarked that new songs travel quickly, since most of Biafra is within fifty miles. "It's more than that," another teacher said quickly. Sister Mary Joseph was riffling through an attendance book. "I can't believe that so much of Biafra is still in our hands," she said. "They've all learned now that there is a God. They can't deny that."

Classes began, separated from one another by raffia partitions, and the youngest class, from eleven to thirteen years old (depending on the loss of those two years), was learning geometry and French. "*Bonjour, monsieur*" and "*Asseyez-vous la classe*" and Euclid rang through the refugee home, where adult refugees were staring out at the rain from an adjoining room. "Anyone here know a song, any song?" Sister Mary Joseph asked the geometry class, and they sang "God, the Creator, Preserve and Guide Biafra." She asked the second class whether they knew any writers. Jane Austen. Any *Biafran* writers? Chinua Achebe. Had they read him? Yes. They returned to the study of cell structure and the soil.

The third class was learning English expressions ("They don't care tuppence," "A yes-man"), and Sister Mary Joseph asked them whether they knew anyone in America. One had a "senior brother" in Baltimore. One had a sister-in-law in California. One had a pre-crisis pen pal in Greenlawn, New York. All of them, in all classes, were extremely eager to answer questions, but Sister Mary Joseph said the fourth was the keenest class. They were all girls. Boys of fifteen in Biafra are eligible for the Army. The fourth

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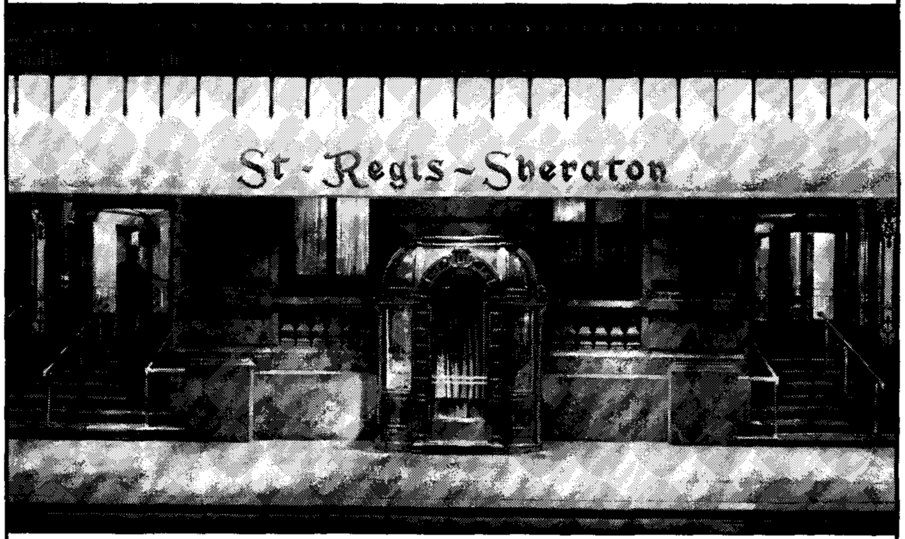

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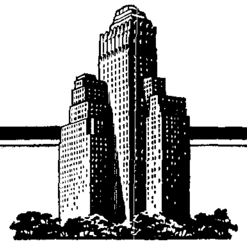
class had written essays, on lined paper the school had found for them, on "The Horrors of the Nigeria-Biafra War." ("No place is safe. No one is safe." "We might appeal to God to make both sides see reason." "It was also at night that one once felt safe in Biafra.") Sister Mary Joseph, who served her novitiate in Dublin (she has a trace of an Irish accent), recalled that when she was a child her father, Eze Dara of Uli, had insisted that the whole family learn to read, and so she had learned in the same class with her uncles. She thought that if the loss of schooling in Biafra now continued, there might have to be intergenerational classrooms again after the war. She enumerated all the American representatives who had expressed sympathy for Biafra: Candidate Nixon, Senator Eugene McCarthy, Senator Charles Goodell, Senator Edward Kennedy, Representatives Donald E. Lukens and Allard K. Loewenstein, Ambassador C. Clyde Ferguson—even Senator Richard Russell, of the South. She told the story of a young English lady working in Nigeria who had been caught behind Biafran lines. "The Inspector General detained her," Sister Mary Joseph said. "Mind you, it was right after the Eighteen [fourteen Italians, three West Germans, and one Jordanian arrested as Nigerian spies]. Poor Sally. The Inspector General didn't know what to do about her." Sister Mary Joseph had taken care of the English lady, and accompanied her on the flight to Libreville. Sister Mary Joseph asked me, and even an old friend of hers, to sign the inevitable guestbook. She mentioned another old friend, whom she had not seen in a long time. "I would need about two days to look for him," she said, "since we are all so dispersed now."

AT a checkpoint on a particularly bad road full of stalled cars twenty miles from Owerri, an official of State House gave the code word in Ibo for General Odumegwu Ojukwu, and was told by the guard, in English, "He passed here at a quarter to eight." Driving on, the official recalled the circumstances of His Excellency's delivery, on June 1st this year, of a speech on the second anniversary of Biafran independence, in the town of Ahiara. The speech, now referred to as "The Ahiara Declaration," or "Ahiara," or even just "June 1st," had an enormous impact in Biafra. It is twenty-one dense pages long. It includes thoughts as complicated in their



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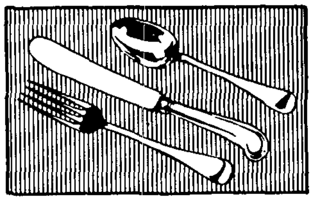

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expression, and as characteristic of General Ojukwu, as the dedication to his first book (which will be published in November): "To the many sons and daughters whose fathers toiled and tramped with me, and are gone." Another sort of leader might have said, "To the Biafran orphans." The Ahiara Declaration recounts some of Biafra's recent history and concludes that the reason the two-year war has not won more of the world's unambivalent sympathy is that the Biafran people are black. But it deplores insufficient idealism within Biafra, and its political philosophy might be endorsed by anyone from Thomas Jefferson through Fidel Castro to Senator John Sherman Cooper ("The Biafran revolution believes in the sanctity of human life and the dignity of the human person . . . the reign of social and economic justice, and the rule of law"). And yet there is the sense of something new, something genuinely humanist and indigenously African about it. Also pride, religion, and despair.

In a military compound, heavily camouflaged, about fifteen miles from Owerri, several chiefs and elders, in long robes and still engaged in conversation, were coming out of the office of General Ojukwu, past a sentry at the door. In a reception room with a blue rug, flowered curtains, red chairs, green walls, and a little white Madonna on a coffee table (altogether more like a room in an inn, made livable by transients, than like part of a military installation), a few young associates of General Ojukwu were waiting for him. Some of them seemed abject and ingratiating, others full of high spirits and a sense of argument. General Ojukwu himself, thirty-six years old, bearded, not slim, educated at Oxford and, much later, at Warminster, came in and slumped in a chair. He looked sad, ready for a joke, and thoughtful, with a brooding gentleness pushed to an extreme that could make a war leader out of a doubting, non-violent man. He seemed to have the quality of the sort of person who can make people in a church sit still and be decent when all the exits are burning. His father, Sir Louis Odumegwu Ojukwu, who began in poverty, became a small investment banker, and died one of the richest men in Nigeria, had objected to almost every stage in his son's career, from his two years of work as a lower-echelon civil servant in the Eastern Region to his insistence on going to military school. The Nigerian Army was one of the few regionally integrated institutions in Federal Ni-

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geria. When, after the coup of January, 1966, military governors were appointed for all the regions of Nigeria, Lieutenant-Colonel Ojukwu was appointed Governor of the Eastern Region. After the massacres of May, 1966, still believing in a unified Nigeria, he appealed to Eastern refugees from the Northern Region to go back, assuring them that their lives and property were now safe. He has regretted this decision, in view of the massacres that followed, ever since.

I asked him what the meeting that had just dispersed had been about. "It's my regular powwow with the chiefs," he said. "A morale-boosting session." I asked him how often he met with them, and he said as often as he could. I asked him what they talked about. "Everything from air raids to the distribution of salt," he said. "The war situation. The internal situation. Their own personal problems, what the people are thinking, how much of government policy has got down, ways this war has to be fought. Everybody wants to have said something." He smiled. "Chief Mpi held the floor."

I asked how the morale actually was, and he said, "Generally, this is the time for low morale. The rains. The cold. The war usually crawls. People ask, 'What's wrong with the Army, is it food they want? Is it possible they enjoy this war? Tell me what they need.' Another position is 'Is there nothing else we can do, is there no other way?' Of course, there are those who are more angry than yourself."

I asked him whether he felt that the returned intellectuals were rediscovering their own people, and he nodded. "They used to look outside themselves," he said. "There was even a conscious effort to obliterate their own origin, looking down on those who stayed at home. Now it's time to come down to earth a bit."

He said he felt the Ahiara Declaration had expressed the real feelings of the people only as "an articulation in international terms." "I've always been aware of one thing, that I've never really stood an election," he said. When I asked him why he thought the Ahiara Declaration had not had much of an impact, particularly among American radicals, abroad, he said it was not the sort of speech to invite "that sort of dramatic response." He laughed, and said that people had told him they were surprised that "you have managed to mean so much to everyone at the same time." He spoke of the black "secret admirers" of Biafra, who feared the great unknown and could not believe

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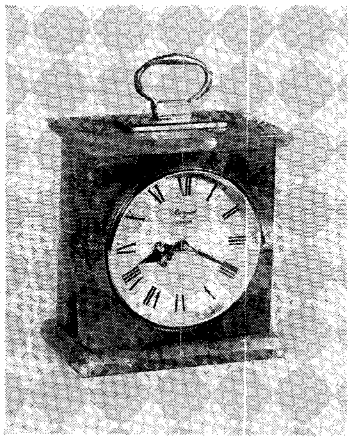

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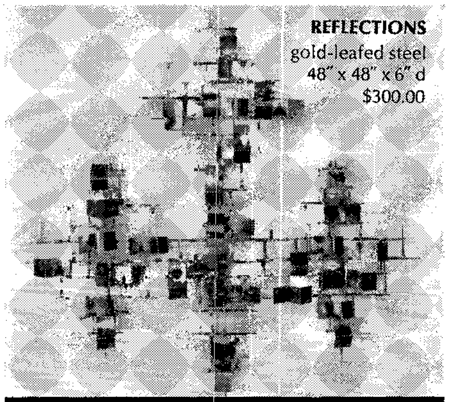

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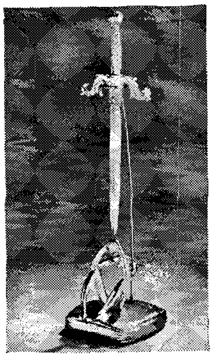

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that Biafra might succeed. I asked him how this compared with the white liberal position, and he said he thought white liberals were more openly sympathetic. "They say, 'This would be wonderful if it really succeeded.' They don't say we won't succeed." I asked whether by success he meant the establishment of the first viable black republic, able to compete on an equal basis with white nations of the world, and he said that was exactly what he meant.

I wondered what the postwar politics of Biafra might be in the world, and he said, "There is no doubt in my mind that to survive we must remain uncommitted." He said he believed that little nations either existed as ideological vacuums or opened up to let the two great ideologies flood them, and that he hoped, in sequels to the Ahiara Declaration, to establish a bulwark position that would do neither. "All conflict, of course," he said, "arises from the desire to dominate. The way to avoid conflict is to accept the rights of other men. But I do not believe that another ideology would solve the foreign problem."

I asked him about his book, and he said it was based on "speeches, random thoughts, random subjects, and a frantic period trying to find the underlying thoughts." I asked him what stake the world had in Biafra, and he said, "This is the worst system—this colonial, this neo-colonial fraud. It can only yield short-term results. There is no logical case against Biafra. There is no properly argued case against Biafra. There is only fear, and the nuisance of having to reëvaluate. They do not know what this phenomenon is." General Ojukwu's stenographer, as in all the General's negotiations and interviews, was writing down each word. When I left, the chiefs who had been talking in the corridor were gone.

ON the way back to Owerri, the State House driver ran over a chicken, and did not stop. A small boy raised his one arm in a salute. At the airport, a Biafran crew was loading a strange cargo of sacks of cocoa beans and two old English refrigerators on the French Red Cross flight back to Libreville. The car passed a wake, with mourners singing, in Ibo, "He is dead. Got to bury him. He died in a state of courage. We shall all be there sooner or later. May his soul rest in peace."

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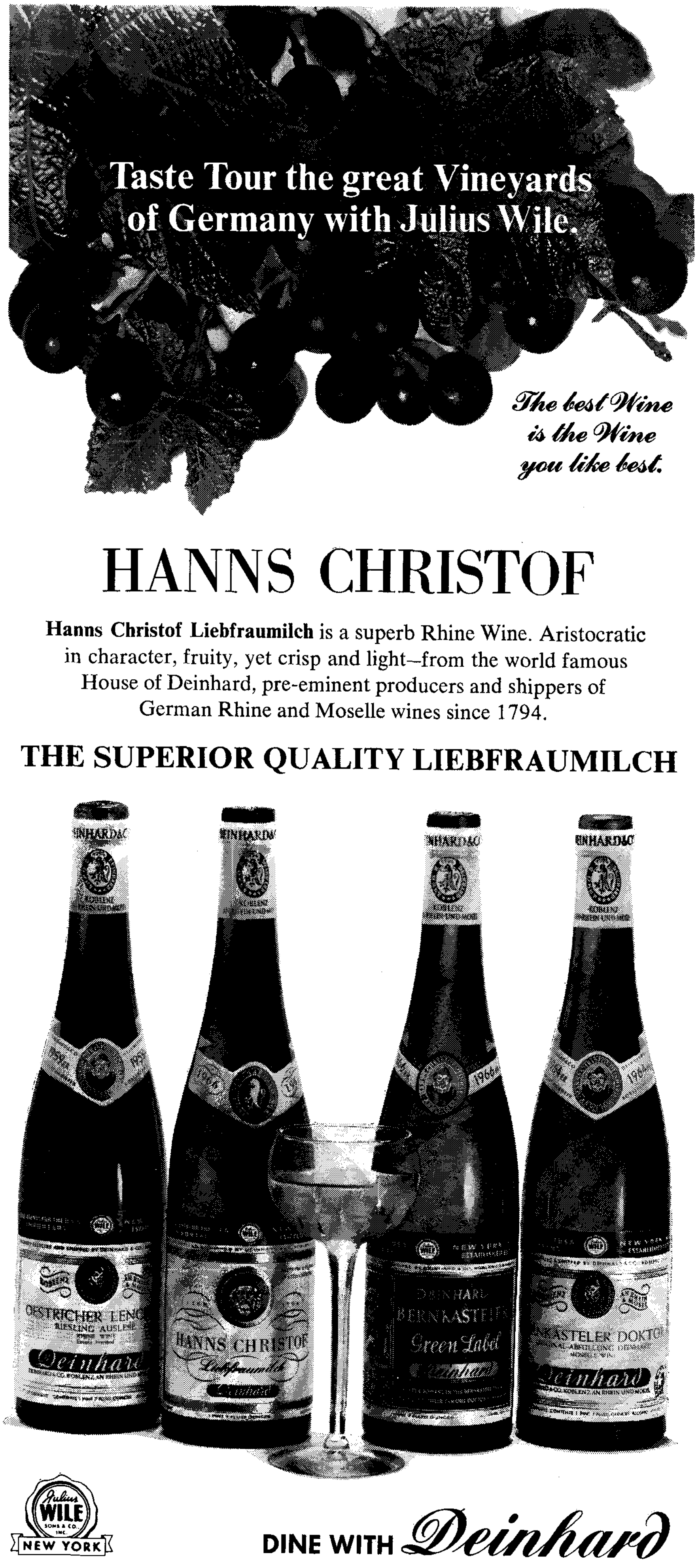
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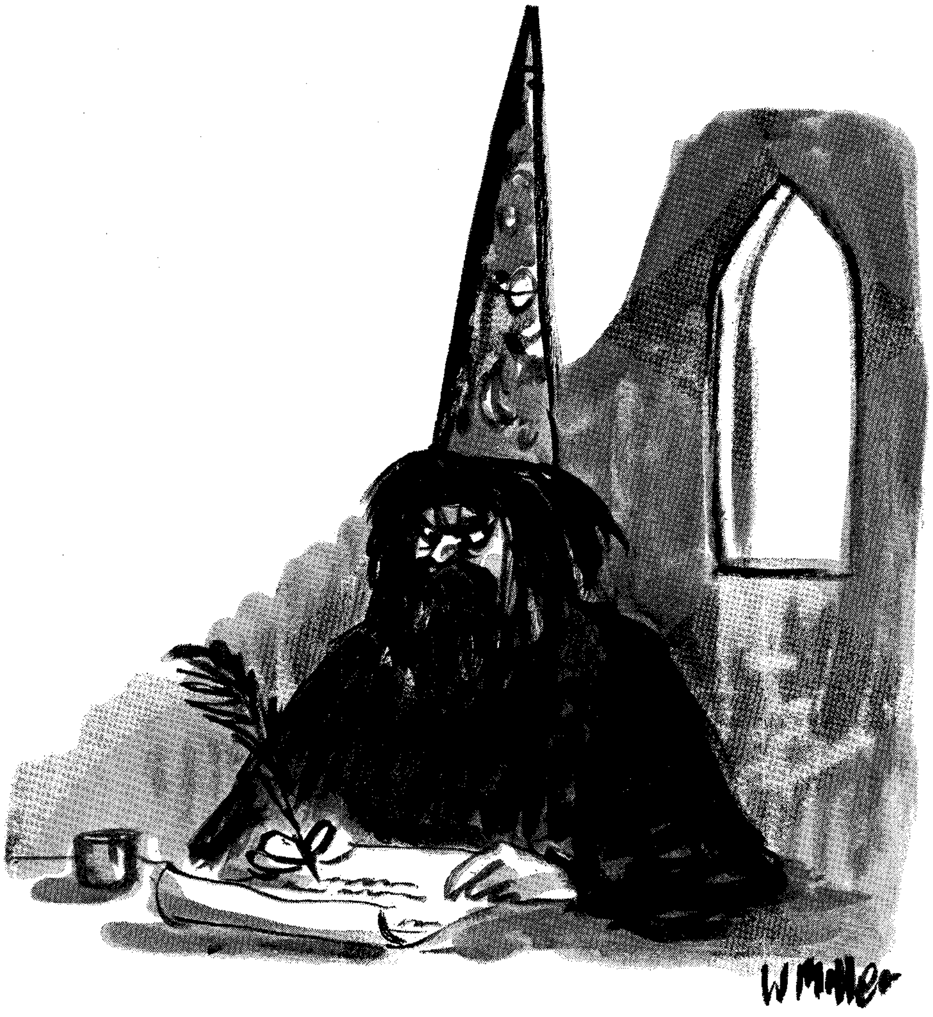
OFF BROADWAY

AT the beginning of the dynamic rock musical called "Salvation," at the Jan Hus, the musicians saunter around the stage and tune up as they chat with the audience. The music starts, and a few performers stroll in and sing and dance. The lights blink. Psychedelic projections are flashed onto three screens, which, along with an arrangement of metal hoops, constitute Joan Larkey's setting. A fellow creates a heckling disturbance in the house, runs down the aisle and onto the stage, grabs a microphone, and preaches a revivalist sermon. We're off. The show—words and music—was written by C. C. Courtney and Peter Link, who also appear in it, and it has been directed by Paul Aaron. It opened originally in concert form at the Village Gate last spring and has now been expanded into a free-form musical comedy. Mr. Courtney and Mr. Link are also given program credit for the "book," whatever that means; there is no plot and little continuity between numbers, although the revivalist theme is switched on and off throughout, and religion is the butt of all the mockery. There is some wit, but much of the humor is varsity-show, and even though some of the words are dirty or irreverent, I doubt they would hurt the most Christian flea. I did find some of the plaintiveness hard to take, being fed up with the plethora of plaintiveness around these days. On the other hand, the music is absolutely wonderful. As played by the instrumentalists, who call their group Nobody Else, and as sung and danced to by the company, it is beautiful, tuneful, and infinitely varied in style and rhythm. There are ballads and confession songs and torch songs; a charming number called "Gina," in which a girl is picked up and swung back and forth in the arms of two men while the others dance and serenade her in waltz time; a rousing gospel song, "There Ain't No Flies on Jesus" (that is about as irreverent as we get, so you see?); and, of course, the inevitable drug number that ends with sex all around and everybody as happy as can be, which has become banal, although I think it is effective here. As for the players, I have seldom seen a more appealing, refreshing bunch—more spirited or with a higher theatrical potential or, incidentally, more delighted with themselves. Their delight, for the most part entirely justified, is highly contagious and spreads through the house. Besides Mr. C. and Mr. L., the players are Yolande Bavan, Joe Morton, Boni Enten, Annie Rachel, Marta Heflin, and Chapman Roberts. The choreography is by Kathryn Posin. The show has no intermission—nor could it have one without having to start building up excitement from scratch at the beginning of a second act—and I think it runs a little too long. I also think that its own culty message—we-alone-have-seen-the-light, salvation-lies-in-drugs-and-sex—is as fatuous and dogmatic as any religion it makes fun of. These reservations aside, I enjoyed "Salvation" and everybody in it, and I hope it packs them in on East Seventy-fourth Street for months to come.

—EDITH OLIVER



". . . and, carefully following my own infallible formula, I completed the experiment that should have resulted in gold. Such was not the case, however. I am therefore forced to conclude that the materials purchased from you three days before Michaelmas last were defective and of inferior grade."

•

ROCKLAND—U.S. Sen. Edmund S. Muskie, D-Maine, told delegates to the Maine Conference on Social Welfare here Thursday evening that "we still have a long way to go to assure economic security for all Americans."

Muskie, who addressed the group via telephone from his Washington home, listed seven national goals that he said were essential to combat poverty. . . .

Muskie's speech was delayed for 45 minutes at the Samoset Hotel here, because his Washington telephone was out of order. —*Bangor Daily News.*

We still have a long way to go on *that*, too.

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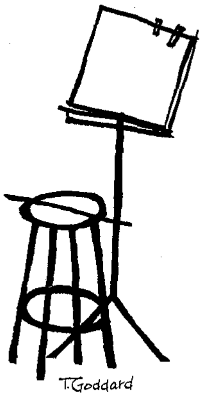
MUSICAL EVENTS

To Beat the Devil



BOITO'S "Mefistofele" is the noblest of all the Faust operas, and unquestionably one of the greatest operas of all time. It is seldom produced here, heaven knows why; its last performance at the Metropolitan was in 1926. Last Wednesday night, the New York City Opera, with its usual enterprise, presented "Mefistofele" at the State Theatre, and again local operatic history was made. It is a difficult opera to produce and a difficult one to sing, but the company did well by it, on the whole. In fact, except for one strong reservation, I can call it a truly stunning affair. The prologue is set somewhere in intergalactic space. Nebulas whirl and comets shoot by, and explosions indicate the birth of new stars. Finally, the earth is created, and Michelangelo's God and his Adam look down upon it. (All this occurs to the accompaniment of some of the most lofty music ever composed.) Clusters of Renaissance angels hover over the scene as the "angelic choruses" are sung, only to be replaced by hordes of cherubim. (All these effects are accomplished by projections, most of them on scrim or on a backdrop, and the projections are very skillful.) Then we are in a square in Frankfurt, watching the Easter parade and its accompanying festivities, while Mephistopheles, dressed as a monk, trails Faust to his study. From here on, the plot of "Mefistofele" follows pretty much Gounod's "Faust"—there is the Garden Scene, the Witches' Sabbath on the Brocken, and the scene in Margherita's prison cell, and her death. But this is not enough for Boito. The third act carries us to the banks of a river in Greece, where Mephistopheles again tempts Faust, this time with Helen of Troy, and there is another Sabbatical revel, though subdued and classic by comparison with the Brocken scene. Finally, in the epilogue, Faust is again the old man in his study, where he dies after being tempted by Mephistopheles once again. This time, Faust does not respond. He prays, and goes to Heaven amid angelic choruses, while Mephis-

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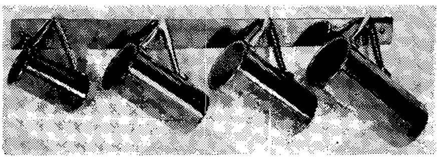

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topheles rages impotently. Not only is the plot more complicated in its symbolism than Gounod's but the music is infinitely more dignified, and here one can grasp the fact that Goethe was not just writing about a sexual peccadillo but was concerned with cosmic ideas—creation and dissolution, good and evil, reason versus eternal myth. The result is like a religious experience.

I mentioned a reservation about this production, and it is a serious one. Tito Capobianco, a director in whom I have always had the utmost confidence, has totally misinterpreted the character of Mephistopheles. Boito's Mephistopheles is the Prince of Darkness, a fallen angel, nearly the equal of God Himself, and a figure resembling the Satan of Milton's "Paradise Lost." He is, for all his evil ways, a powerful demon, capable of taunting God and ridiculing Him. In the scene in Faust's study, he shakes his fist at God and whistles at Him after the great aria "Son lo spirito che nega sempre tutto" ("I am the spirit that denies all things"). He's an evil fellow, and his presence should be monumental. Now, in Norman Treigle, who sang the role, Mr. Capobianco has one of the great bass singing actors of our time. But Mr. Treigle was so overloaded with conflicting symbolism that he never got a chance to play Boito's Devil as he should be played. First of all, he was wearing a sort of union suit that made him look naked—an allusion, no doubt, to the snake that tempted Eve. Second, his eyes were blackened so that his face resembled a skull—an allusion to death—and since Mr. Treigle is a man with small features, his eyes looked as though they were just holes in his head. Third, the hair at the front and top of his head was white, but the hair in back was black—an allusion to I don't know what. This made him look sometimes like George Washington in his peruke, sometimes like Harpo Marx, and sometimes like the subject of an incomplete Clairol treatment. Then, Mr. Treigle's deportment, as directed by Mr. Capobianco, was that of a cringing, grovelling, guilt-ridden character, except in the Brocken scene—and that is about as far from the Prince of Darkness as you can get. Moreover, many of Mr. Treigle's movements on the stage were choreographed, putting him in self-conscious poses or making him go through arty motions. Choreographed movement on the operatic stage is occasionally successful—it was a knockout in Handel's "Giulio Cesare," a formal eighteenth-century opera that Mr. Capobianco directed three years ago. But

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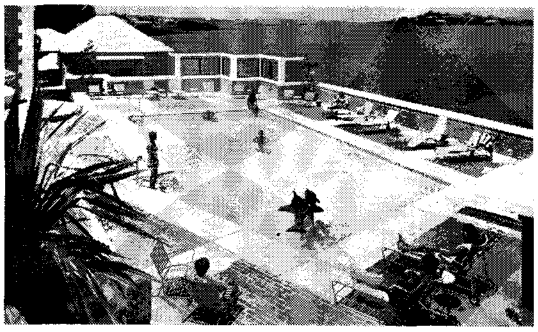

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for anything as robust as "Mefistofele" it is totally unsuitable. Mr. Treigle, left to himself, could be a great Mephistopheles. As it is, he is thwarted at every turn.

In most other respects, the opera was well acted, and it was well sung in all respects. Robert Nagy, an experienced tenor with a serviceable voice, was the Faust—a very demanding role, which he managed with skill. Carol Neblett, a comparative newcomer, from California, revealed a rich, youthful voice as Margherita and later as Helen, and she managed to cope pretty well with the enormous range that both roles demand. She had a few breathy moments, but in general she sang well, and with due attention to dynamic contrasts. Obviously, she had been carefully coached. In the lesser roles, David Clements, Beverly Evans, Mary Cross Lueders, and John Lankston were all admirable, and as for Mr. Treigle, he *sang* magnificently, as usual. The sets by David Mitchell and most of the costumes by Hal George were appropriate and sometimes breathtaking. A word must also be put in for Hans Sondheimer, who did the lighting for a production that demanded a lot of ingenuity in this department. Julius Rudel conducted the whole thing with a spirit of grandeur. There were one or two slips in the unanimity of the trombones and choruses in the prologue and epilogue, but a little of this sort of thing is to be expected. "Mefistofele" is a great opera; it is also an opera that is very difficult to hold together from the orchestra pit.

THE new, refurbished Philharmonic Hall was opened last Tuesday night by the New York Philharmonic. It was the Philharmonic's first appearance of the season. Stanley Drucker, clarinettist, and Byron Janis, pianist, were the soloists; the conductor was Seiji Ozawa, and he had provided a program calculated to show off what everybody was most interested in that night—the hall's new acoustics. These, which had reached what was supposed to be their final polishing at the hands of the German expert Heinrich Keilholz, have certainly been improved beyond measure. It will take a little time to appraise completely what Mr. Keilholz has done, but the initial impression was one of near perfection—utter clarity without a trace of harshness. Finally, after four years of work and untold expenditure, Philharmonic Hall can be counted among the finest symphonic auditoriums in the country. It

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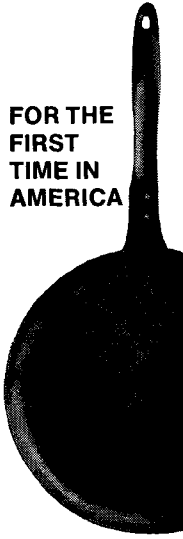

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has also been considerably beautified, if the word can ever be applied to this fundamentally ill-conceived structure—partly because of common-sense changes that were meant primarily for acoustical purposes, and partly owing to the taste of Donald Oenslager, who was adviser on the interior decoration. The wooden curlicues that did so much to make the hall look like the inside of a cigar box have been bleached to a cream color; the famous "clouds," or coffins, that used to decorate the ceiling have been thrown out, and a real ceiling has been substituted for them. This ceiling, painted an off-white, is stepped in such a way as to throw the sound toward the audience while keeping it homogeneous, and each step contains a row of lights filtered through crystals, so that the lighting reaches your seat and your program clearly but gently. There are carpets of bright crimson in the aisles, and the same color is used for the upholstery of the seats. The balcony and box fronts are tinted a slightly more sombre red. The whole effect is now pleasing to the eye as well as the ear, even though the chance for real elegance in this auditorium was lost when the building was built. But I am carping. In the face of so much improvement, one should not raise a critical voice.

Mr. Ozawa's program consisted of Debussy's "La Mer," Copland's Concerto for Clarinet and String Orchestra with Harp and Piano, Prokofieff's Third Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, and excerpts from the same composer's ballet "Romeo and Juliet." The solo part of the clarinet concerto could not have been played better than it was by Mr. Drucker, and Mr. Janis showed himself to be a flaming virtuoso in the other concerto. Mr. Ozawa's "La Mer" was not the most sensitive I have heard, but it was clear, and it gave one a chance to admire the new acoustics by being able to sort out each instrumental voice and finding it distinguished from its fellows with crystalline purity.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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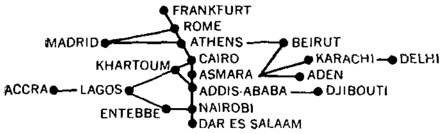

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the most wonderful things ever written for the piano—I almost said one of the most wonderful things ever written for orchestra, because it contrives to echo, constantly and mysteriously, the sound of almost every instrument in the orchestra. It was the purpose of the baroque orchestra to re-create the sound of a baroque organ. It was Brahms' purpose in the Handel variations to write for one instrument what he might so easily have written for many. It was also his purpose to fashion variations true to the spirit as well as to the harmonies and the melodic line of the theme he had chosen. Writing variations in music is rather like the process of translation in literature. I once had a Latin teacher who was fond of remarking that the best translations are "as literal as possible and as free as necessary," and, listening to the Handel variations, I am often reminded of this remark. It is essential, if one is to write variations well, to say exactly the same thing in entirely different words. Brahms, in the Handel variations, did it superlatively well. There is craftsmanship and joy in every variation, just as there is in the small Handel theme. The variations are a triumphant compound of the meticulous and the exultant; they— But let us return to Mr. Anievas. It is my purpose to praise him, not Brahms. I have never heard anyone else play this piece of music so beautifully. I don't imagine that anyone will ever play it more beautifully, and I really don't see any reason that there should ever be another recording made of it. Mr. Anievas's piano playing is supple and sinewy. It vibrates, as Shelley said, in the memory. Moreover, Mr. Anievas can create, in quite an uncanny way, a convincing orchestral sound, and I defy anyone listening to this recording *not* to hear strings, clarinets, horns, trumpets, and bells. The record was issued by Seraphim. It sells at the fine low price of $2.49, and it bears the number S-60049.

THE zarzuela, in Spain, is three things: (1) a small bramble, or briar; (2) a delicious stew of marine life, which—according to Danny Lopez, of the Château Madrid, who makes an excellent one—consists of shrimp, crayfish, squid, octopus, hake, and filet of sole; and (3) a unique, and delicious, musical offering that is not quite musical comedy, not quite light opera, not strictly *opéra bouffe*, not strictly *opera buffa*, and not strictly operetta. It is more a sort of Gilbert y Sullivan—patriotic, antiquated, tuneful, sentimental, and slightly raffish. *Flan*

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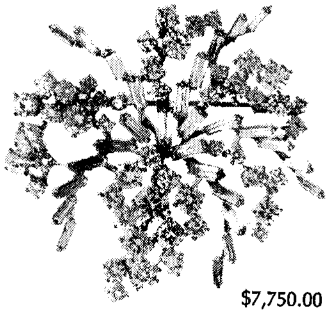
with *élan*, you might say. Its heroes are, in the main, lovers, Madrileños, or gypsies. Two records of zarzuela excerpts have been issued in recent months. One of them, by R.C.A. (LSC-3039), is a record of duets sung by the Spanish soprano Montserrat Caballé and her husband, the Spanish tenor Bernabé Martí. The other, an Angel release (S-36556), presents the *other* Spanish soprano, Victoria de los Angeles, by herself. All three of them were born and bred in this briar patch, and all three of them sing their heads off. Thirteen different composers are represented on these two records. All of them are unknown in this country (only one of them is listed in the current Schwann catalogue), so I have decided to list their names here, for their sake and for yours: Francisco Barbieri, Tomás Bretón, Fernández Caballero, Ruperto Chapí, Federico Chueca, Gerónimo Giménez, Jesús Guridi, Vicente Lleó, Federico Moreno Torroba (the one in Schwann), José Serrano, Severiano Soutullo, Joaquín Valverde, and Amadeo Vives. I have tried to find out something about Guridi, because the duet "Buenos Días" from his zarzuela "El Caserío" ("The Country House") is the most charming piece of music on either record. I have discovered very little. He was born in Vitoria in 1886, studied composition with Vincent d'Indy, and later wrote several successful Basque operas and made some very popular choral arrangements of Basque folk songs. "El Caserío" was written in 1926. The plot has something to do with an uncle and a nephew and a niece, I think, and the music is just fine and d'Indy. "Buenos Días" is a song about the glory of being young. It is very pretty. Which of the two records is better? I will not commit myself, except to say that there are twice as many of Mr. and Mrs. Martí as of Miss de los Angeles.

THE late Arnold Schoenberg had a charming habit. From time to time, instead of sending a get-well letter or a thank-you note or a Christmas card to one of his friends, he would mail the man a canon. Eleven of these canons, or rounds, or catches, have now been recorded by the Gregg Smith Singers as part of a Columbia album (M2S-780). The performance is an earnest one rather than a good one, but it is the only performance available of any of these canons. My favorite of the eleven is one that Schoenberg wrote in 1944 to celebrate the birth of Richard Rodzinski, who is the son of the late conductor Artur Rodzin-



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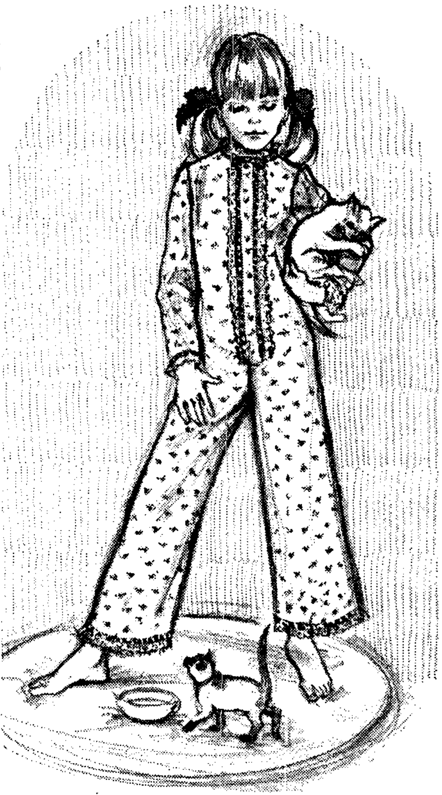
ski. The text of it, which Schoenberg wrote in English and German, runs:

> I am almost sure, when your nurse will change your diapers, she will not sing you one of my George Songs, nor of my Second String Quartet; but perhaps she stills you: Sleep, Richard, sleep! *Dein Vater hat dich lieb!*

The album also contains a performance of a short cello concerto that Schoenberg wrote in Barcelona in 1932 and dedicated to Pablo Casals. I had never heard this work before I listened to this album. I had never even heard *of* it, and I am glad to have made its acquaintance. It purports to be based on a harpsichord concerto by an eighteenth-century Austrian composer named G. M. Monn, and in it Schoenberg makes fun of English music, Austrian music, Spanish music, and funeral marches. The first movement is entitled "Rule Britannia," and, according to the liner notes, it is the most difficult movement in the literature of the cello. In this performance, Laurence Lesser is the soloist with the Columbia Symphony Orchestra, and he does a good job.

In 1782, when Mozart was twenty-six, the Baron Gottfried van Swieten showed him some of the music of Johann Sebastian Bach. This was Mozart's first exposure to Bach, and the results of the encounter are fascinating. Van Swieten has a certain fascination, too. He was an important patron of music in Vienna for many years whom no one seems to have liked very much. He introduced Beethoven to the music of Handel and to the poetry of Shakespeare and Homer, and Beethoven's First Symphony is dedicated to him. He induced Haydn to write "The Creation" and "The Seasons." And, because he had the good fortune to be the Austrian ambassador to the court of Frederick the Great in the seventeen-seventies, he became the first Viennese to hear the music of Bach. Van Swieten showed Mozart the Bach scores he had brought back from Prussia, and asked him to arrange some of the clavier and organ fugues for string trio, so that they could be played at the chamber-music concerts the Baron held in his house Sunday afternoons from twelve till two. Mozart did this. He chose three fugues from "The Well-Tempered Clavier," one from the "Art of Fugue," one from an organ sonata, and one that was actually not by Bach but by Bach's son Wilhelm Friedemann Bach. He also arranged two movements of Bach's organ sonatas as preludes, and himself wrote four more preludes to go with



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them. These six preludes and fugues, which are now designated K.404a, have recently been recorded for Nonesuch by the Trio à Cordes Français (Nonesuch H-71112). The Bach fugues sound very odd when played by a violin, a viola, and a cello, but the Mozart preludes, which are what interest me, are odder still. They are the tribute of a young genius to an old genius, but they are curiously awkward, graceless, and touching pieces of music. It is rather as if Keats, after first breathing the pure serene, had written not the sonnet "On First Looking Into Chapman's Homer" but only a series of four short and clumsy paragraphs, at once hushed and breathless, full of strange conceits and allusions infelicitously expressed. I originally heard this record at the house of a friend, who played it without telling me what it was, and asked me to guess the composer. I did very badly. I said, first, Beethoven, because the music seemed so earnest, and then Haydn, because it seemed so eager. Then I gave up. It remains to be noted that the performance by the Trio à Cordes Français is a fine one, both resonant and reverent.

Somewhere in his famous book on Mozart, Alfred Einstein suggests that the most impressive result of Mozart's encounter with the music of Bach is the A-flat-major canon "E nel tuo, nel mio bicchiero" from the finale of "Così Fan Tutte." It is certainly one of the most impressive moments in the elegant recording of this most charming and most inconsequential of Mozart's great operas which has been issued by R.C.A. (LSC-6416). The canon comes midway in the finale, just before the lovers have sorted themselves out, and it is a simple and ravishing quartet sung passionately by Fiordiligi, the soprano, and Dorabella, the mezzo-soprano, ironically by Ferrando, the tenor, and savagely by Guglielmo, the baritone. The singers in this performance are Leontyne Price, Tatiana Troyanos, George Shirley, and Sherrill Milnes, and they are all in excellent voice and are quite delightfully passionate, ironic, and savage. Judith Raskin and Ezio Flagello are the other members of the cast, and they, too, sing with wonderful clarity and are imbued with all the right emotions. Erich Leinsdorf conducts, and he must be thanked for conducting very well. It is an affectionate performance, one that it will be nice to remember Mr. Leinsdorf by. It may not be the very best recording ever of "Così"—I have not heard all the others, and cannot say—but, to my ears, it is music. —ANTHONY HISS

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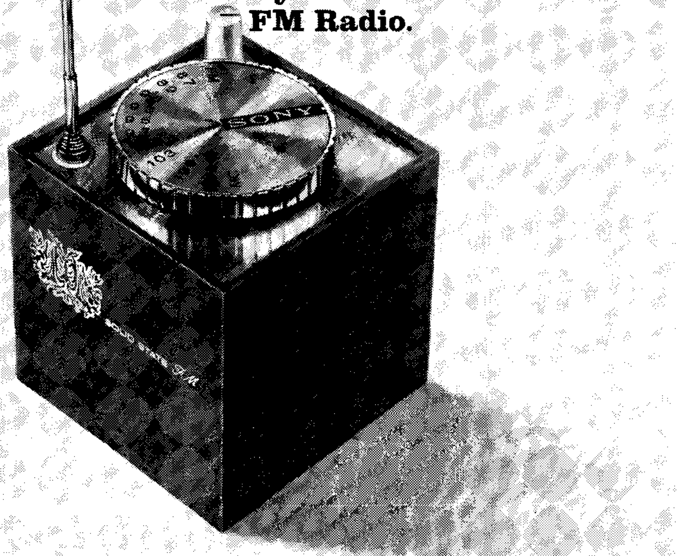

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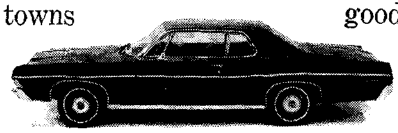

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

SEPTEMBER 27

FROM here the outlook has seldom seemed bleaker. Unless there are somewhere favorable developments unknown to most officials here, peace in Vietnam is eluding this Administration as surely as it eluded the last. Its efforts to conciliate its critics at home—troop withdrawals, lowered draft calls, talk of draft reform—are accomplishing nothing of the sort and no doubt help to explain the increased "rigidity" Ambassador Lodge has discerned in the North Vietnamese and Vietcong non-negotiating negotiators in Paris. A belligerent power compelled to de-escalate by internal pressures is one who invites intensified external pressures. The anti-war senators may be serving their country well, but they are unquestionably making life harder for the President and easier for what Dean Rusk used to speak of as "the other side" and what Richard Nixon customarily speaks of as "the enemy." In the history of warring nations, few have sued for peace when they regarded victory as being in sight, and although the Pentagon has for some time been persuaded that the adversary cannot hope for victory in the Pentagon sense of the word, the North Vietnamese and the Vietcong may well be persuaded that their frustration of our designs, as they interpret our designs, is the very stuff of victory. The awful logic of war seems almost to compel them to raise the cost of peace beyond our present purchasing power.

Vietnam is the most distressing problem this government faces and the one that most threatens this society. But it does not altogether defy solution, as certain other problems may. Unilateral withdrawal is and will continue to be an available option. The President could order it at any time—and without the advice and consent of the Senate. There would be hell to pay at home—though less of it, probably, than there would have been a year or two ago—and South Vietnam would collapse before long, but at least we would be out of the war, it being most unlikely that the North Vietnamese would pursue us across the Pacific. Few of our other problems, foreign or domestic, can be dealt with by Presidential order. The violence and the danger of war in the Middle East are intensifying. Earlier this week, the Egyptian Foreign Minister said that representatives of his government and the Israeli government were in some sort of useful communication, presumably in New York, and this raised hopes that have now been dashed by word from Cairo that the Foreign Minister had said no such thing and that no talks of any kind were in process or being contemplated. In New York, the Secretary of State and the Soviet Foreign Minister have been dining together, and William Rogers is presumably pressing Andrei Gromyko to set a date for talks on strategic-arms limitation, acronymically referred to as SALT. But Gromyko seems in no hurry for an early start (which would in fact be a very belated one, since the talks were at one point scheduled to begin in August, 1968), and he has hinted that his government won't be ready to limit anything as long as China maintains nuclear weapons and a hostile foreign policy. Meanwhile, technology marches on, and many of those familiar with its menacing triumphs insist that we are rapidly approaching a point at which negotiated limitation will be impossible, because both sides will have weapons whose numbers and capacities cannot be evaluated by reconnaissance satellites. In the Middle East and in arms limitation, there is nothing the United States can do on its own, or even, it would seem, with assistance from our allies and from our sister superpower, the Soviet Union.

The major domestic problems seem similarly intractable. Inflation proceeds at a fairly steady rate and resists the government's efforts to stop it. It contributes to the spreading alienation of the middle and working classes and at the same time makes fewer resources available to programs designed, however imperfectly, to combat alienation. Stiffer anti-inflation methods might be adopted, but these would lead to unemployment, reduced social services, and still more alienation. Besides, their adoption would require congressional authorization, and the President's credit balance in Congress is steadily declining. The university campuses seem relatively quiet, but there is no evidence that anger has abated. The quiet may be attributed to the fact that the universities are at least trying to redress certain grievances. In consequence, the government itself, for at least as long as the war goes on, may feel the fury that has up to now been vented largely on academic administrators. The big-city ghettos have also been relatively quiet, but here, too, there is little reason to feel that the fury has lessened. The efforts of government and other agencies at job training and placement may have relieved the economic deprivation to some degree, but despair continues to be endemic and extremist leadership increasingly acceptable. Apart from supporting a national family-assistance program, the Administration has done or proposed nothing that offers much hope; on the contrary, it has diminished hope by cutting back on many programs and by appointing officials who, though not necessarily callous to the plight of the alienated, have shown little sympathy for them or understanding of them. As for the family-assistance program, there is as yet no draft of legislation before Congress, and if it does become law, its initial impact will not be felt in the large Northern cities, because the income it will assure welfare clients and the working poor will in its early stages be no more than they currently receive. More ominous, perhaps, than the rage of either students or Negroes is that of the white trade unionists, who feel threatened by the efforts of black leaders to get jobs for black workers in construction and related industries. Up to now, none of the disorders in the major cities have really merited description as "race riots," for the violence has been directed not at whites as such but at the ghetto environment itself. However, in the past few weeks and days real race riots seem to have been narrowly averted in Pittsburgh, Chicago, and elsewhere, and the provocations to bloodshed have come from the white unionists. It is conceivable that such violence on a large scale can be averted by police intervention and by intelligent leadership in the unions, but it is also conceivable that the police, whose sympathies in the main must be with the white laborers, will be less than diligent or evenhanded in their mediating efforts, and that for every black militant leader there will emerge several white

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militant ones. If this happens, talk of racial reconciliation will for a long and bloody time be idle.

ABOUT matters of this sort, there is little the Administration could do even if it were headed by a man named Solomon rather than by one named Nixon. The whites may be ignoble, perhaps vicious, in their prejudices, but their fears are real even if they have little basis in reality. Getting out of Vietnam is everybody's favorite panacea nowadays, but getting out of Vietnam would not ease this problem; it might, indeed, exacerbate it by economic dislocations and a drop in employment levels. But if there are still some things to which the war is irrelevant, or largely so, their number is few. It is the war more than anything else that discredits our role in world affairs, that deflects us from reaching goals well within our reach, and that disaffects and disorients the best among our young. The President yesterday said that his "far-reaching and comprehensive peace offer" had "reversed the whole tide of world public opinion" in our favor, but he surely knows this to be absurd, if only because there is not and never has been a "whole tide" of world opinion and because our policy, deservedly or not, has never been entirely without support. He also surely knows how much damage the war has done at home; he owes his present eminence to that damage. But men do not always act on their knowledge—sometimes because they cannot, sometimes because they will not—and it looks more and more as if Richard Nixon had become persuaded that he has exhausted the possibilities for diplomatic initiatives in Paris and the possibilities for military initiatives in Vietnam. There has been somewhat less ambiguity in his rhetoric than there was in Lyndon Johnson's, but his basic position, which is that everything is negotiable except the requirement that South Vietnam be free to determine its future "without outside interference," is fundamentally that of his predecessor. No one seriously suspects him of dissembling when he says that this is all he seeks and that military operations could end if this condition were met. He speaks with the air of a man who is asking only what is sensible, decent, and simple to achieve, and while it is difficult to believe that a modern politician of even modest sophistication could really see it this way, the appalling truth may be that he does. The truth would be appalling because what he is asking, though thoroughly sensible and

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decent in the abstract, cannot in reality be achieved—in South Vietnam or anyplace else on earth. The very phrase "without outside interference" is that of a political *naïf*. No country can ever hope to be free of outside interference, and agents of the Nixon Administration (and of the administrations of all countries maintaining missions abroad) are interfering day and night all around the world. As for poor Vietnam, the effects of the outside interference that has already taken place there are bound to be felt for a millennium or more. The President has repeatedly said that he has renounced an "imposed military solution." But if all foreign troops were withdrawn tomorrow from South Vietnam and elections there were held under the tight and scrupulous supervision of some international Honest Ballot Association, the proper term for the state of affairs that would then exist would be an "imposed political solution made possible by military means." If the Communist negotiators in Paris ever accept Nixon's terms, it will not be because they have found them reasonable and just but because they will have concluded that our military power is too great to be resisted. And if we should decide to cease resisting *their* military power, they could and doubtless would claim that their arms had at last assured the South Vietnamese the chance to run their lives "without outside interference." All wars are fought for political aims, and nearly all belligerents in modern times have claimed, sometimes with undeniable moral authority, to be defending nothing more than the principle known to Woodrow Wilson as "self-determination" and to Nikita Khrushchev as "national liberation."

While there is "outside interference" everywhere, there are forms of it that are tolerable to certain people at certain times and forms that are not. War is perhaps the least tolerable of all, though clearly there have been times when this has not been the case. A quarter century ago, the occupied countries of Europe seemed on the whole to prefer being turned into battlefields to enduring prolonged occupation. One would suppose that the people of South Vietnam would care less about "free elections," whose gratifications they have never really known, than about an end to the killing. This may be true of a majority, but it seems nevertheless a fact that a good many of them—on our side as well as on the other—regard the war as worth pursuing for political ends. The general feeling here, though, is that the Thieu government

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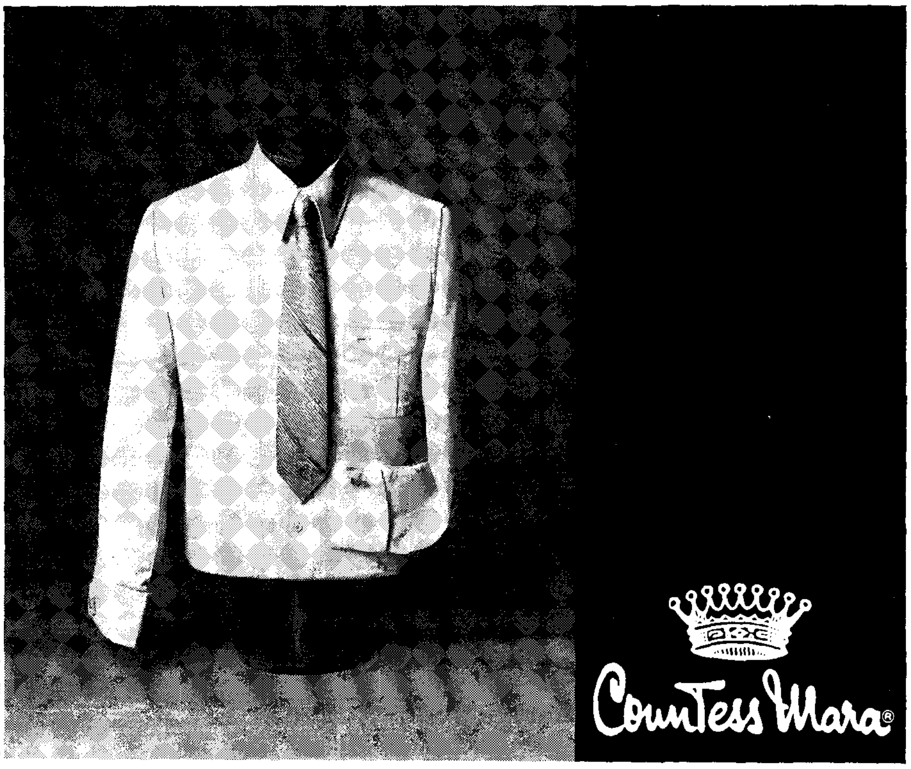

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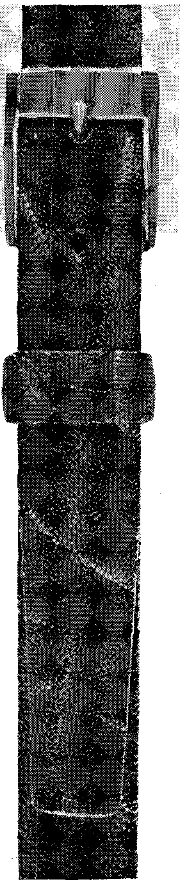

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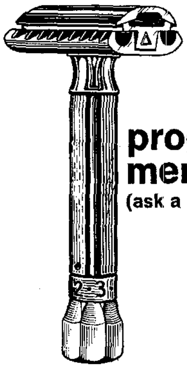

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would soon fall apart if we withdrew our support, and that all the talk by Nixon and his aides about "Vietnamizing" the war is only the articulation of a dream. Sooner or later, if Lincoln was right about the limits of fooling the people, this will have to be acknowledged, and our President—presumably this one—will have either to "de-Americanize" it, which could be a very different process from "Vietnamizing" it, or to "re-Americanize" it. At that moment, the choice would certainly appear as one between a last-minute try at saving the United States and the assumption of responsibility for its destruction.

BY a stunning and quite unanticipated majority—three hundred and thirty-nine to seventy—the House has given its approval to a Constitutional amendment that would abolish the electoral college and provide for the election of the President by direct popular vote. It has been clear for years that a substantial majority, both of citizens and of their representatives, favored some such reform, but since it could be achieved only by changing the Constitution, which requires the approval of two-thirds of each House and three-fourths of the state legislatures, the prospects for bringing it about have seemed next to hopeless. Throughout our history, politicians in the smaller states have believed that the electoral college shored up their "sovereignty" and increased their power vis-à-vis the larger states. Recent studies have tended to show that just the opposite is true—that at least in Presidential elections the weight of a single vote in a state like New York or California may be more than twice that of a vote in any of several less populous ones—but it seemed unlikely that these findings had caught up with the state legislators in Nevada or Vermont, or that, when apprised of them, they would accept them as a valid basis for abandoning the venerable institution. Thus, it was felt that while a two-thirds vote in the House might be possible, any amendment proposed in the Senate, whose members represent whole states, would probably die there, and, if not there, in the states themselves, more than thirteen of which regard themselves, quite properly, as "small" in relation to the heavily industrialized and urbanized ones. This analysis was prevalent until last week, and one consequence of it is that the President, who favored the measure himself but would do little to advance it, because he believed the cause to be a lost one, can claim no

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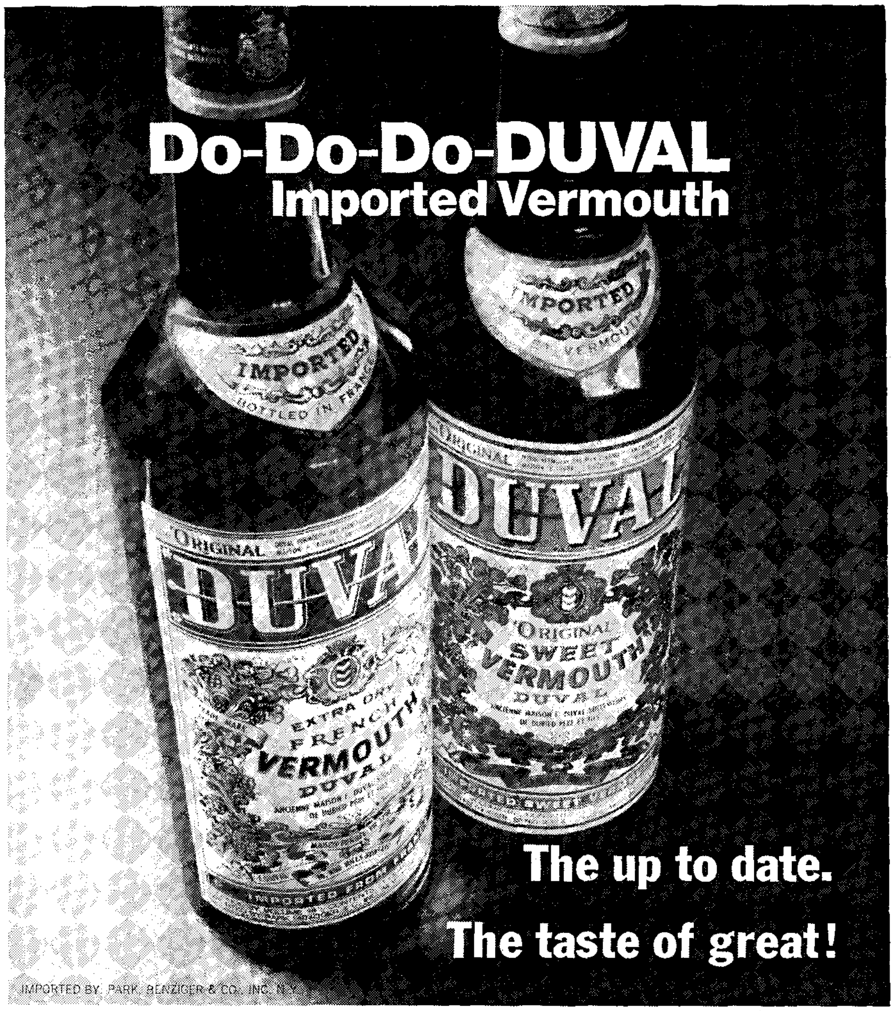
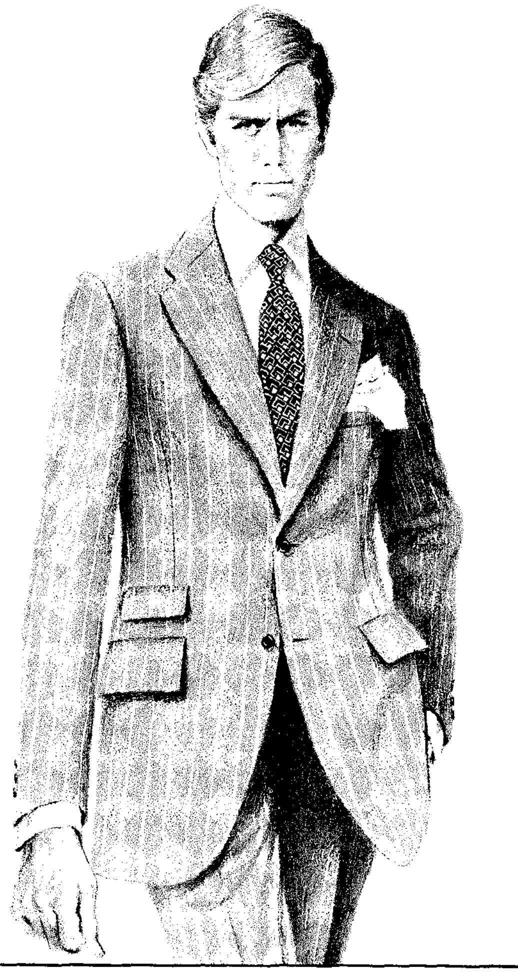
credit for what, if he had been getting better intelligence, he might have been able to count as an important achievement of his Administration. In any event, the huge vote in the House has hugely improved the prospects for eventual ratification. When a measure is approved there by a vote of eighty-three per cent, it can be pretty well taken for granted that there is support of that magnitude for it in the country, and, indeed, a Gallup Poll released just a week after the balloting here (but actually taken almost a year ago) showed approval by eighty-one per cent and disapproval by twelve—figures remarkably close to last week's division. It is now altogether possible that the electoral college has convened for the last time. In the Senate, where sixty-seven votes will be needed, more than sixty senators have for some time been committed to the measure, and many of the remaining thirty-odd have yet to make up their minds. Early action by the state legislatures is always difficult to arrange, if only because several of them meet only once, and often briefly, every two years. However, Senator Robert Griffin, of Michigan, the new Republican whip and a supporter of the measure, says he has canvassed large numbers of legislators in the smaller states and has found a sizable majority of them in favor of ratification.

The tendency here and apparently just about everywhere else is to greet the prospect of direct election with unreserved elation. As a twentieth-century institution, the electoral college is practically indefensible. It was created to serve a society that no longer exists. It is demonstrably undemocratic in the modern sense, and if the modern case for direct democracy in all our institutions can sometimes be reasonably, and even democratically, objected to, the case for the electoral college as a curb on majoritarian excesses is an empty one. If it were a body of wise and learned elders making decisions for and at the request of a largely illiterate, uninformed, and politically unorganized yeomanry—which was part of the original idea and part of the original practice—a defense of sorts might be made. But for a century and a half it has been an assemblage of political hacks who were mostly unknown to those who granted them authority, and, with a handful of exceptions, these men have exercised no judgment of any kind but, rather, have registered the verdict of the popular majority in each of the states. Custom has given the electoral college a role more in keeping with the democratic impulse than it originally had, but its

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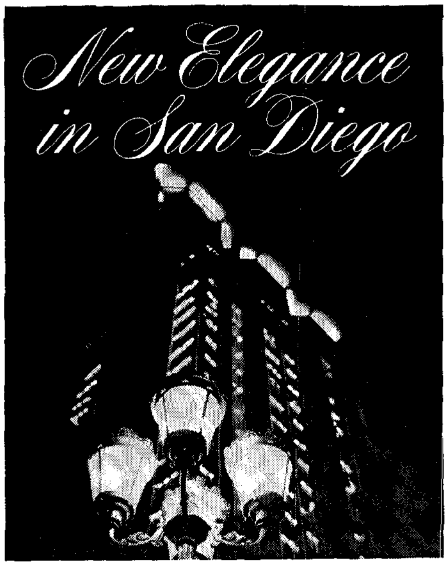

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potentiality for frustrating that impulse still exists. It could give the American people a President they had recently voted against; it could even give them a President they had voted neither for nor against, one whose views on public affairs they had no acquaintance with, and one whose views, perhaps, were anathema to all but a small minority. Though the institution has long operated in ways unintended by those who originally fashioned it, it has undergone no structural change, and since custom is not immutable, it could become a good deal more undemocratic than it has been in recent years. Beyond that, there is in its structure a potentiality for sheer political chaos. Its unit rule—under which all of each state's electoral votes go to the candidate who carried the state—and the provision that a President receive a majority of the total electoral vote could lead to the choice of a President by the House of Representatives, with each state having a single vote and a simple majority, or twenty-six, required for certification. The country could find itself either leaderless or led by a man whose only mandate sprang from the compromises he had made with twenty-six congressional delegations. There seemed a real chance that something of this sort would happen last year, when George Wallace's candidacy could have denied an electoral-college majority to either of the major candidates. The prospect of George Wallace's extracting commitments in exchange for his electoral votes was doubtless a major spur to reform.

No rational case can be made for the electoral college on its merits as a political instrumentality. A case against its abolition can, however, be made on the ground that the hazards of direct election are just as numerous, and perhaps even more so. To be sure, if the one-man-one-vote principle is the very foundation of all political morality and wisdom, then direct election must be the goal of every pure spirit in the land. But many of those who have rejoiced in the Supreme Court's one-man-one-vote reapportionment decisions have done so because they felt the implementation of those rulings would work to the advantage of the poor and powerless, most of them in the big cities and in the big states, where, as has most often been the case, the apportionment of legislative power greatly favored the rural areas and small towns. This was sound thinking on the whole, though it tended to overlook the fact that reapportionment had become the order of the day at a time when, thanks to the way things were developing in

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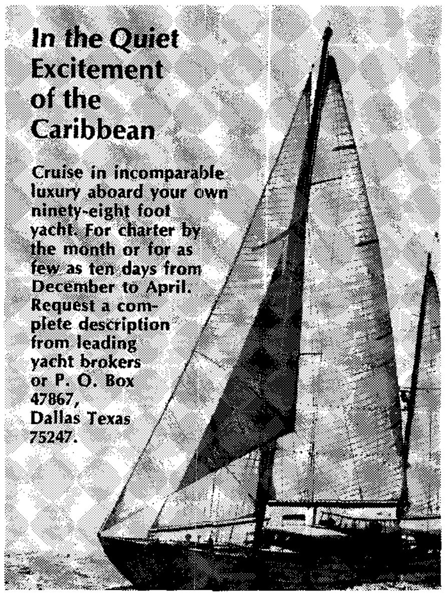

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American life, the suburbs had more to gain from it than either the cities or the countryside. Similarly, the desire to get rid of the electoral college is based largely on the belief—or, at least, the hope—that direct election will put power in the hands of masses whose sufferings they identify closely with the inequities of the political system. The inequities exist and should be eliminated, but if the computers used by recent researchers in the field are reliable, abandoning the electoral college may be a disservice to the poor and powerless. The story the computers tell is that the vote of a man in a large state carries added weight, because it helps determine the composition of a large bloc of electoral votes. And there is somewhat more to it than this. Most candidates for the Presidency have their eye on the large states and will do more to conciliate their voters than they are likely to do in the small states. Richard Nixon in 1968 was something of an exception to this rule, but the rule has been applicable through most of this century, and it is perhaps in belated recognition of it that the pressure for direct elections is now building up in small states, where formerly it was believed that the electoral college worked generally to their advantage. If retention of the electoral college exposes us to political chaos, its abolition does not insure us against it. The political order as it operates has encouraged us to compose our differences within the framework of a two-party system, and the electoral college has played a large part in making this a generally viable approach. Our differences may now be too numerous and too large to be contained within such a system, and a new approach may be required if there is to be any order in American life at all. Direct election, though, seems likely to invite fragmentation. The inducements to prior accommodation—the settling of differences in conventions and other gatherings—would be fewer, and the formation of splinter parties would be encouraged. New minor parties can be innovative; they can also be purely mischievous or instruments of demagogic ego. Under the present system, there is seldom any point in running for President if one is going to come in third, fourth, or fifth. Only infrequently—and last year was one occasion—has a third-party candidate won any electoral votes. Under the amendment the House has endorsed, a candidate would be declared elected if he carried more than forty per cent of the popular vote. If no one got forty per cent, there would be a runoff between the

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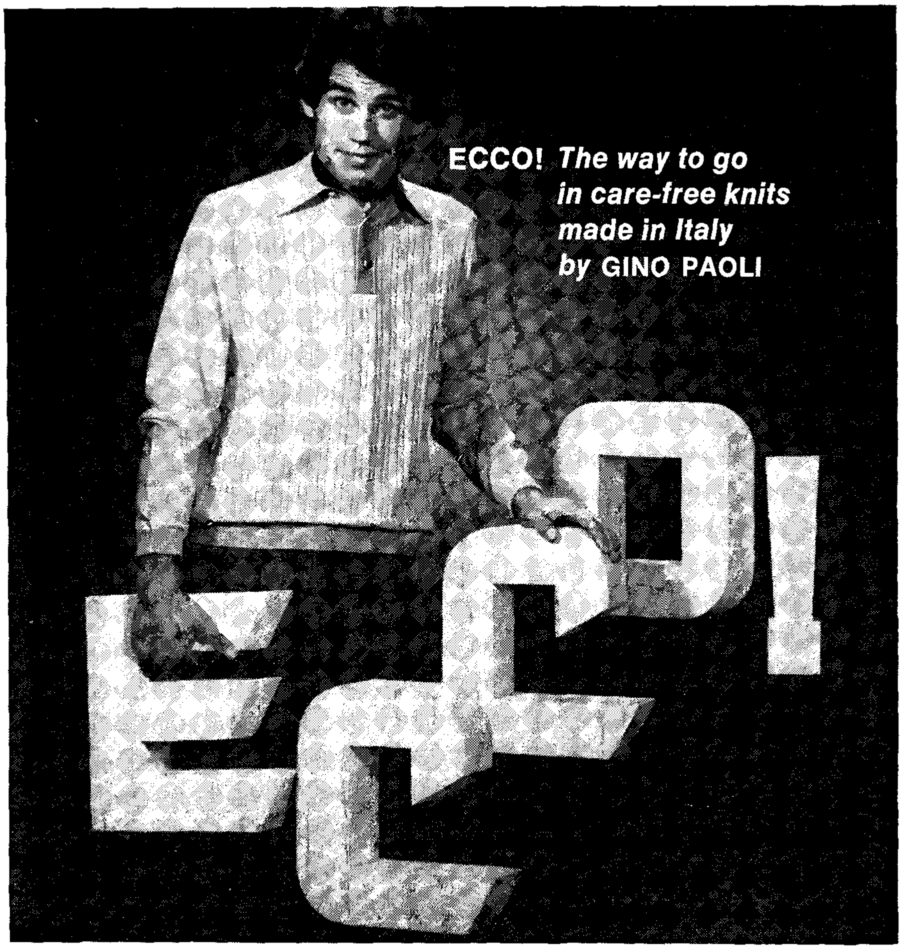

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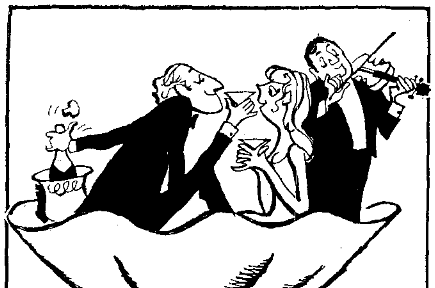

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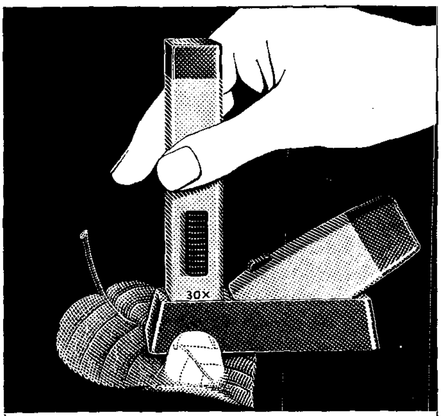

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top two candidates. This is a reasonable provision and one designed to preserve the strength of the Presidency. But while direct election would foreclose the possibility of an election's being thrown into the House of Representatives, it would by no means strip a candidate like George Wallace of all power. His ten million votes would be as much of a prize to a contestant in a runoff election as to a contestant in the electoral college or the House of Representatives. If any election in the future should be even close to the pattern of the election of 1960 or 1968, any candidate who managed to get a couple of hundred thousand votes might have a powerful voice in the destiny of the nation.

The spread of democracy has been, historically, a liberal cause, and it is part of the liberal dogma that the more democratic a government's processes are, the more liberal and humane its policies are likely to be. Unfortunately, history does not confirm this agreeable theory. Democratic societies have been as tolerant of slavery, racism, war, and imperialism as undemocratic ones. Fifteen years ago, the Chief Justice of the United States gave it as his opinion that if the Bill of Rights were then put to a vote, it would lose, and he was probably right. At that time, fifty per cent of Americans thought that Senator Joe McCarthy was performing a useful public service, and if a referendum had been held on this appalling proposition, enough of the "undecided" would have come down on the McCarthy side to make it a popular majority. In the federal government, the House of Representatives is by far the most "representative" component. Except in a few Southern states, its members are elected on a one-man-one-vote basis. This cannot be said of the President, or of the senators, or of the Justices of the Supreme Court. Yet over the years the House has been the most illiberal of our governmental bodies. The poor and powerless have more often been befriended by Presidents than by congressmen, and in the Congress the Senate, an institution that is an affront to majoritarianism, has been far more liberal than the House. And the Supreme Court, which has always been beyond the reach of the franchised voter, has been—in recent times, at any rate—by far the most liberal of all. The electoral college is an anachronism, and the world has a way of sooner or later—generally later—sloughing off anachronisms, but it is anything but inevitable that the human condition is thereby made more tolerable or the union more perfect.—RICHARD H. ROVERE

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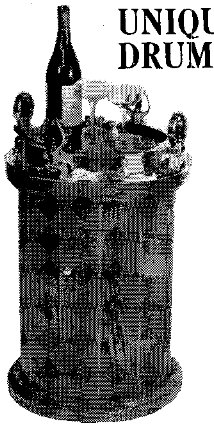

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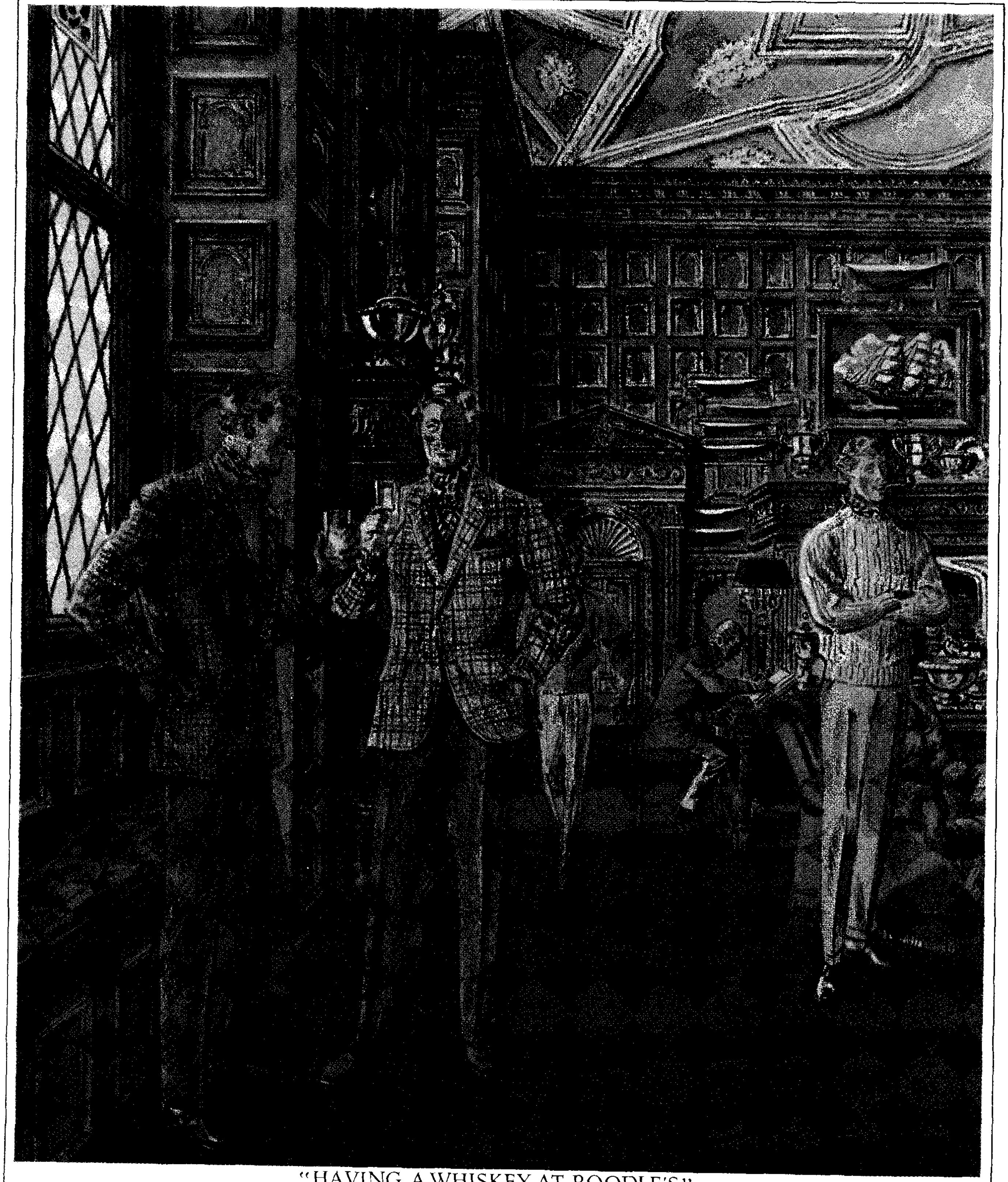

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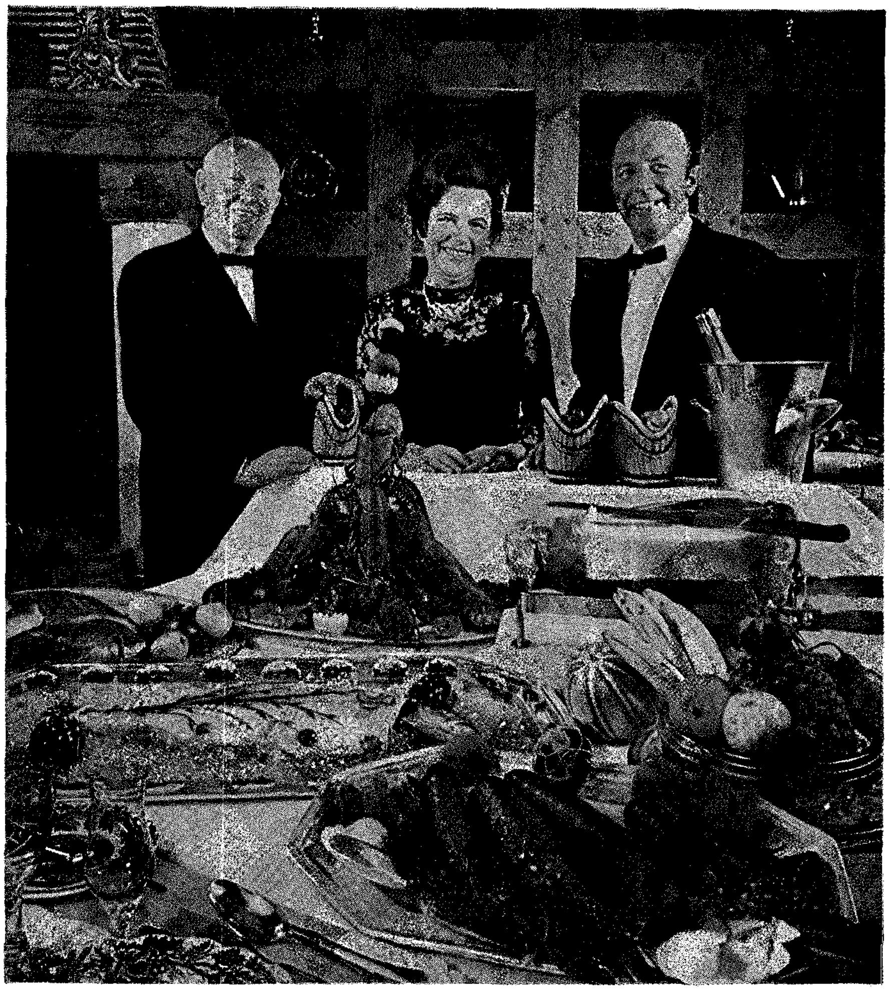

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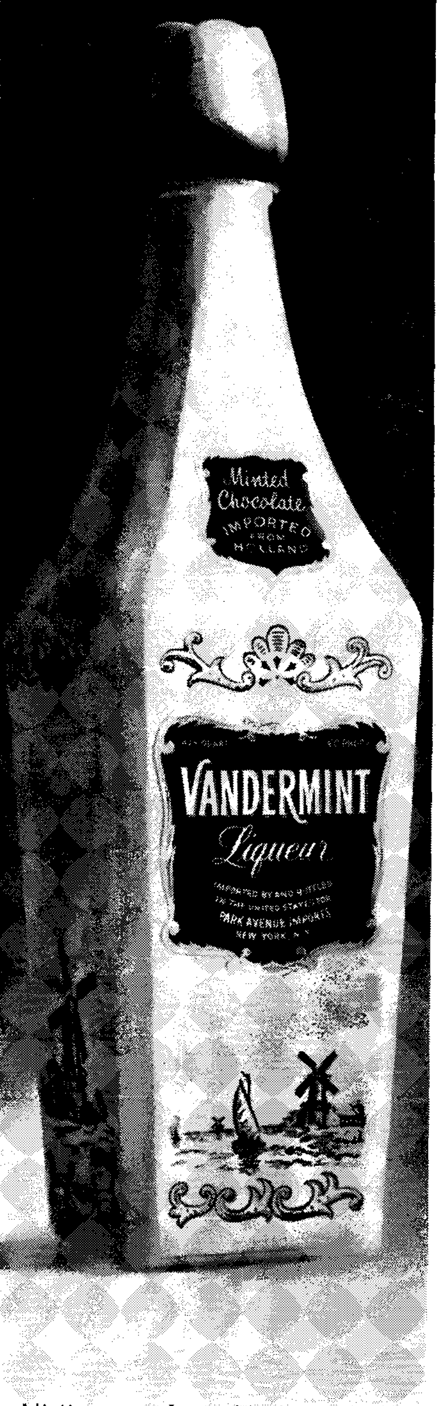
LETTER FROM PARIS

SEPTEMBER 24

THE presence of General de Gaulle in recollection still inhabits Paris, despite his unrelenting physical absence from it since last spring, and even under the new Presidential regime bearing Georges Pompidou's name. Pompidou's Monday press conference at the Palais de l'Élysée—which largely consisted of advice to the entire nation, since France last month had suffered an unavoidable devaluation and recently a week's bout of transportation strikes of all kinds that paralyzed the country's capital and put its citizens on their feet in the city streets—naturally brought Pompidou onto the TV screen, and also into an inspired Jacques Faizant cartoon in *Figaro*. It showed de Gaulle in his country study and in his housecoat, watching Pompidou at the microphone, and Mme. de Gaulle in the doorway with her knitting, having come in response to her husband's call: "Yvonne! Come see our President of my Republic!"

Toward the close of his speech to the press (and, by extension, to the listening French nation), Pompidou suddenly and surprisingly said, "I have been reproached for lacking the epic style," which had been so resoundingly and satisfactorily proffered in that same Elysian palatial gilded ballroom over the years by the General in his biannual addresses to journalists come from all over the world—for one reason because he always included what he called a "*tour d'horizon*," bringing in aspects of history possibly being made on the other side of the globe, which he treated at such moments as if it were a planet of crystal, through which he could peer and almost prophesy. "I have voluntarily avoided the lyric style," Pompidou went on, "because I am dealing with grave affairs"—a reminder, perhaps, to his listeners that although he had mostly been talking about the sad state of French finances and had lately been a banker, he was, at any rate, also something of an authority on French poetry, of which several years ago he edited an anthology. Furthermore, he ended his Monday press talk with a quotation, drawn from his prodigious memory, of part of a fine modern poem on grief by Paul Éluard. These Gallic touches distinguished his official summing-up of France's trouble from those being emitted at the same time by Rome concerning Italy's inflationary difficulties and accompanying strikes, and by Bonn, whose money troubles consist of fiscal constipation because of the overrich, undeflated German mark, yet are accompanied by industrial strikes, too.

Pompidou's first press conference, held some time back, was not an impressive success. But this time he gave as much satisfaction to his listeners as was possible, considering that he was talking about bad French news, about what had caused it, and about what he planned to do to remedy it, which will be austere and therefore disagreeable to the pleasure-loving French. The images he employed in his speech were neither epic nor lyric but trenchant and commonplace, of the kind that stick usefully in a listener's mind. Part of France's trouble, he said, was that she had suffered "the brutal shock" of the student riots in the spring of 1968, which, in a month's destruction of Sorbonne classrooms, Latin Quarter street pavements, and the Odéon Theatre, plus the city's closed factories and shops, netted France a loss, he said, of between two and three *billion* dollars. Then followed the loss of a billion more in the public speculation on the German mark, after which there was the rise in wages, welcome to the workers but always a financial shock to those who have to pay. Since the riots, he said, France has suffered like someone who has been through a bad accident and emerged with "a slow hemorrhage," located in her finances—at first nearly painless but, if not stopped, likely to prove mortal. For the state of France's currency he used an image from the sporting page. He said that the runner who dopes himself at the beginning of a long race may do several impressive laps but will end by collapsing. "Our franc was doped," Pompidou said. "Thus, devaluation was necessary to set its real value." He said that for twenty years the French had been spending all they earned, and sometimes a little more. Now everybody, including municipalities, must save, including each French citizen, and especially "the mothers of families." He went on, "If a woman wants to change her washing machine, she may say 'Let's do it now.' Generalized, this leads to inflation. I am speaking to everybody when I say that every time a mother argues about prices, protests



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unjustified increases, or delays purchasing what is not indispensable, she defends the franc. And when she puts a little money into the savings bank, she is working for the good of her country and her children's future." He said that at the end of the last century France had been one of Europe's great industrial powers. After the Second World War, France owed her revival in large part to American aid. What France now needs to move ahead is to modernize her industries and to change her business mentality. "Our economic apparatus needs to develop a mentality that I dare to call aggressiveness, which leads to conquering outside markets, to fighting for business on the territory of others, as nowadays they come to fight us on ours," he said. (This was a blow that was not below the belt, being obviously aimed at the enormous recent purchases by American capital of French resources, which the French eagerly sold for dollars instead of developing for themselves and for their franc.) As an example of the wide range of his mind, Pompidou said that he had lately "entertained himself by giving the following problem to a computer to solve: Supposing that all France's social-welfare expenses began to increase at the same rate as the current increase in spending for the care of the sick, how long would it take before the social-welfare budget of the nation absorbed the totality of the nation's resources?" He added, "The answer was nineteen years and two months." It was such extensions of his mind and imagination that made his hour-and-a-half press conference stimulating, if not epic.

A week before, Pompidou's Prime Minister, Jacques Chaban-Delmas, had spoken vigorously in Parliament on what he called "the new society of France," which contained enough novelties of reform and social goodness to constitute a benign sort of new French Revolution—if the present government stays in power long enough to set it in motion. At Pompidou's press conference, a long question about the new society was put to the President by the editor of the famous Catholic daily called *La Croix*, who added, as if in encouragement, "You are now in the Élysée for seven years, if God so wills that you live." To this the new President of the Republic answered, with a broad, Voltairean smile, "You are better placed than I am to ask Him."

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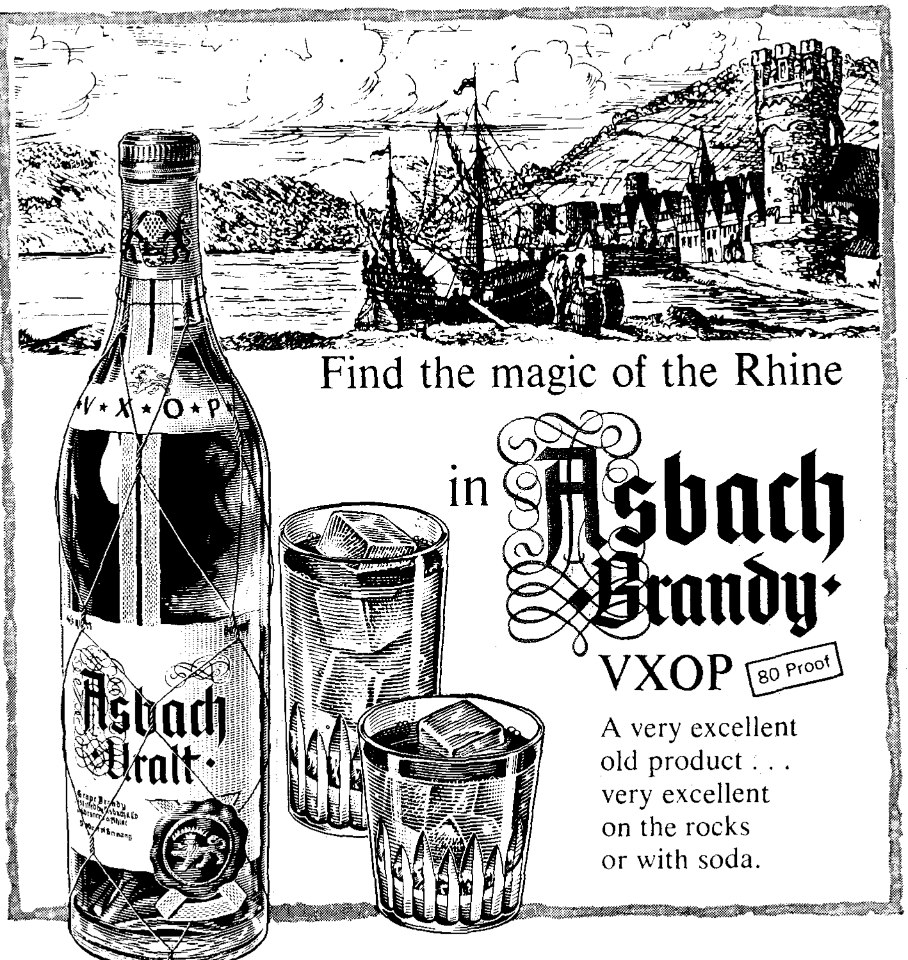
recollections. Roses in suburban front yards and on estates in the Île-de-France bloomed as if under orders for a flower show, with top-heavy pink roses on stalks four feet tall. In the Beauce, France's wheat bin, near the Gothic landmark of Chartres Cathedral, the harvest weather and the crop satisfied even the French farmers, usually prone to complaint about everything, as their basic agricultural principle. Fruits and vegetables are, naturally, dearer than last year. What is grievous about the vegetables and fruits this year is that, with the Paris central market moved away from the picturesque, pestiferous old Halles—where small restaurateurs often taxied down at daybreak to buy stuff culled the afternoon before on the outlying farms—everything is changed. With the Paris market now removed to the new cement barracks at suburban Rungis, few little restaurant keepers can afford the trek, and they buy their vegetables and salads from some local Paris supermarket or from a wholesaler. Thus, time is lost in the life of fresh vegetables themselves, and, with it, that delicate modicum of superiority in their taste at French tables. Choice Paris cooking in small, famous bistros is doomed to head downhill as a manifestation of so-called progress in municipal planning, now that "the belly of Paris," as Zola called his horrifying, realistic novel on Les Halles, has been moved outside the city limits.

Whenever you leave Paris for a few months, you invariably find on your return that it has been brutally improved here and there, with the modernizing of some old façade or with an entire edifice replaced by a huge hole, indicating one more skyscraper to come or an altitudinous new apartment house of the type the French call "*de grand standing*," meaning luxury flats. It is said that the useless old Gare d'Orsay, which apparently belongs to the City of Paris, is scheduled to come down. Increasingly, tree-filled squares of the city are being undermined by new public garages. Even though we don't see the automobiles, there is the knowledge that viscerally they are there, inside the body of the city as well as rushing or crawling on the asphalt skin of its streets above. Because of the frequent *chantiers*, or work sites, for the continuing suburban Métros, Paris has become so choked on its own traffic that seven new "toboggans," as the French call these temporary bridges, are reportedly being built this autumn over certain congested key Paris streets and intersections. These toboggans al-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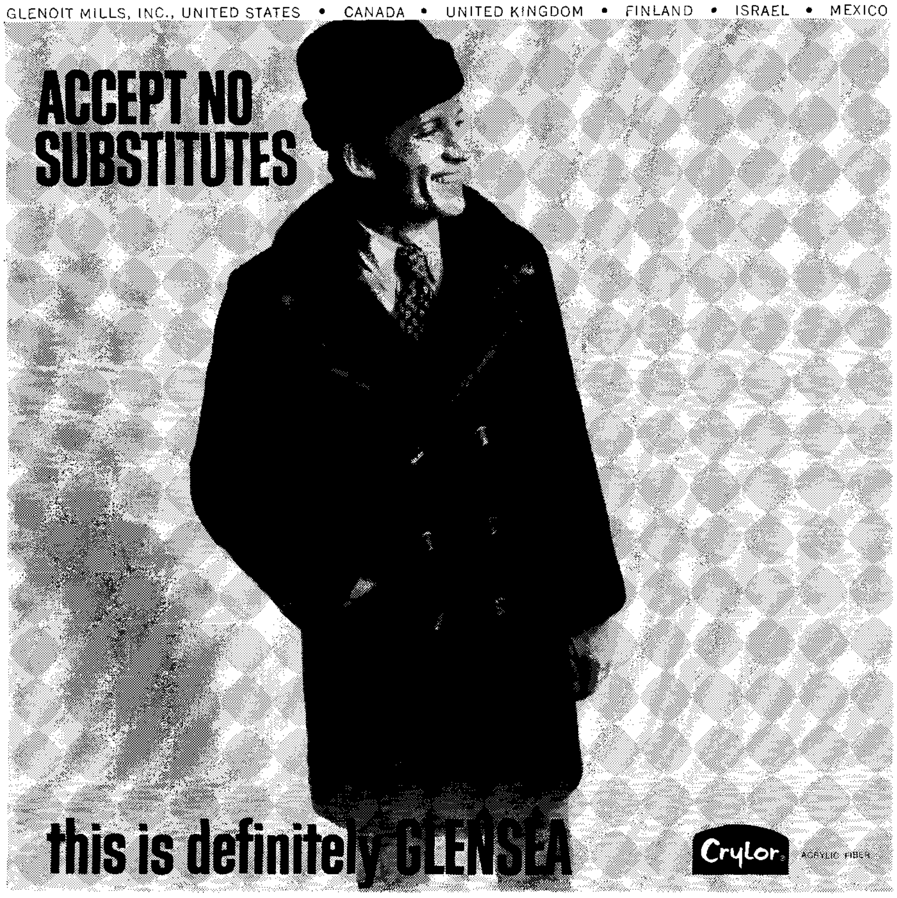
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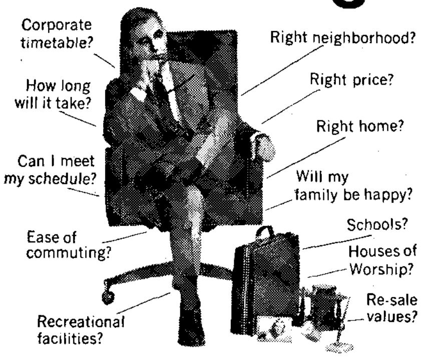
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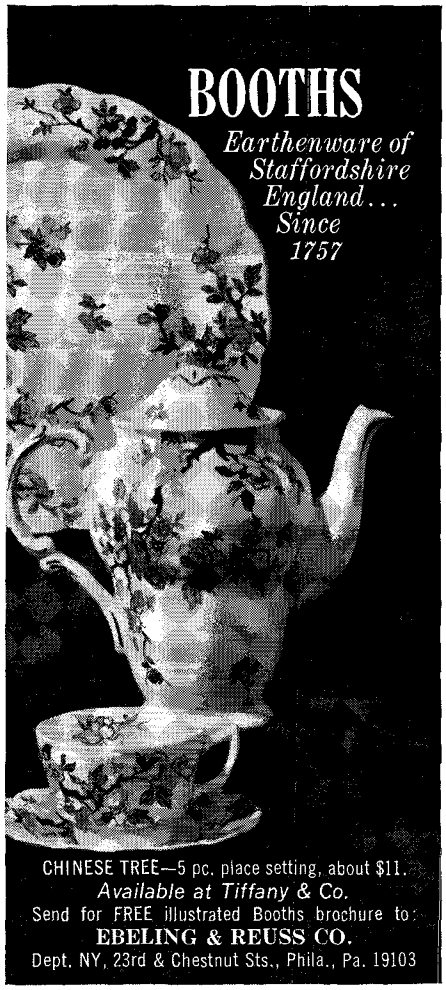
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ways look tempting and perilous. There is already one on top of the stone bridge at Saint-Cloud—a bridge on top of a bridge—to handle the weekend country-going traffic heading for the Autoroute.

Paris is still full of tourists, and the hotels of all grades are still packed. This summer saw more American tourists here than for many years. Many of them came because General de Gaulle had finally departed.

AS has often been privately said in musical circles, concert pianists are generally embryo actors. At one period, Liszt even dressed for his appearances in his *abbé's* soutane. Chopin's long hair and the waving of his beautiful white hands, plus his famous love affair with the cigar-smoking lady novelist Georges Sand, added to the popular attraction of his Frenchly composed waltzes when played in Paris. In our time, de Pachmann, in his New York concerts, used to lean down after a passage he had particularly relished and converse with the front row of his auditors about how well he had played it. Wanda Landowska used a regular theatrical business with her small white handkerchief when she sat down before her harpsichord. First, she would place it on the right side of the instrument, then remove it to wipe her strong, bony fingers, then place it again at her right. She always bowed her head for a moment before lifting it and her hands to bring life and sound to the plucked, delicate music she was the mistress of. Today, the greatest actor of them all is Artur Rubinstein. The proof is in "L'Amour de la Vie,". a cinematographic profile of his life and his more than seventy years on the world's concert stages, acted and spoken by him in what is an unusual and important kind of autobiographical format. It was directed by its creator, the Parisian cinematographer François Reichenbach, who made the very special "L'Amérique Insolite" some years back. The Rubinstein film was made in two versions and languages—French and Spanish, both spoken by the pianist, who relates the elements of his life story from his birth in Lodz, Poland, through his musical education in Berlin, his concert début at the age of six in Warsaw, and his arrival in Paris at sixteen, where he met Debussy. While he talks, he is walking amid the ruins of Persepolis, or across the empty Israeli desert, or climbing with his wife, Niela, up the Montmartre slope of Paris to the house where they lived for years. When he travels, we travel with him,

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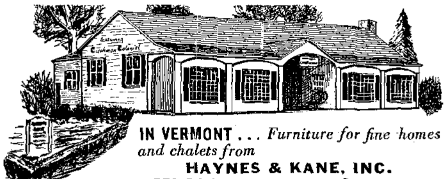
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listening and looking, and again listening, when he plays parts of the "Appassionata Sonata" and the Polonaise in A-Flat Major, parts of two Beethoven concertos, Liszt's "Liebestraum," some Brahms and some Villa-Lobos, both solo and with the Orchestre de Paris and the Israel Philharmonic. These, of course, are the magic portions of the film and the greatest privilege it offers—that of watching him at close range, rehearsing in a worn old sweater with short sleeves. As the orchestra starts up, a strange look comes over his face, which seems to swell as if with some physical feeling of re-creation. His eyes become the agate eyes of an amazing old man who is seeing nothing but is remembering the report of his memory on the music he will play—a very great pianist. By moving back and forth across Rubinstein's life and memories and familiar countries, Reichenbach has composed a chef-d'œuvre of a profile, in which the camera writes the report with its lens and, by further mechanics, supplies the conversation. In his casual talking moments, Rubinstein mentions a Prince Lubomirski, one of the great Warsaw nobles, of generous musical culture, who heard Rubinstein play as a boy and offered to finance his career. (The Warsaw Philharmonic was founded and at first directed by Niela's father, who later directed the Warsaw opera.) The television biography of Rubinstein that recently appeared on TV in New York used some of Reichenbach's footage but was otherwise distinct. The French version of "L'Amour de la Vie," now playing here in five movie houses, was a triumph at the Cannes spring film festival. This month, it has substituted here for the opening of the musical season in the pleasure it has given to musicians and also to filmgoers—the pleasure of meeting the joyous, civilized genius of Rubinstein himself, in his eighty-second year of a happy life.

—GENÊT

•

A class in cannon making, believed to be the first in the country, will begin next Monday at Folwell Junior High School, 36th St. and 20th Av. S.

The title of the course is "Historical Cannon Making" and it will be taught by James Mathisrud, 4254 19th Av. S. Mathisrud is one of the group of Minneapolis men who built and operate a full-scale model of a Civil War howitzer....

Mathisrud expects most students will want to build small scale model cannon, but he said if a group wants to go together on a full-scale cannon he will be happy to help them.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

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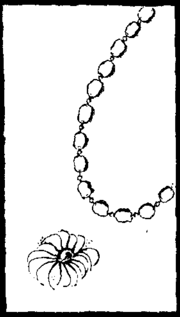

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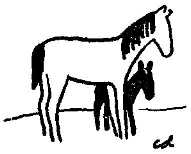
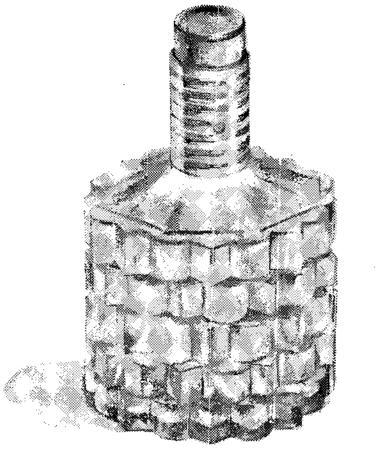


As Paul Mellon's three-year-old Arts and Letters galloped gaily home in the Woodward Stakes at Belmont Park last Saturday, many people in the crowd, I'm sure, were as convinced as I was that they were watching the next Horse of the Year. The foundation for this view was the style in which the Rokeby Stable star achieved the victory. Not only did he beat older runners—Nodouble by two lengths and Verbatim by another length and a half, with Chompion, the only other starter, down the course—but at no stage did he appear in danger of defeat. Arts and Letters, a picture of health and good conditioning, was the first one in the paddock, and, by the way, he has grown a bit and is no longer the "little colt" we saw in the spring. The others were well turned out, too, and none looked better than Nodouble, a sleek mass of hard-trained muscle. As the four walked in the parade ring, some of the gentry who yell at jockeys gave out with a bellow that sent the colts on their hind legs—the very thing high-strung horses need before a race. Happily, the contretemps had no ill effects. Nodouble went to the front at the break and established a clear lead in the long run down the backstretch and round the far turn, with Verbatim just off the pace, and with Baeza, who rode Arts and Letters, seeming content to keep him in third place. Nodouble was still ahead at the mile marker, but as they swung into the homestretch Baeza gave Arts and Letters, who had already passed Verbatim, his head, and it was all over but cashing your tickets. The two-dollar ones paid $2.60. The mile and a quarter was run in 2:01, and the pace was remarkably even, the time by quarters being 0:24⅖, 0:23⅘, 0:24, 0:24⅖, 0:24⅖. It was the thirteenth start for Arts and Letters this season, and he has won seven of the thirteen, the last five in a row. He picked up $68,900 in prize money in the Woodward, bringing his 1969 earnings to $486,574. It's my guess that his final appearance this year will be in the Jockey Club Gold Cup at Aqueduct on the twenty-fifth.

On the record—with firsts in the Everglades, the Blue Grass, the Belmont, the Jim Dandy, and the Travers



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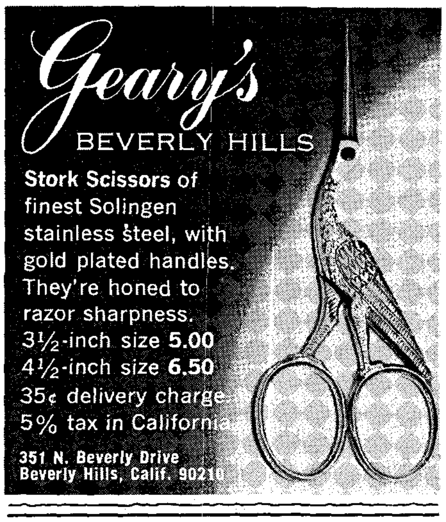

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Stakes—Arts and Letters stands out above all the other three-year-olds. He has beaten older horses twice—in the Metropolitan Handicap and now in the Woodward. Besides, he is a very attractive individual. He's still on the small side, but his conformation is hard to fault, and he has a beautiful head, together with great quality. His color, too, is unusual—liver chestnut, horsemen call it. His pedigree is classic—by Ribot, an Italian-bred, unbeaten in his sixteen starts, all of them stakes, out of All Beautiful, whom Mr. Mellon paid $175,000 for at the Foxcatcher Farm sale in 1966; she's by Battlefield out of Parlo. And, if I may repeat, Elliott Burch has done a top job training Hearts of Lettuce, as they're calling him. Burch will admit only that the colt is the best he's ever had, which includes Sword Dancer, with whom he won the Woodward twice.

I've always thought that some horses love to race and that others don't. (I'm not thinking of those who have so much racing that they become sour and cunning.) Arts and Letters, I'd say, really enjoys competition, and he also puts a lot of zip and go into his morning workouts. Which is the kind of horse that owners and trainers dream about.

NEXT to the Woodward, the big news last weekend was that Harry F. Guggenheim is disbanding his Cain Hoy Stable and retiring from racing, because of ill health. The horses in training, the broodmares, and the young bloodstock will be sold at public auction, the stallions at a private one—both, no doubt, before the season ends.

—AUDAX MINOR

●

L. K. writes: We are a group of women who have interesting discussions during coffee breaks and at lunch. Do you think sauerkraut is good for you?—*"How to Keep Well," in the Chicago Tribune.*

Interestingly enough, no.

●

Starting Friday, October 4, the Evanston Public Library will present a free film program beginning with "THE STRING BEAN" and "THE TITAN," the story of Michelangelo, a former Evanston resident!—*Evanston (Ill.) Review.*

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●

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*Chief Police Prosecutor Clarence Rogers, of Cleveland, quoted in the Cleveland Press*]

"It is my belief that without the participation of men, there would be much less prostitution activity in the streets."

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Waiting for Orgy

"Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice" has been widely attacked in advance: it opened the New York Film Festival, and the *Times* has had at it three times already, calling it a "sniggery" movie, and the news magazines have been jumping on it, too. *Time* was outraged that it was chosen to open "a presumably serious film festival." If one laughs at it, as I did (and I didn't snigger), one may suspect either (a) that even as good an American commercial comedy as this is *too* American and *too* commercial for the kind of fusty film-festival thinking that splits movies into art versus entertainment or (b) that there is something about the film that bugs people. It's both, I think.

When I see those ads with the quote "You'll have to see this picture twice," I know it's the kind of picture I don't *want* to see once. It's practically a penance to sit through some of these movies, and a new Pasolini or a "late" Bresson lasts one a long time. The movie press has not suddenly become avant-garde; it's just embracing the European cultural values it feels safe with. European films have not struck out in any major new directions this year; they've been rather dull—which can hardly be said of American movies at this time. When one considers some of what has been urged on us as "art" this last year—all those films that *look* like art ("Teorema")—it's clear that a commercial comedy doesn't fit into this framework of austere mortification of the audience. If you ever wanted to go see "Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice" again, it would be because it was funny, not because you didn't get it the first time. It's true it's not a work of depth that would yield up more with subsequent viewings, but it's almost schizophrenic for the movie critics to attack a movie for having just those entertaining qualities that drew them to movies in the first place. It's so damned easy to be cultured.

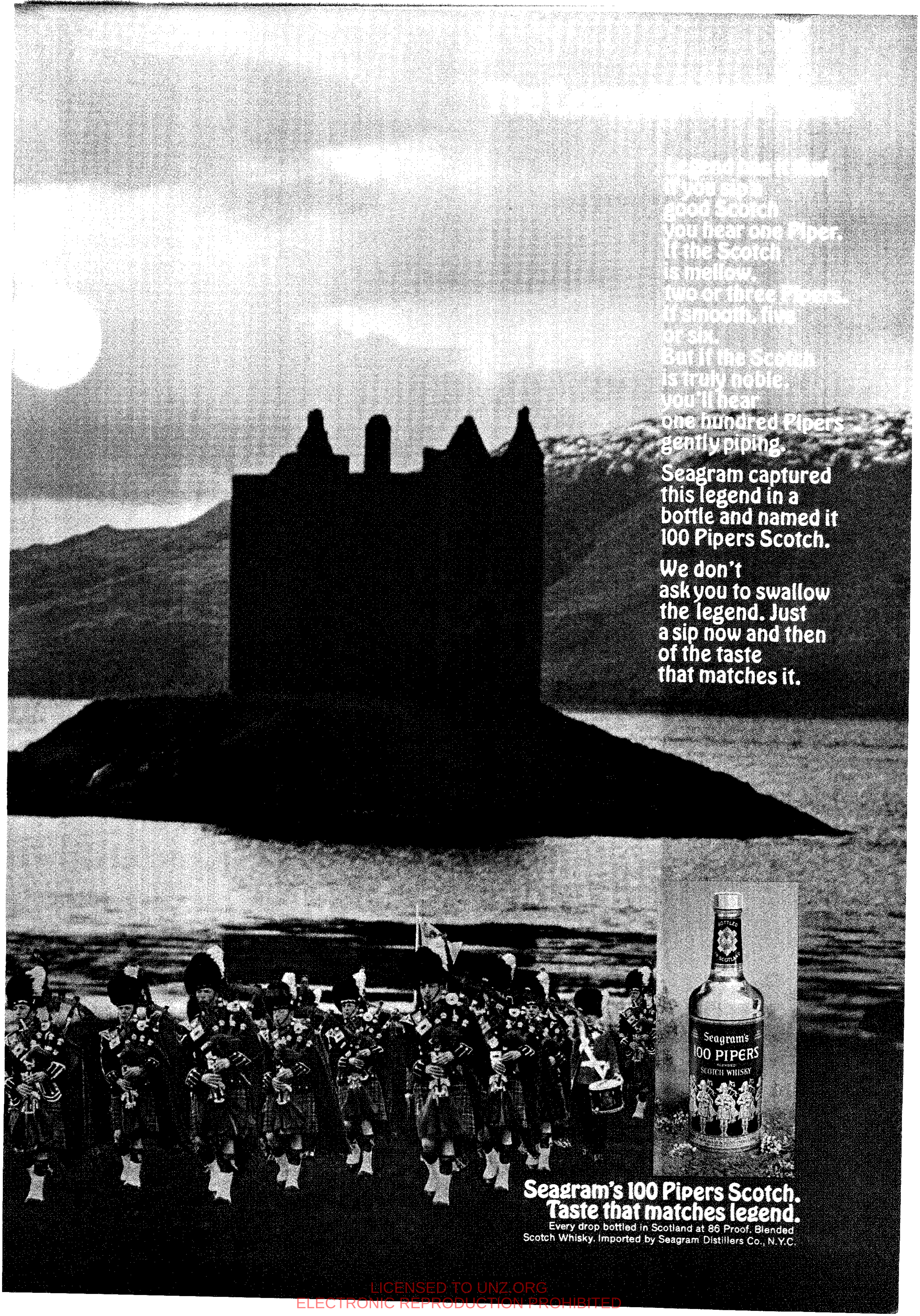
"Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice" is a slick, whorey movie, and the liveliest American comedy so far this year. It's unabashedly commercial, and in some ways it's the kind of commercial picture that succeeds with audiences by going just a little farther than they expect, but titillation is no longer easy, and this particular kind of titillation is so unconcealed that maybe it has earned the right to be called honestly comic. There is nothing hidden in this movie—the acrid commercial flavor is right there, out front. Because it's funny, and because it's marital-situation comedy and it's set in the middle-class southern California of so much tawdry Americana, it's easy to say this is Doris-Dayland, and those bothered by the acridity may use that as a way of putting the film down. Superficially, the picture looks like a Day, and the people live in the same style (they did in "The Graduate" also), but this movie is made up of what was left out of the optimistic Doris Day comedies. (What a perfect name. *Sui generis.*) This is the far side of middle-class marriage, after Doris Day fades out. The period is late 1969, when the concept of legal marriage is being undermined and the members of the middle class who are trying to be swingers are nervous—culturally uneasy about clinging to something square, and personally tantalized by thoughts of the sex possibilities they're missing. The movie works its way through cuteness and "sophistication" and out the other end of nowhere. It's tawdry, all right, but the tawdriness is *used.* This is the kind of movie in which a modern husband who has just had an affair comes home unexpectedly to find another man in bed with his wife and decides that the sensible new behavior is to have a friendly drink. This solution is hardly satisfactory; the tension is unresolved. The scene is badly played, but still it nags at one: Is there a better solution?

A sophisticated popular comedy isn't Hollywood's stock-in-trade anymore; the times are too volatile. This picture is a bit more unusual than it may seem, and it raises some of the problems that may plague actors in the next few years. Paul Mazursky and Larry Tucker, who wrote "Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice," also wrote last year's "I Love You, Alice B. Toklas!," which had some very funny dialogue but was directed (by Hy Averback) in a loose scat style that didn't give the movie much distinction. Mazursky has directed this time, and the material takes on a far more self-aware aspect. The occasional attempts at visual effects (such as a sex fantasy on a plane) are disastrously shoddy, but Mazursky, directing his first picture, has done something very ingenious. He has developed a style from satiric improvisational revue theatre—he and Tucker were part of the Second City troupe—and from TV situation comedy, and, with skill and wit, has made this mixture work.

During the past three or four years, many directors have tried to put revue humor on film, and, except for some of the early comedy sequences in "The Graduate," it has failed, painfully—as in "Luv," "The Tiger Makes Out," the Eleanor Bron-William Daniels bits of "Two for the Road," parts of "Bedazzled," the Elaine May role in "Enter Laughing," "The President's Analyst," and so on. Revue theatre is a form of actors' theatre; even when the material isn't worked up by the actors—even when it is written by a Murray Schisgal (or, in England, transformed into more serious drama by Harold Pinter)—the meaning comes from the rhythm of clichés, defenses, and little verbal aggressions, and this depends on the pulse and the intuition of the performers. It would be as difficult to write out as dance notation. Typically, as in the Nichols-and-May routines, the satire is thin and the thinness is the essence of the joke. We laugh at the tiny, almost imperceptible hostilities that suddenly explode, because we recognize that we're tied up in knots about small issues more than about big ones, and that we don't lose our pretensions even when (or especially when) we are concerned about the big ones.

This style developed here (and in England) in the fifties, when college actors went on working together in cabarets, continuing and developing sophomoric humor. That word isn't used pejoratively; I *like* sophomoric college-revue humor, and one has only to contrast its topicality and freshness with the Joe Miller Jokebook world to understand why it swept the country. In revue, the very latest in interpersonal relations—the newest clichés and courtship rites and seduction techniques—could be polished to the point of satire almost overnight. The Lenny Bruces and Mort Sahls and the stand-up comics might satirize the political *them*, but cabaret, with its interacting couples, satirized *us.* We laugh at being nailed by these actors who are cartoons of us, all too easy to understand, and though there's a comic discomfort in listening to what our personal and social rituals might sound like if they were overheard, it's a comfortable form of theatre—the dishevelled American's form of light domestic comedy.

But it didn't work in the movies. A skit builds by the smallest of inflec-



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tions, and each inflection becomes important because we construct the whole ambience from the performers—mainly from their voices. And that's what, in the past, killed this kind of acting on the screen: the performers did too much with voices and pauses, and when the director interrupted them with camera shifts and cuts, the performers lost their own rhythm and rapport. In relation to how it was being used, their acting was overdeveloped in a specialized way, and the result was, oddly, that they seemed ugly and rather grotesque and terribly stagy. And the milieu always felt wrong, because we didn't need it; instead of getting our bearings from the performers we looked at the sets and lost our bearings. This is still a problem in "Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice"—the houses the couples live in get in the way of our accepting the situations—but some of the other problems have been solved.

Mazursky has designed most of the picture in a series of sequences focussing on the actors, letting the rhythm of their interplay develop, and he has taken the series of revue sketches on the subject of modern marital stress and built them into a movie by using the format of situation comedy, with its recurrent synthetic crises. What is so surprising—and yet it should have been obvious—is that he has found useful dramatic elements in situation comedy. It's pleasant to stick to the same people throughout a movie, instead of wandering around and having the continuity broken into all the time, and it's relaxing to be in a form with controlled expectations, where there's no threat of violence, or even of direct assault on our emotions. This TV format is probably the best and most straightforward way to make revue material work on film, and it gives Mazursky a few small miracles (largely from Elliott Gould and Dyan Cannon), but, as a result of the long scenes, there's almost no way to conceal the failures.

Revue theatre has attracted actors of a different kind from ordinary theatre; frequently they are actor-writer-directors, literary satirists as well as satirical actors, and since their acting is so close to directing, they frequently become directors or comedians, but few of them have really become big *actors*. The kind of acting they've learned to do—which is both more demanding and, in some areas, less demanding than conventional acting—is *different*, and a basic trouble with "Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice" is that Natalie Wood can't do it. The design of the film is

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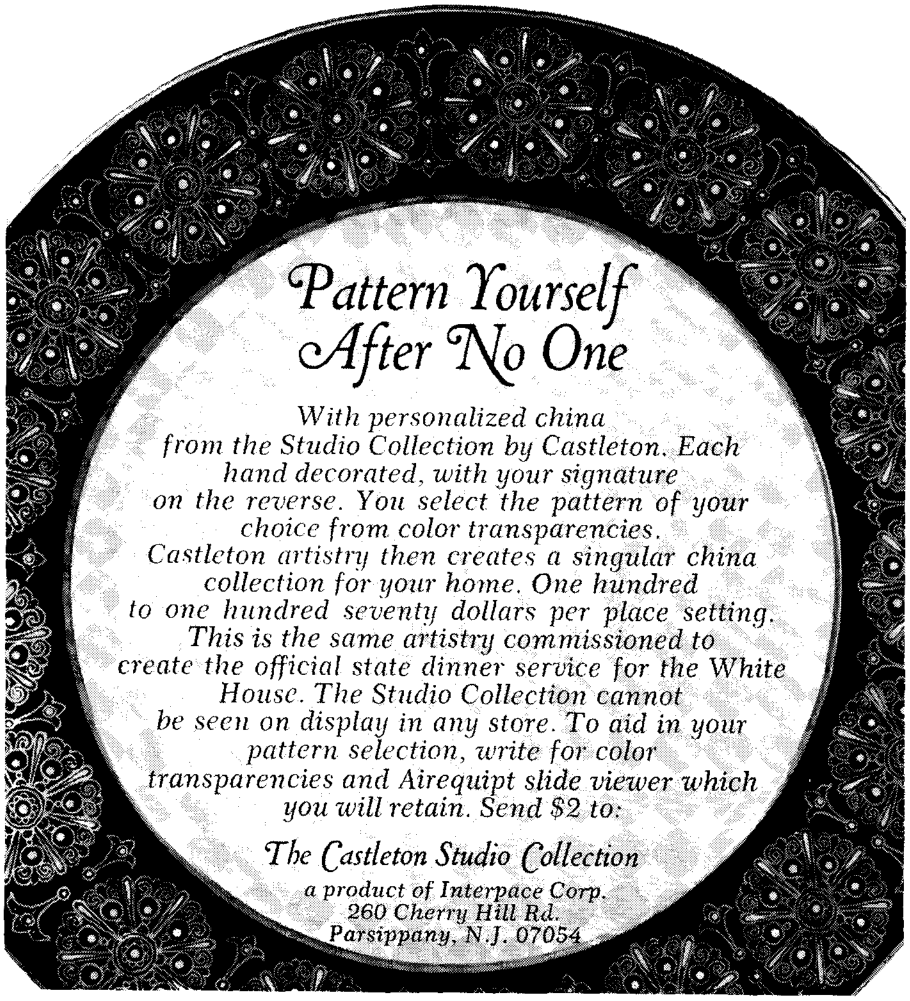

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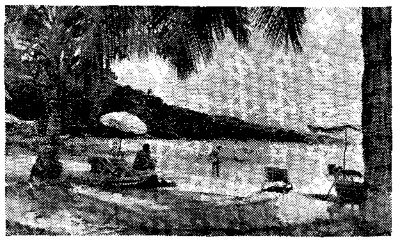

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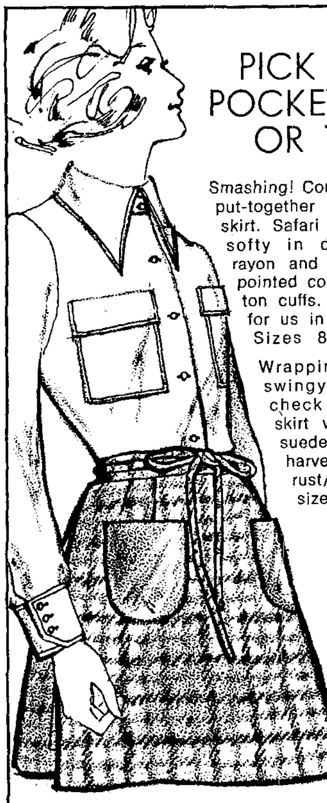

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for two contrasting marriages—one a "good" marriage (Robert Culp, as a documentary filmmaker, and Natalie Wood), the other a mismatch (Elliott Gould, as a lawyer, and Dyan Cannon), yet a mismatch so recognizably common (she's bored and he's bewildered) that it's almost the typical perfect match. But there's no possibility of our believing in the good marriage. Natalie Wood doesn't seem to have any substance as a human being, so there's nothing at stake, as there would be with a fuller-dimensioned woman in the role. Her resources as an actress are skinny; she has nothing to draw upon but that same desperate anxiety and forced smile and agitation she's always drawn upon.

The whole area of screen acting is probably going to be a big can of worms in the next few years. We are already looking for closer identity between actor and role in many movies; we have become too acute about nuances (partly because of revue) to accept the iron-butterfly kind of star acting anymore. We never had the slightest illusion we were seeing Doris Day and Brian Keith as they were off-screen, and that hardly concerned us. In the kind of acting now being required, it *does* concern us, partly because of nudity and sex scenes, the influence of non-actors in *cinéma-vérité* roles, and the effect of TV news and talk shows, but mainly because of a new interest in less structured and less stereotyped approaches to character than in past movies. I think it's almost impossible to watch "Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice" without wondering how much the actors are playing themselves. Natalie Wood is still doing what she was doing as a child—still telegraphing us that she's being cute and funny—and she's wrong. When she tries hard, she just becomes an agitated iron butterfly. An actress's armor becomes embarrassing when character armor is the subject of the movie—and it's the subject of this movie, as it has always been the basic subject of revue.

With this material—concerning how much people are hiding from themselves—we begin to ask questions about the actors, to wonder whether they are what they appear to be. The performances that work best force us to a speculative invasion of the privacy of the actors; what would have once seemed gossip is now central not only to the performance but to the conception itself. With the camera coming in closer and closer, the inescapable question is: Can you act it if you're

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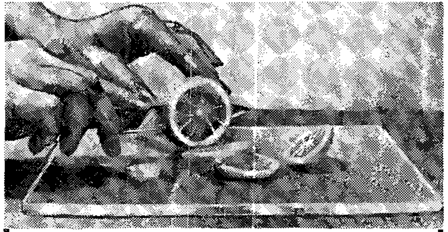

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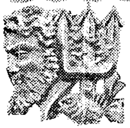

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not it? Playing the bitch who sets the mechanism of "Let's have an orgy" in motion, Dyan Cannon—who looks a bit like Lauren Bacall and a bit like Jeanne Moreau, but the wrong bits—is most effective (really brilliant), I think, just because you don't like her, and I don't mean simply the character she plays; we react to her in the way untutored people used to react to actors, identifying them with their roles. We don't think she's just playing a bitch. And, on the same basis, we *like* Gould—not just because of his performance but because of an assumption, which is probably false, but which this kind of acting imposes, that he is what he's playing. Culp, who has the most difficult role, is solidly competent, and yet he fails somewhat, because he is too much the conventional actor *type*—Robert Cummings crossed with Timothy Leary.

BUT there is something else in this movie that bothers people. I don't think it's because it's *conventional* that they're somewhat unnerved by it; it's because, though it *looks* conventional, it *isn't*, and it doesn't quite give them what they want. The press loved Woody Allen's "Take the Money and Run"—a limply good-natured little nothing of a comedy, soft as sneakers. And it would probably feel more comfortable with this if it were soft or if it *were* "sniggery;" then it could be put down more easily as just another commercial picture. Maybe, like Dyan Cannon in the movie, the press and the audience want an orgy—and think it's a cop-out when they don't get one. An orgy would be the simplest thing in the movie world to give us right now, but it wouldn't be consistent with the idea of this movie, which, as in revue, is the comedy of recognizing that we (those on the screen and we in the audience) are not earth-shakers or sexual new frontiersmen. This light domestic comedy no longer takes domesticity for granted, but after the characters begin to experiment sexually, they return for cover. Near the end, when the two couples go into one bedroom together, it's obvious that the movie could take a different turn—that if they went into two bedrooms instead of one, the cross-coupling would probably occur without any difficulty. But that would only *postpone* the return, or the movie would descend into romp and farce. The return makes perfect sense: they realize that they are about to go farther than they can handle, and they retreat to save something they still care about. Though the ending might have

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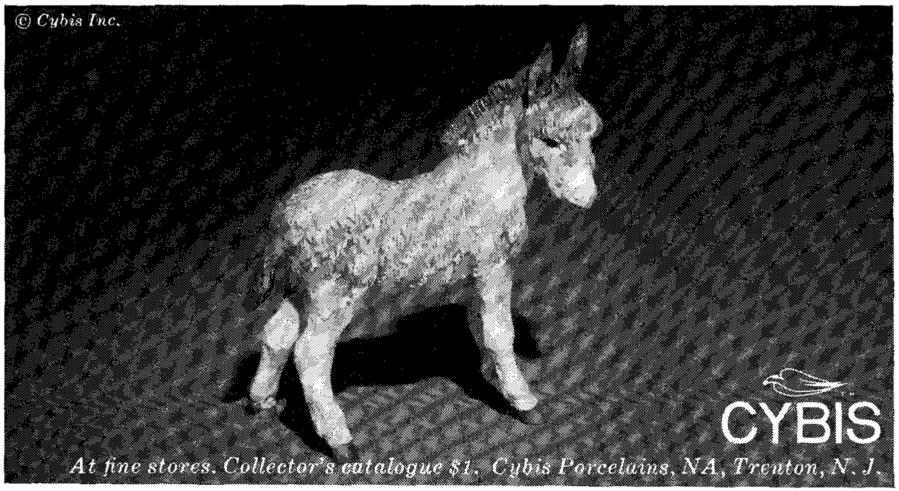

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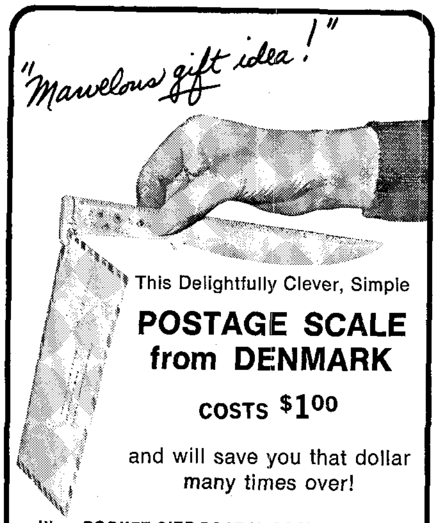
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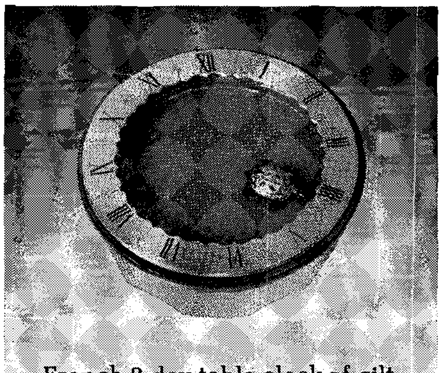
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been better served by wit than by a "thoughtful" neo-Fellini walk, the point is clear. They need some home base and the safety of the old bourgeois traps. Forced to choose between decaying DorisDayland and Warhol Nowheresville, they go back to what is for them, if not the good life, at least the not-bad life.

Many people in the audience have probably done just what the people in the movie do (either before or after a little wife-swapping and a small orgy or two). Why, then, do they resent it in the film? I'll make the guess that the situations are so comically close to the people in the audience that they may reject the characters for doing what they themselves have done, because that retreat cuts them off from what they want to believe in. At the beginning, the film has some satirical passages on Esalen "encounter" techniques (satire that backfired because Natalie Wood looks as if the treatment might help her), and people around me became rather hostile—not just the young, who might be expected to, because the touching is very important to them (it's a form of "truth," of approaching without being afraid, of making non-aggressive, non-hostile, "human" contact), but older people, too, because they, too, are looking for healers. The atmosphere around me was as if the Church were being satirized before an audience of early Christians. In commercial terms, the opening, with its easy targets, may be a miscalculation, and it's loosely ambivalent—as if Mazursky and Tucker were unsure and were trying to play it safe. The audience reaction to the opening may be a clue to the later discomfort: People may be so desperate to be other than what they are that they resent a movie for dealing with bourgeois values even in disruption. They may consider these characters (so like themselves) not worthy even of comic attention. And they may resent still more the suggestion that an orgy *won't* expand their consciousness, and that they might risk losing something if they try everything. They don't believe they've *got anything*. The audience is still waiting for Godot, which in this context is salvation by orgy. —PAULINE KAEL

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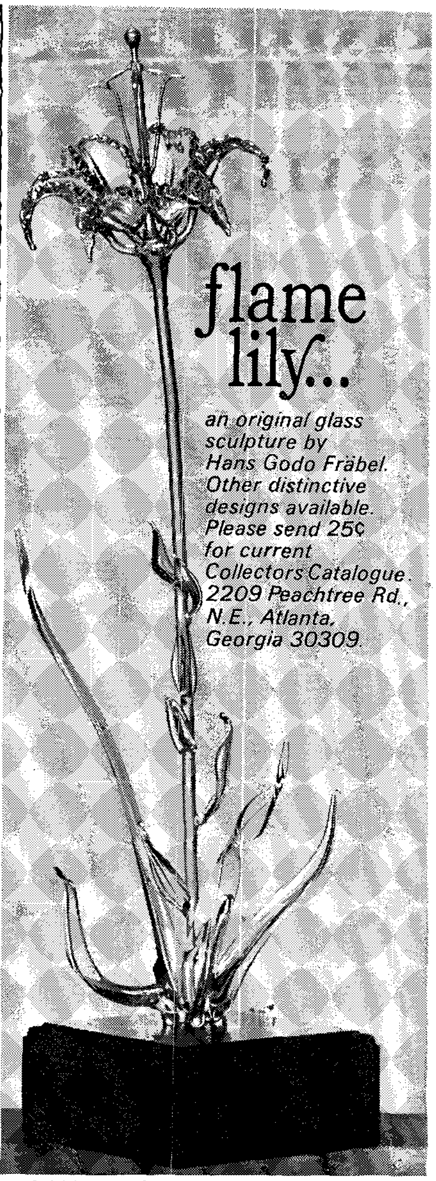
Each country is the other's best customer, but what hurts the United States is that it is selling less to Japan than Japan is buying from it.—*Chicago Daily News*.

That'll bear looking into.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Soppi Cadushi (on the left) is pure Antillean. Literally it means cactus soup. But it's much more. Cactus of course. But also shrimp. Conch. Salted pig tails. Goat meat. Fish. And a generous dose of hot stuff. It takes some nerve to try it. But the eating is your reward.

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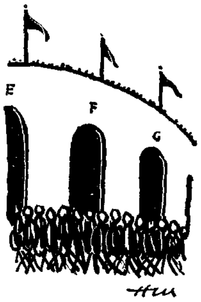
FOOTBALL

No Great Expectations

NEW YORK, New York, it's a wonderful town; the Mets are up and the Jets are down. Down, anyway, from what they were last year, though not as far down as the Giants have been. For some years now, the Giants have not been taken seriously by anyone but the denizens of a few tables at Toots Shor's and Kenny's Steak Pub, and as long as they were to be choreographed by Allie Sherman, a local television standup comic, it was unlikely that they *would* be taken seriously. Now, under the jurisdiction of Alex Webster, a hardy old pro himself, all that is needed is for Tarkenton to throw the way he did against the Vikings, Lockhart to defend the way he did, and Frederickson, whose legs were deemed life-expired a couple of years back, to run the way he did. (Let us consider that second-half collapse against the Lions last Sunday a temporary aberration.) People who get unquenchable attacks of the yawns as they watch a pro quarterback sit all afternoon in a pocket and just throw will enjoy the reconstituted Frederickson.



The other representative of our city, Columbia, is in a poor way (no quarterback, for one thing); its inability to restrain a quite middling Lafayette last Saturday promises another difficult season. Army is reduced to a thin indeed gray line this fall; one of its offensive ends, a citizen of South Bend, weighs in at a hundred and sixty-eight pounds. "How did a kid as clever as that get away from Notre Dame?" a friend asked Cahill, the Army leader. "At his weight," replied Cahill, "he's too small to even make team manager out there." (Bits-and-pieces though Army is, it put away Vanderbilt, 16–6, down South on Saturday night.) But then Princeton's safety weighs in at only a hundred and forty-eight. Saturday, he managed to run back the opening kickoff eighty yards against Rutgers without getting himself killed by Rutgers' big, sturdy defensemen—the feat of the week. The match, celebrating the hundredth anniversary of American college football, was not the game of the week, or even of the afternoon; Princeton, attempting to cope simultaneously with the problems of going coed, exiling its single-wing offense for the T, and breaking in a new coach (Jake McCandless), began its fall (and possibly fell) season by further attempting to cope with a Rutgers that for bulk, speed, and coherence is the equal, if not the better, of anything this side of Penn State (Rutgers 29, Princeton 0). Time was when Van Ness was throwing, and none too well, for Rutgers. Today, with Policastro doing the throwing and with Van Ness at wingback, Rutgers' accuracy of arm and fleetness of foot are deployed to best effect.

Notre Dame's defensive line is not what it was a year ago, and though it was able to harry and hurry Phipps, the other most famous thrower of the past week, who works for Purdue, Phipps was able to throw, pitch out, or run the ball himself well enough to soundly beat Notre Dame, 28–14, for the third time in a row. (Policastro was hardly ever harried or hurried; with the sort of protection he got, Joe Namath's legs would be good for another twenty years.) Navy, too, is in a poor way; the boys who hope to play pro football nowadays do not plan on West Point and Annapolis, whose academic disciplines are not only severe but long. (Graduates of these academies must stay in the service for a specified number of years.) No one expected Navy to handle Penn State as early in the season as the opening game (Penn State 45, Navy 22), but for Navy to be downed last Saturday, 21–14, by Boston College was something else. No one expected Yale to handle Connecticut after graduating the supernatural team it had operated for two seasons, but, populated to a considerable extent by sophomores who had not won a single match in their freshman year, it came close to catching Connecticut from behind before losing, 19–15. Supernatural by Ivy League ranking, that is; its Dowling, Weinstein, and Hill all went pro this year, but only Hill is still working. If the Ivy League, that right little, tight little island of comparative sanity and sanitation in American football, is to mean anything this season, it may be necessary to look to Harvard (Harvard 13, Holy Cross 0 last week), Pennsylvania (Penn 28, Bucknell 17), and Dartmouth (Dartmouth 31, New Hampshire 0) for solace.

—J. W. L.

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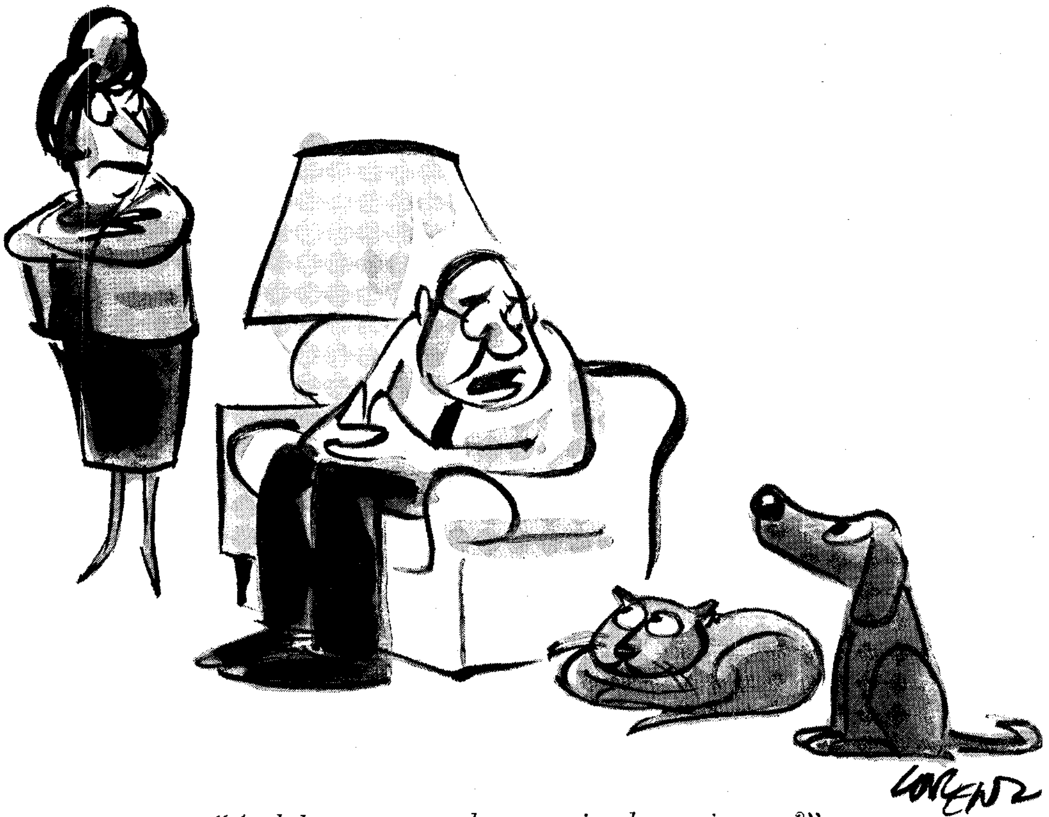
BOOKS

The Ultimate Frontier

SEVERAL years ago, the German-born journalist Robert Jungk (he is now an American, though he lives in Vienna) wrote an exceedingly provocative book about the development of the atomic bomb—"Brighter Than 1,000 Suns." The first part of his book deals with the pre-Nazi period of the twenties in the German universities, which were then the major scientific centers of the world. (At Göttingen, physics and mathematics were so highly valued that it was said one was given a free stein of beer if one could present to a Göttingen tavernkeeper a novel proof of a classical mathematical theorem.) Men like Oppenheimer, Rabi, and Von Neumann were then in Germany, and the German masters, such as Heisenberg, Max Born, and David Hilbert, were developing the foundations of modern physics and mathematics. (One of the legends of Göttingen concerned Von Neumann's *Privatdozent* examination. The tradition was that the entire faculty asked each candidate questions until he was stumped. It rapidly became clear that unless something drastic was done Von Neumann could go on answering questions indefinitely. Finally, Hilbert, who had not asked any, said, "Mr. Von Neumann, who is it that makes your suits?," and the examination ended.) The extraordinary atmosphere of this idyllic time in modern science was beautifully evoked in Dr. Jungk's book. However, in his description of the building of the bomb, and especially of the motivations of the scientists involved, there was a great deal of inaccuracy, and the book was violently attacked. (One of his contentions was that the German scientists refrained from making an atomic bomb out of humanitarian motives.) Having read the book and talked to a good many physicists about it, I must say that I did not look forward to Dr. Jungk's latest book on physics and physicists, "The Big Machine" (Scribners), which considers the physics of the giant particle accelerators in Europe, the United States, and the Soviet Union. This branch of physics is called high-energy, or elementary-particle, physics, since these machines create high-energy elementary particles. (The theory of these particles is my own special interest in physics, the people Dr. Jungk writes about are my friends and colleagues, and some of the events he describes I witnessed myself.) But despite my a-priori misgivings, I found that he has done a remarkable job—in terms of accuracy, soundness of observation, and even a sense of poetry in creating for the general reader a feeling of what doing modern physics is like.



"And how are you lower animals getting on?"

The "big machine" of Dr. Jungk's title refers primarily to the twenty-eight-billion-electron-volt accelerator (proton synchrotron) constructed at CERN (Conseil Européen pour la Recherche Nucléaire), a pan-European research institute for high-energy physics in Meyrin, Switzerland, a few miles from Geneva. The CERN Proton Synchrotron went "on the air" in the fall of 1959, and a twin machine at Brookhaven National Laboratory, in Upton, Long Island, was completed a few months later. Until 1967, when the Russians completed a seventy-billion-electron-volt accelerator, near Serpukhov, not far from Moscow, these machines were the largest in the world, and by doing experiments making use of the beams of particles they produce, such as protons and mesons, we have learned much of what we know about such particles. That the CERN machine was built at all was the result of the foresight of a few European and American scientists and diplomats who realized, immediately after the Second World War, that there was a real danger that European science might disappear. The French diplomat François de Rose, one of the CERN "fathers," told Dr. Jungk of a conversation with Robert Oppenheimer in 1947: "Oppenheimer was concerned that the research institutes of Europe, the veritable cradle of the natural sciences, might become deserted, just as the sites of ancient civilizations did centuries ago, that the springs that had nourished the spirit of the entire world might run dry. He emphasized that the Americans had to help further a fruitful scientific life in Europe, not only out of pity but in their own interest. American research could not do without the stimulation, criticism, and intellectual challenge from outside; it depended on fully equal discussion partners on the other side of the Atlantic." Such is the present danger to American science (because of the budgetary restrictions that have been put on the government agencies that support over eighty per cent of the research projects in pure science) that some young American scientists now regard the European institutions such as CERN as the only places where they can continue their research.

In any event, in June of 1953 the citizens of the Canton of Geneva voted to permit an international physics laboratory in the environs of their city, and the construction of the "big machine" began. It cost the member states (there are now thirteen) twenty-eight million dollars. (The annual budget of CERN is at present fifty million dollars.) Dr. Jungk gives an accurate description of the complications imposed on physicists who make their careers out of doing big-machine experiments. A typical machine experiment may take well over a year and may cost as much as a million dollars. For most experiments a good deal of special equipment must be built—for example, particle-detection devices, such as bubble chambers, in which the process to be studied can be photographed. Several hundred thousand pictures are generally taken during an experiment, and these have to be "scanned" to discover the ones that are pertinent. Some of this scanning is now automated, but even so it can take many months. The entire operation may involve a dozen physicists or more, which means that an individual can get lost in the crowd. As Dr. Jungk says, "Twenty co-authors appearing on a single publication of a few printed pages is no longer unusual. True, there are more publications with 'only' four to eight authors, but there are others that cite up to fifty-one! Scientific papers with only one or two authors become rarer every year. The American historian Derek J. de Solla Price feels that he can predict the complete disappearance of individual scientific endeavor, for experiments of necessity are becoming more complex and the specialists taking part in them more numerous." Despite all this, the really outstanding people soon manifest themselves. It may be hard, in principle, to make completely satisfactory philosophical characterizations of what constitutes a profound scientific idea, but in practice it is not, at least in time, so difficult to determine, and eventually the people involved who have good ideas about both experiment and theory become known to the scientific community.

One of the most interesting chapters of Dr. Jungk's book is "The Meaning." In it he discusses the implications of high-energy physics from the point

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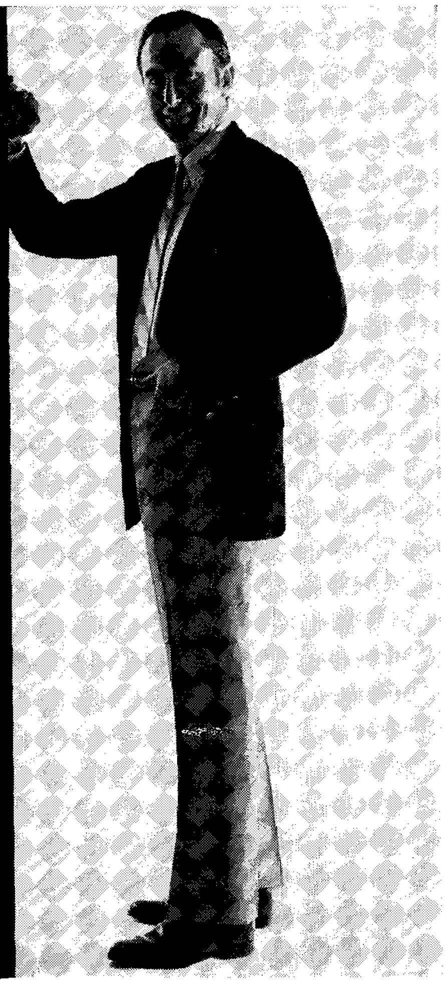

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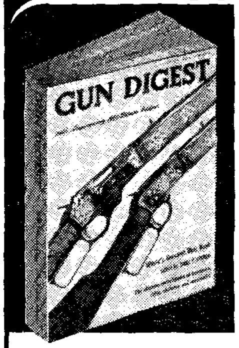
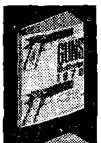
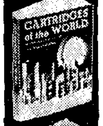
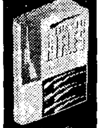
of view of science itself and of the communities that must support it both financially and spiritually if it is to continue and prosper. (We now spend two hundred million dollars a year on high-energy physics, which is not much compared to even the smallest sum spent on any moderately substantial military project, but a very large sum considered in its own right.) Dr. Jungk quotes Professor Giuseppe Cocconi, a distinguished Italian-American high-energy experimental physicist working at both CERN and Cornell, who has said, speaking of the scientific significance of high-energy physics, "Could it not be that we are a caste of maniacs, who try to solve the problems created only by our machines, problems not all-important for the equilibrium of nature, the nature we live in?" Put this way, I believe, the question is easy to answer in the negative; indeed, this was Cocconi's own conclusion. High-energy physics is at the ultimate frontier of our understanding of nature. We are constantly bombarded by particles from outer space, cosmic rays of all kinds, produced in the processes responsible for the creation of the objects that make up our universe—the stars, the galaxies, the quasars, the pulsars. In the "big machines" we create these particles by the million under the controlled conditions indispensable for studying their properties. It is probable, even certain, that the most "exotic" of these particles—the "quarks" (if they exist), the neutrinos, the lambda hyperons, the K-mesons, and the rest—have an essential role in the ecology of the universe at large.

However, the question of the social value of high-energy physics, or, indeed, of any of the pure sciences supported by large public expenditures, is a much more difficult one. In March of 1965, thirty-four American scientists were invited to testify before a congressional subcommittee of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy on precisely this matter. (Dr. Jungk introduces some of their testimony in his chapter on "The Meaning.") Representative Craig Hosmer, of California, asked Professor Val Fitch, of Princeton, the physicist who led a team at Brookhaven National Laboratory that discovered the breakdown of time-reversal invariance (the symmetry, in the equations which govern the behavior of elementary particles, that involves reversing the sense of time in these equations), "About this work you are doing, can you give us a little hint as to what it may be leading toward? . . . What

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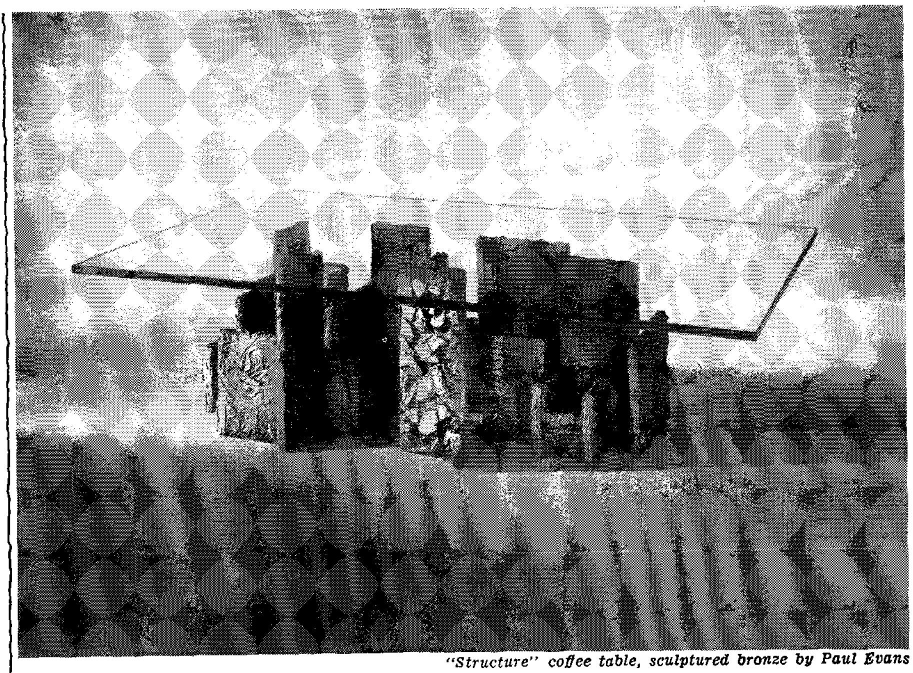
does that mean to the average American? This is a fellow who is putting up the money for this." Fitch answered, in all honesty, "If you ask whether this [work] will make it easier for people to have bread and butter around the world, I don't know. But the point is that one is increasing [man's] understanding of the universe, and in the past this has always led, so far as I know, to great benefits."

Such an answer is perhaps the most responsible one a pure scientist can give. But it is not the sort of answer that satisfies someone confronted with the urgent social problems that plague us and the rest of the world. This has made pure science extremely vulnerable in the eyes of those who provide governmental support. In fact, in the last year or so, this support has been so reduced in the United States that for many young scientists it has meant the curtailment, if not the end, of their careers. Jobs are now extremely scarce in university science departments and in industry and government laboratories. I know of the not atypical case of a young man who, having taken his Ph.D. in elementary-particle theory at a major university this spring, wrote eighty letters asking for a job. He got six refusals; the seventy-four other institutions were so overwhelmed with similar requests that they did not even answer his letter. A few years ago, an equally qualified applicant would have had several interesting offers. Part of this financial problem is, of course, the war in Vietnam. But the trend toward curtailment of scientific support was clear before the war reached its recent magnitude, and most scientific leaders feel that this trend will persist even after the war ends. Scientists are in general sensitive to social problems and willing to put their talents to work for the public good; they believe that the economic strength of our society lies in its technology and in the enlightened use of our resources. Our high standard of living depends on this. It will surely do no one any good if a man who has spent eight to ten years of his life preparing for a career in science cannot find a job in which to employ his knowledge. And there is a deeper, spiritual question. During this century, we have learned more about the universe than had been learned since the beginning of recorded time. The achievements of science may turn out to be one of the most enduring aspects of our age, and may in part redeem the less happy aspects of it when we are judged by future generations. What kind of civilization can we be if we now turn our back on this source of



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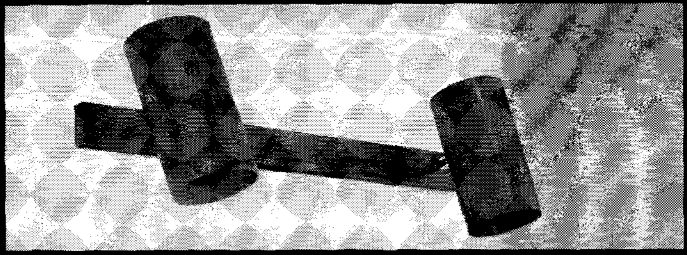

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spiritual wealth? Dr. Jungk quotes a British Nobel Laureate in physics, the late Cecil F. Powell, who spoke for all scientists, and especially for the elementary-particle physicists, when he wrote, "Man does not live by bread alone, and the benefits derived from science are not to be measured only in terms of its technological consequences. Our forefathers made great decisive contributions to all the arts, to music and drama, to sculpture and architecture, to painting and literature; they built the Parthenon and the Cathedrals of Chartres and Bourges, Durham and Salisbury, Toledo and Burgos, Pisa and Lucca, Freiburg and Ulm. All these things gave little economic return, but who would regret the effort? In our time, it is in the sciences that the human creative spirit finds one of its chief means of expression. We must therefore encourage the most gifted of our youth to apply themselves to the most difficult, significant, and demanding of the sciences, and at the present time that must include the physics of elementary particles."

—JEREMY BERNSTEIN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE WATERFALL, by Margaret Drabble (Knopf). It is hard to believe that Margaret Drabble could write a really dull book, but somehow that is exactly what she has managed to do. Jane, a pretty English girl, enjoys thinking about herself thinking about herself, and so she does think and doublethink, and conjecture and dissect, for two hundred and eighty-eight pages. Jane is so wrapped up in self-awareness that she might as well be in a test tube, but there are others around—a husband, a lover, a cousin, a few children—to give semblance to the fiction that this imaginary but not very imaginative case history is fiction. Jane's husband, Malcolm, runs away from her just as she is about to give birth to their second child. When the baby is born, Jane's favorite cousin, Lucy, and Lucy's husband, James, come to visit her, and Lucy spends the night with her. (Jane's baby is born at home. Home is a large, cold, dirty house, although Jane is not poor.) Then Lucy and James take turns spending the night, one of them always remaining back home with the children. James, who likes childbed better than any other bed, and who likes eating baby food, falls in love with Jane, and

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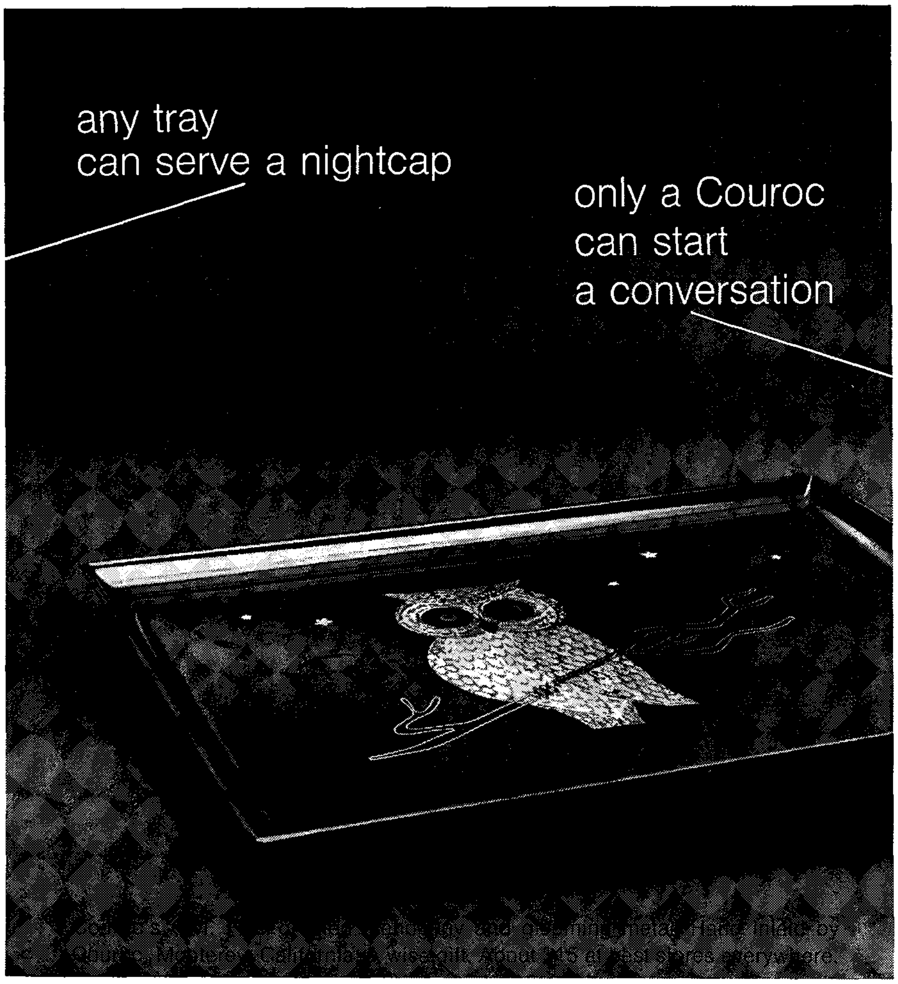
they start having a love affair, which is ended—or, at least, interrupted—by a road accident. After the accident, the book rolls along slowly for a while and then stops dead, with as little apparent reason as it had for starting. It must be remarked, in fairness and admiration, that when Miss Drabble turns her attention to tiny children her writing becomes ineffable.

GENERAL

AKENFIELD: PORTRAIT OF AN ENGLISH VILLAGE, by Ronald Blythe (Pantheon). With affectionate attention, and through the talk of its inhabitants, Mr. Blythe depicts a Suffolk farming community of some three hundred souls. Perhaps throughout its history—it was noted in the Little Domesday Book of 1086—Akenfield has seen no greater change than in the past twenty years. Orchards and pig-farming are replacing dirt- and dairy-farming. Young men are forsaking the land for the factory, and the father-to-son tradition is giving way to machine methods learned at the Agricultural Training Centre. Many of the older men have never left the parish, except to serve in one of the two wars. What the city dweller takes for the countryman's calm and wisdom is often ignorance, fearfulness, and a neo-feudal dependence on the farmer and the tied cottage. In spite of the private nature of Suffolk people, Mr. Blythe has captured some rich and often funny talk. "Akenfield" is a delightful grab bag of lives and facts. It is a rare pleasure to read such passionate and knowledgeable discourse about campanology, pruning, farriery, thatching, corn dollies, and pigs.

JOSEPH CONRAD'S LETTERS TO R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM, edited by C. T. Watts (Cambridge). Robert Bontine Cunninghame Graham, Scottish aristocrat, cattle rancher and horse dealer in South America, fencing master, dandy, pioneer Socialist and Liberal M.P., critic and essayist, historian, fiction writer, travel writer, and political columnist, became friends with Conrad in 1897, and although the always rather conservative Conrad could never quite go along with Graham's political beliefs—his program called for scrapping the British Empire and the international capitalist system, among other things—the two had a most satisfying relationship, continuing until Conrad's death in



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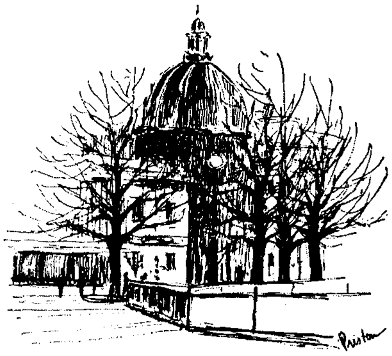

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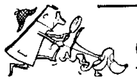

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THE RULES OF THE GAME IN PARIS, by Nathan Leites, translated from the French by Derek Coltman, with a foreword by Raymond Aron (University of Chicago Press). A remarkable study whose author is a political scientist teaching at Chicago. Mr. Leites aims at describing the French national character, particularly as it shows up in French political behavior. He constructs his description in chapters composed of brief numbered paragraphs, quoting copiously from French literature, historical works, political memoirs, debates in the National Assembly, magazines, newspapers, reports on French child care and education, and dictionary illustrations of word usage. His method and execution display elegance, form, brevity, and wit. He does not explain what he describes—that is, he does not try to say how the French got the way they are; he is content to assemble a fascinating, persuasive, affecting portrait of a people who devote most of their genius, much of the time, to making themselves uneasy. Twelve dollars.

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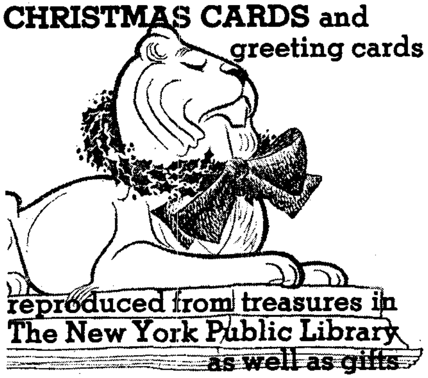

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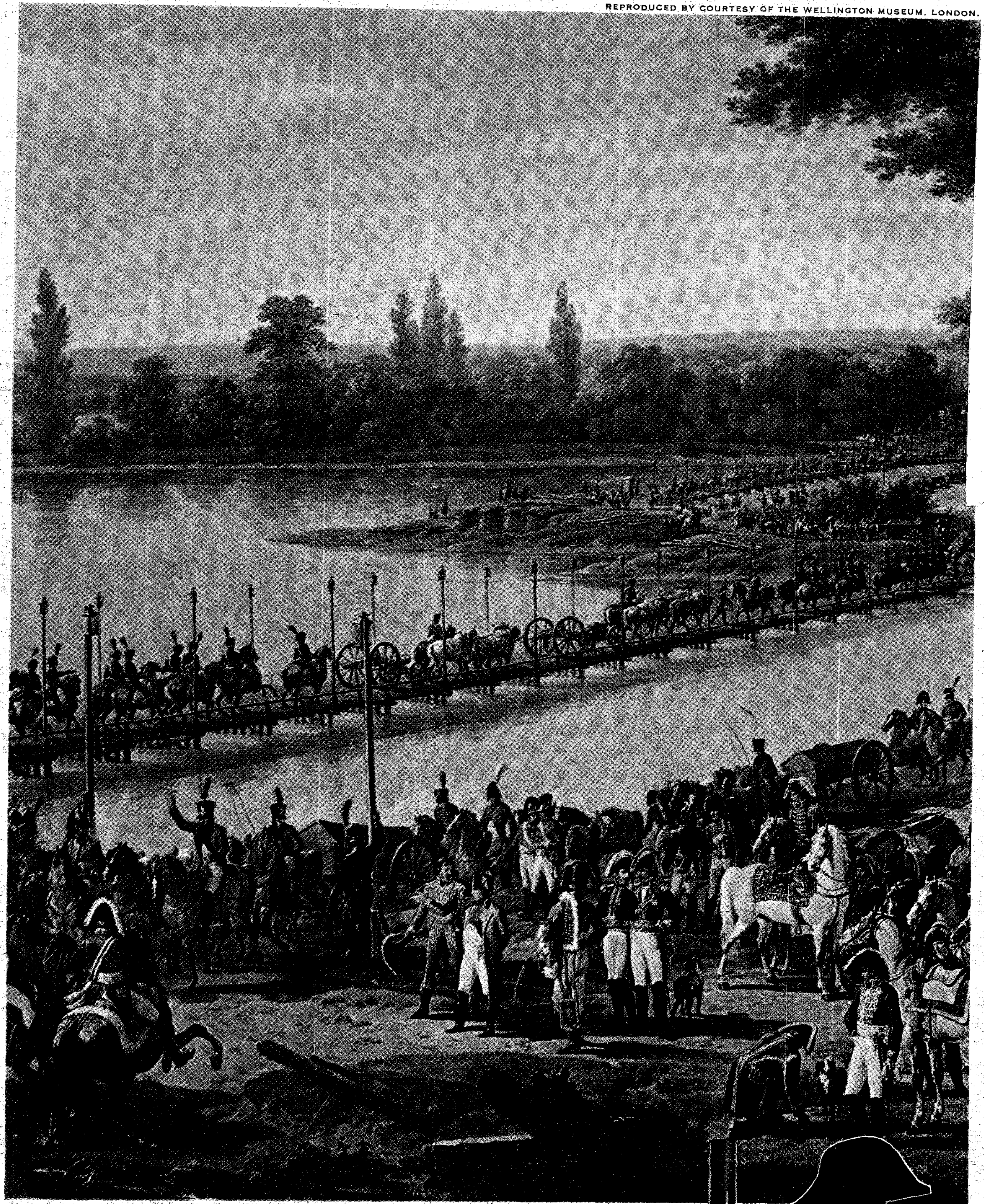

Passage de Danube par Napoleon avant la bataille de Wagram. Detail from the painting by Jacques-François Josef Swebach (1769-1823). On the night of July 4-5, 1809, French forces crossed the Danube to attack the Austrian army in Wagram. On July 6, 30,000 infantry crushed the fierce resistance of the Austrians, gaining Napoleon a costly victory.

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